PARADISE — A Thrilling Novel of a Girl with a Jazz Heart by **PATTERSON DIAL**

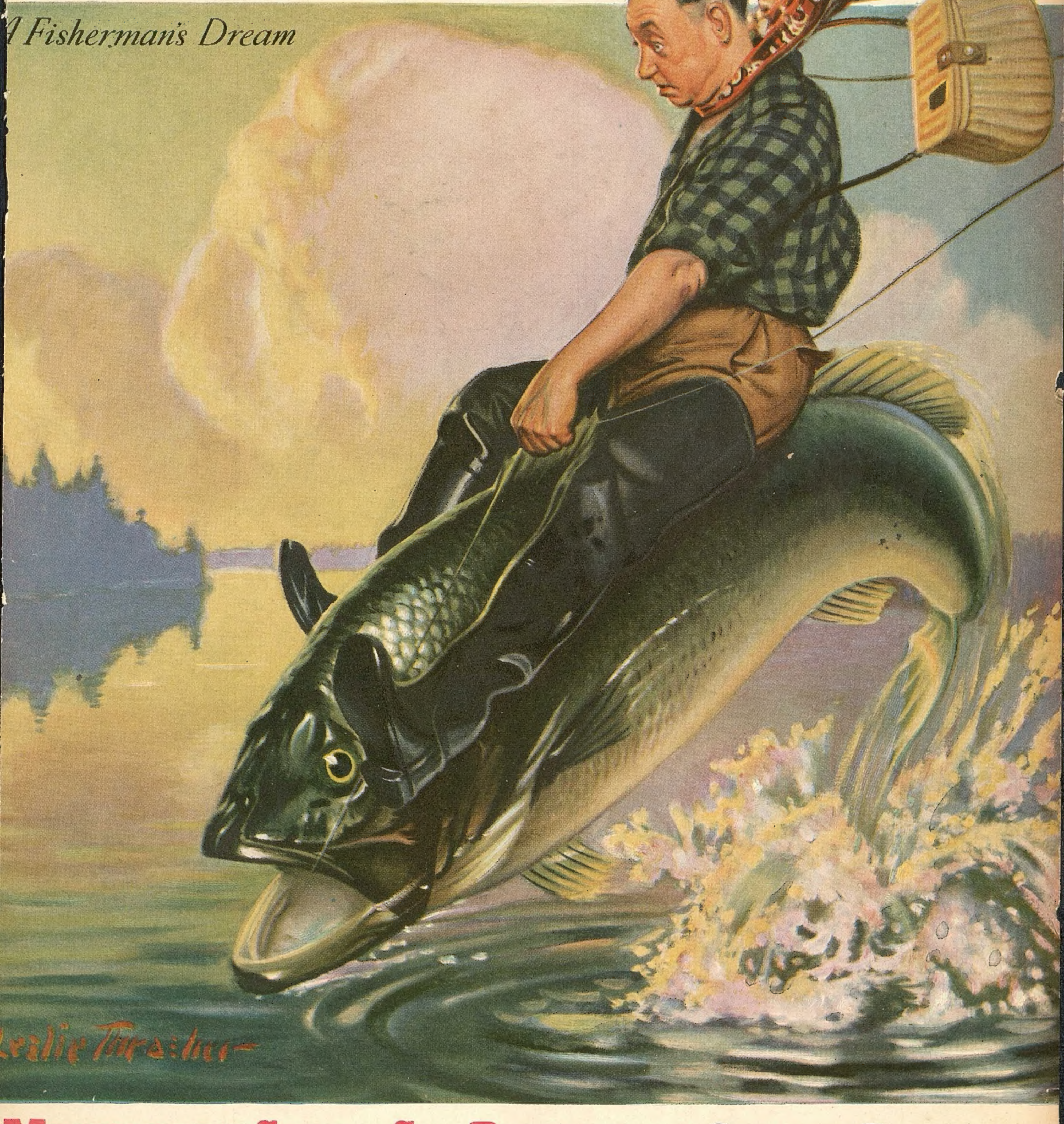
OCT. 13, 1934

Liberty

5¢

NRA U.S. CODE

A Fisherman's Dream



MAKING IT A SIN TO SEE PICTURES BY SAMUEL GOLDWYN

End for a perfect day

Four Roses Whiskey
ONE PINT

IN that last quiet hour at the end of the day, "when you're left alone with your thoughts"...

Ah, there's nothing like a good whiskey toddy then! But don't try to make a *good* toddy with ordinary whiskey. Use Four Roses and get a toddy that will make you thankful the weather is cold.

For Four Roses is soft and glowing as moonlight. Because it's made in the old-fashioned way—from the finest, hand-made, aged-in-the-wood whiskies. *No tricks!*

Only distillers born and bred in the best whiskey-making tradition could produce such a liquor. And Frankfort is that kind of a distilling organization. It has been making fine whiskey for *four* generations.

Ask for Four Roses at any good liquor store—and at hotels or restaurants. It comes sealed in the patented Frankfort Pack *that must be destroyed* before the bottle within it can be removed.

Send 10¢ in stamps for "Irvin S. Cobb's Own Recipe Book," written as only that famous author could write it. Address Frankfort Distilleries, Incorporated, Dept. 450, Louisville.

Here's the world's best nightcap!

Dissolve one piece of Sugar in a little hot water. Add 1 piece of Cinnamon, 1 piece of Lemon peel, several Cloves and 1 drink of Four Roses Whiskey. Fill glass with hot water, and sprinkle a little Nutmeg on top.

FOUR ROSES WHISKEY

MADE BY FRANKFORT

LOUISVILLE • BALTIMORE

Three other famous
Frankfort Whiskies
PAUL JONES
Antique
Old Oscar Pepper

This advertisement is not intended to offer alcoholic beverages for sale in any state wherein the sale or use thereof is unlawful

OCTOBER 13, 1934

Liberty

VOL. 11, NO. 41

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER FULTON OURSLER, EDITOR WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

LET'S HAVE A STORMY, RIOTOUS HOLIDAY

Frank Godwin

ARMISTICE DAY, 1918! What a wild jollification!

It was well worth a double celebration.

We all lost our heads. We joined in the joyfest —went out and hurrahed until we were hoarse. We were intoxicated with gladsomeness, mad with the wild pleasures of the moment.

Then we were really happy. We wanted everybody to share our good fortunes, to pass them around. We had a friendly feeling toward one and all. Was it not a time to shout the glad tidings?

We felt young and supple, regardless of age. Such an occasion drives age into the background. We felt like a gamboling colt or a prancing horse. We wanted to sing and dance, leap into the air and shout with joyous abandon.

We are all inclined to take life entirely too seriously. Our duties and responsibilities often hold us down like steel chains. We rarely take time to play, and yet life ought to be a thrilling game that we can enter into with zestful enthusiasm.

Armistice Day could be made a time for vehement appreciation of all the good things that come to us during the year.

We are supposed to express our gratitude with fervid acclaim on Thanksgiving Day. But this holiday has become too tame. It is mostly devoted to stuffing with food and drink.

But Armistice Day!

What a possibility for an uproarious celebration! It could be made an exaggerated example of Christmas merrymaking. Then we could lay our dignity aside, throw repression to the winds. Just be ourselves, with an all-embracing smile for everybody.

Everybody should then be friends. Lay aside all enmities—forget them for the time being at least.

Armistice Day could be made a boisterous holiday, a time to hurrah; a time to shake hands with everybody—to slap them on the back; a time when no introductions should be needed, when a fine feeling of brotherly fellowship should be expressed toward every human being.

Alcoholic spirits will probably flow freely, but the stimulation of the occasion should intoxicate one with overflowing spirits. No false artificial stimulant should be needed.

We pass each other in the city streets as strangers, without a friendly glance, without a greeting. But on this occasion "Happiness be unto you" might be used literally and felt spiritually.

"Have a smile with me" could also be taken literally. Let us live over again every year that great tumultuous celebration—even bring back some of its rowdy spirit. Then we were all drunk with joy. Our cup of happiness was filled and overflowing.

We may find it difficult to produce artificially such maniacal gladsomeness, but by recalling all the delectable moments of that first Armistice Day, surely our gratitude could be felt so vividly that its expression could be as riotous as was our joy in 1918.

We are presenting this idea far in advance of Armistice Day. We want you to tell your friends, write to our legislators and demand the recognition of this new holiday.

—BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Beginning—A Thrilling Novel of a Girl with a Jazz Heart

Paradise

by PATTERSON DIAL

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

WHEN she died there would be something awful and beautiful and breath-taking about her death.

Charles Wyatt's sister Baird said it, and said what all the Wyatts and everybody else thought when she died: "She wouldn't even die like other people!" Baird spoke as if she thought aloud in the big dim library where the Wyatts and the rest of them sat, appalled and speechless.

"People don't die that way. They die in beds or smash-ups; by a gun; or their hearts stop and they're gone. But not her!" Under her breath Baird added what they all were thinking, "She must have been very beautiful that last instant—beautiful!"

"Yes." Charles buried his face in his hands so that he might hide from them all—from his mother and father and Baird and Addison, his other sister, and all of them.

He had always loved Jessica. Even when he had told her that he did not, had sworn to her that he did not. Yet he had not known how much he loved her until the morning when he had awakened to the realization that he was married and Paradise Weir was his wife.

Now, with his fingers pressing against his eyes until crazy whirligigs of light danced through the blackness, he remembered that quarrel; only eight months ago, and yet it seemed like something that had happened years ago—years ago when he was young and the world was a gay and orderly place of pleasant plans and pleasant hopes; a world where even the meanest problems had a certain amiable dignity.

In those far-gone, well mannered days there had been, pervading everything, the sweet certainty of Jessica. From the time he had first begun to take any serious notice of girls there had been nobody who could quite measure up to her. As if it were something that had happened to somebody else, he remembered the atmosphere of approval he had felt everywhere when their engagement had been announced. It had seemed that every one was pleased and wanted to tell him what an ideal match it was—this uniting of two such families as the Wyatts and the Furnells; names of an international yet quiet distinction, associated since the early history of the country with gentle blood and all the solid conservative virtues.

"Sometimes it almost scares me," Jessica had said to Charles, her gray eyes wide and serious. "People get so solemn over us. Sometimes I feel as if we weren't us any more—we're just two exhibits marked 'Wyatt' and 'Furnell.'"

"Ancestors. That's our trouble," he had told her. "We've got too many, and not a bastard or horse thief among them."

"Not even an idiot child, except for me."

"Such a beautiful idiot child!"

"I am not beautiful," she contradicted automatically. She always did when he said such things. "A good complexion and straight teeth don't make a person beautiful. But it's swell you think so," she added with a sudden grave intensity and flung herself into his arms.

He gathered her close and she closed her eyes and let her head fall back across his arms. The amber light from a shaded lamp shone on the white curve of her throat arched across the dark cloth of his sleeve, the fine loveliness of her face—serene, pale, except for the full vivid warmth of her mouth.

"Jessica." He brushed his lips against her throat.

"Darling." She opened her eyes and smiling, pressed her forefinger between his brows. "There you go, frowning. Just the way you used to frown when you were a little boy and thinking very hard. I used to be so impressed when you'd frown like that." Her eyes far away, she looked backward down the kind brief years of her life, remembering the child she had been, the young girl.

"Darling," she laughed softly, "I poured out such a lot of silent admiration on you before you ever paid any attention to me."

"Paid any attention to you! I paid attention to you from the first moment I looked over the edge of your crib and saw you. And a very fine sight you were, too—lying there flat on your back in nothing but a diaper, and trying to put your toe in your mouth!"

"Why, you liar! You weren't long out of diapers yourself. You can't remember that far back."

"Not actually remember. But my nurse told about it so much it amounts to the same thing. She said I reached in and grabbed your foot and pushed it into your mouth so hard you damn' near choked!"

"And you call that paying attention!"

"I do. That's what you wanted—to get your foot in your mouth."

"And later, while I was growing up," she drew away from him and turned his head so that he faced the mock severity of her gaze, "I suppose it was paying attention when you wouldn't let me play in your games, wouldn't let me be anything but an admiring spectator."

"But I was trying so hard to prove what a tough guy I was. What would the other guys have thought if I'd said I wanted you around? But I always did things better when you were watching me—and you knew it and I knew it."

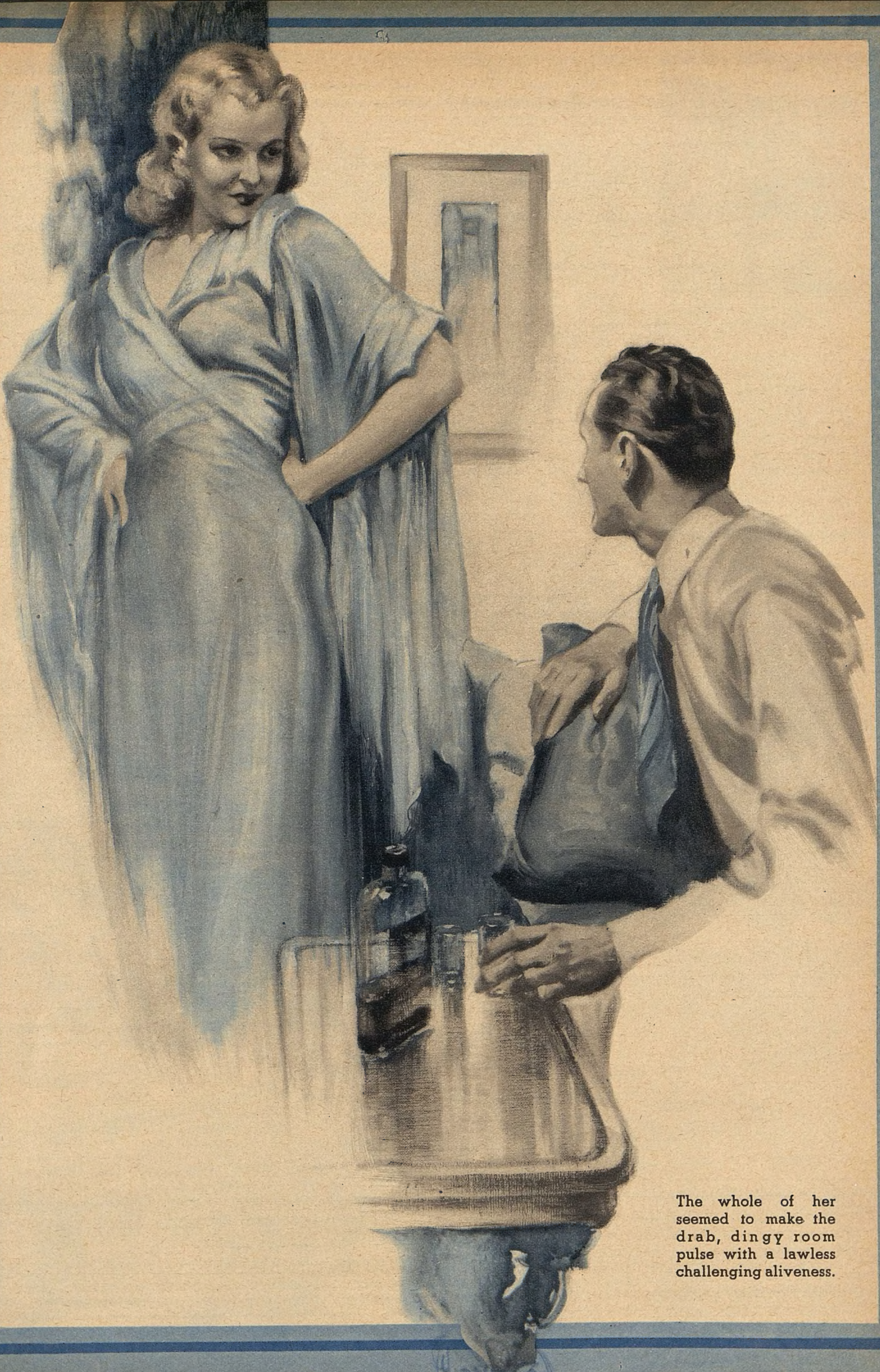
"And I thought you were the grandest, smartest human who ever lived!"

"So did I—then. Keep on thinking it, Jessica. Don't ever wake up and see me as I am. If you do you'll run away and leave me and I'll—"

"Hush!" she whispered and her hand was a caress across his mouth. "You mustn't even say such things. Don't you know by now that the only reason I was born was so I could be with you?"

"Forever," he mumbled against her fingers. "You and I together."

Even as he spoke there had begun the sequence of events that was to shatter every promise they had made



The whole of her seemed to make the drab, dingy room pulse with a lawless challenging aliveness.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY MARSHALL FRANTZ

Charles Wyatt

and led him inexorably to Paradise Weir.

The next morning Jessica telephoned him that her mother had received a cable from her father, who was in London on business. He had been put to bed with a bad cold. The day after there came a transatlantic telephone call and a strange male voice saying that Mr. Zachary Furnell's physician was speaking; Mr. Furnell's condition was " rather more serious than he realized." Pneumonia had set in.

Jessica and her mother sailed that afternoon for England. Charles stayed with Jessica until the last moment.

" Try not to worry, honey. Everything will be all right. And come back to me soon. I love you so." He crushed her to him. Then he left her and stood on the pier looking up at her, occasionally lifting his hand in a vague gesture of comfort until the ship eased away from her moorings and put out to sea.

Zachary Furnell's illness proved to be much less serious than the doctor had feared. The crisis had been passed before Jessica and her mother arrived in London. Jessica rebuked her frantic longing to be back with Charles with the thought that soon she and Charles would have the rest of their lives to be together. But as Zachary grew stronger he could not fail to hear snatches of the long transatlantic telephone conversations which occurred each day. Finally he called his daughter to his bedside and said with a shaky-voiced attempt at a joke:

" IF you don't get back to that young man of yours the telephone company will have him bankrupt and I'll have to support the two of you. The doctors say I can travel in ten days or so. I gather from the constant ringing of the telephone that ten days is as long as ten years to you youngsters with an ocean between you."

" There you go! Delirious again! Ten days is only two hundred and forty hours," she lied, " oceans or no oceans."

" You're a sweet brave young liar! Run along now and catch the first boat. Your mother and I'll follow in a week or so."

She swore that she'd die first, but Zachary, exaggerating the usual querulousness of a convalescent, refused to listen to her protests.

There was no one Jessica knew on the ship coming back, and the hours can be very long at sea. On board there was an actor, Ross Mennard, who had nursed a mediocre talent into a world-wide popularity by an unerring sense of what to do to gain the sort of publicity that would add to his fame. Jessica Furnell was a name that had a definite news value. Mennard had charming manners and an uncanny tact. It was not difficult for him to manage things so that he was seen daily with Jessica on the voyage. He was by her side when the ship docked at New York. By then he was in love with her, or as near love as one who is completely in love with himself can be. As for Jessica, it amused her to watch him and listen to his naïve and unbelievably frank enthusiasm for himself.

Before the ship had docked, the reporters had come aboard at quarantine. As Jessica had posed for the cameramen, Mennard, with a laughing boyish air of not realizing what he did, had strolled over to her side. The cameramen had welcomed Mennard. It would make a swell picture, Ross Mennard and Jessica Furnell—you wouldn't expect to see those two together.

As the ship was warped to her pier Charles saw Mennard standing beside Jessica, bending his handsome head down to her, flashing that famous half-caressing, half-impudent smile of his. Charles was too surprised and vaguely resentful to realize that Jessica seemed hardly aware of the man. Then her eager, searching gaze found Charles in the crowd. Far up there on the deck she looked down at him, and he forgot everything but that she was home.

It was hours later before he thought of Mennard again.

With a pretense of laughter he said, "Now, does that satisfy your savage, spoiled young soul?"

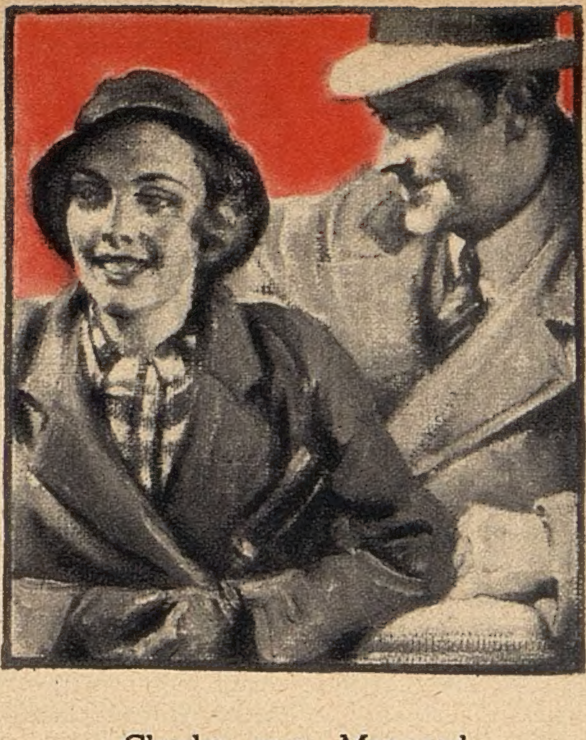
With the thought there was a slight stirring of the resentment he had felt at his first sight of the actor. It wasn't right for any man to be that good-looking, and from what one read in the papers, a woman had only to look at him to lose her head completely.

"Wasn't that Mennard, the movie actor, standing there at the rail with you today?" he asked Jessica casually.

"Darling, it was!" Her face alight, she twisted about on the couch so that she faced him. "And he's stupendous, amazing, terrific! Those are his favorite words. He doesn't know but three more—terrific, amazing, stu-*pen*dous — and they all apply to anything that even remotely concerns him—according to him."

"See much of him on the crossing?" he asked, still casual, but with eyes narrowing.

"Not much. Every one on board was deadly dull and I was so insane to be home. Up until the very last minute, it was ten thousand hours before I'd ever see you again! I thought I'd never survive the ordeal of it."



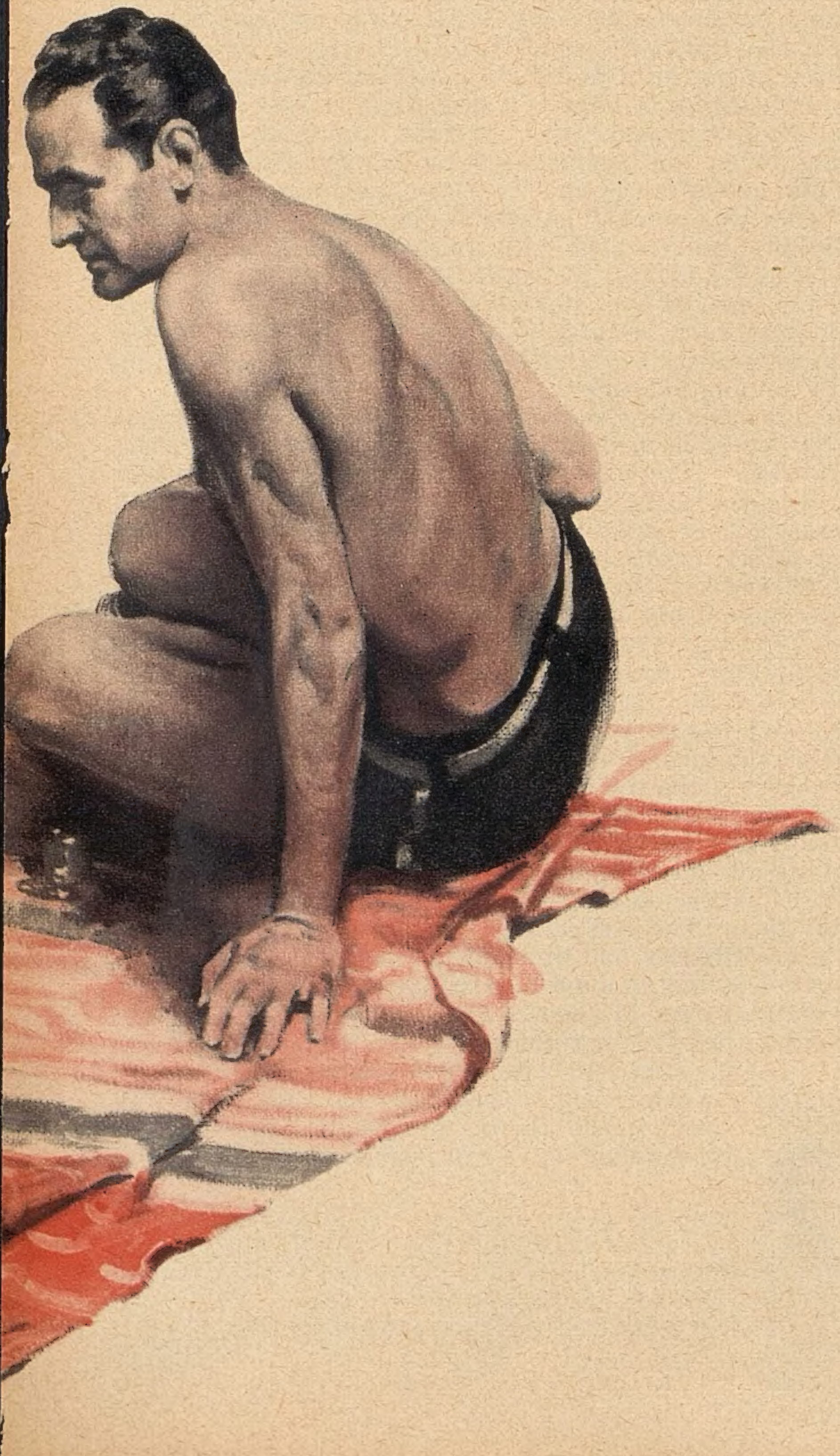
Charles saw Mennard standing beside Jessica.

He had to kiss her for that, back of her ear. He let his mouth linger there as she went on talking, telling him about Mennard. Charles wished that she hadn't met Mennard. Of course it was silly; he couldn't say it, but why did she have to let Mennard help her through even the few hours she had spent with him? The man was too handsome, and a stupid conceited ass from her description.

Then, a few days later, two of the newspapers in their gossip columns carried more or less the same paragraph; one was sly and mentioned no names, the other was coyly saccharine and described at length both Jessica and Mennard. Each paragraph gave the impression that they had been together incessantly on shipboard. The columnists, having listened to Mennard's account of the voyage, thought they were telling nothing more than the truth. On the same day a picture of Jessica and Mennard appeared in an afternoon paper.

Jessica discovered the picture, and her friends lost no time in notifying her of the two paragraphs. It seemed to her as if everybody she knew in the world rushed immediately to the telephone and called her.

It seemed to Charles that everybody he knew managed, at no matter what personal inconvenience, to meet him or telephone. He did not telephone Jessica. She did not telephone him. Each waited for the other to call. They were to dine together. By that time their nerves were on edge. She felt that he should have recognized the complete and absurd untruth of the paragraphs and that he should have hastened to tell her so, and to comfort her. He felt that the least she could have done was to get in touch with him immediately, for surely there must be some explanation. Her silence made him wonder.



BOTH of them hurt and unhappy, and for the first time in their lives ill at ease with each other, they could find little to say when they met. At last he broached the subject with an unfortunate remark that did not express at all what he was trying to say. Wanting to seem unconcerned and unaccusing, the very effort made him sound cold and suspicious:

"I thought you said you didn't see much of this Mennard."

Reading all the implication possible in his words, she answered flatly:

"That was what I said."

"I know you did."

"Are you trying to tell me you think I'm lying?"

"No." He meant it; but to her he sounded as if he didn't.

There had never been any reason for either to doubt the other. But this was different. This was not something that could be settled just between them and no one else the wiser. Everybody was wondering about them, talking. He felt she should have, in some way, prevented it. She felt that he should understand, without asking, how helpless she had been, how miserable she was.

"Then just what are you trying to tell me?" Jessica asked after a moment of miserable silence.

"I'm not trying to tell you anything. I'm merely trying to find out what all this stuff is in the newspapers."

"If you don't realize what it is, I don't see how I can explain it to you."

"Good Lord, Jessica! Why do you take that tone? After all, *I* haven't done anything—"

"Are you implying that I have?"

"No! I'm merely trying—I merely mentioned the fact that I read this stuff in the papers. God, if a man is engaged to a girl and reads—everybody reads—that she's crossed an ocean in the exclusive company of a ham actor, certainly he has the right to ask—"

"To ask! *What?* I told you what happened. Because of a piece of gossip you doubt what I told you. How do you dare!"

They were hopelessly entangled now. Both of them feeling abused and misunderstood, they found themselves saying things that they didn't mean, each determined to make the other be the first to admit the injustice of the accusations. They piled lie on lie until the only way to stop was either to apologize immediately or say what she said in a blaze of heartsick rage: "I never want to see you again as long as I live!"

With suddenly frightened eyes they looked at each other, scarcely able to believe that she had said it. This couldn't mean the end of them together. Surely he would speak now, say that he was sorry; he was so much bigger and finer than she was, if he loved her he shouldn't expect her to speak first. Surely she would speak now; she was so much better and wiser than he was, she must understand that it was only because he loved her so that he had said the things he'd said; if she still loved him, surely she would speak.

Yet neither spoke. In a sort of emotional paralysis they stood staring stubbornly past each other while their silence destroyed the bright young pattern of life they had planned.

The next day Charles left town and Jessica returned to England. She persuaded her distressed parents to stay with her there until the excited interest in Charles and her had been submerged in some new scandal.

Charles, wanting to hide from the world, yet not wanting to add to the breathless, eager-eyed gossip by doing anything so dramatic as fleeing to some lonely wilderness, announced that he was going to fish somewhere off the Florida coast.

He made no explanations to his family. They asked no questions; he so obviously wanted to be left alone. They could only look at him with grave, unhappy eyes that begged to comfort him; except his younger sister Baird. When she told him good-by she flung her arms about him and cried and mumbled rebelliously into his coat collar.

"You and Jessica, you're making awful fools of yourselves, Chardie."

She hadn't called him that since she had graduated from baby talk. It took them back to the days when Baird had reigned over the big nursery upstairs and Charles had come in from his play to find her busy with her doll's housekeeping, walking her doll across the carpet to call on Jessica's doll who always lived over by the east windows beside the yellow flowered chair. Even then Jessica had been Baird's "best friend." Charles muttered:

"We aren't fools, baby. It's more than that."

FROM his expression she could see there would be no use in trying to say anything more.

Charles went to an old-fashioned shingled summer hotel perched like some frowzy brown hen behind the sand dunes fringing a small island. The place was too far north to attract any of the horde of winter visitors who throng Florida in search of the sun. The hotel was deserted except for the manager and his family.

Charles was scarcely conscious of the echoing damp emptiness of the place. With a numbed restlessness, he paced the flat bleak island, minute in the cold sea beneath the cold clear sky, while he pondered the new life that stretched before him. With Jessica gone there was nothing. There was no reason back of anything, for he had planned and directed his life for himself and Jessica together. There was no hope of that, not after the things she had said. Of course he had said things, but of course he hadn't meant them. With her it was different. She had been the first to show resentment and that could only be because of Mennard. She had found in Mennard something that he could not give her.

He could not realize that Jessica was living each hour in the tense hope that the next moment would bring a letter, a cablegram, or a telephone call from him.

One morning, after breakfast, Charles set out to walk along the beach. A few yards from the hotel was a bathhouse and next to that a large salt-water plunge, sparkling and cold and green in the early-morning light. At the deep end was a high tower of diving boards. It was there that he first saw Paradise Weir.

AS he reached the edge of the pool he heard a woman laugh. Puzzled, he looked around and saw, on the topmost platform, a girl. Her scant silk suit was of the same warm honey color as her flesh. From that distance she looked naked, and her body was the most beautiful human structure he had ever seen—lithe and strong and softly rounded. Yet, small-boned, delicately made as she was, there was an allure in her slightest movement as lusty and primeval as breathing itself.

"You'd better step back a bit," she called down to him. "If I make a bad dive I'll splash and you'll get wet."

"Aren't you cold enough already without going into that?" He gestured toward the water as he backed away from the pool.

"I'm young and healthy!" There was a note of derision in her husky laughter. "I like it."

With short quick steps she ran to the platform's edge, her hands came up and met above her head, and she sprang out above the pool. As if her arms were wings, she spread them wide and lifted her face to the sky. From the top of her head to her pointed toes, her body was an arc that seemed to hang for an instant in the cold bright air. Then her hands came together once more, her body straightened, her head came down, her feet came up, and she plunged, straight and swift as a javelin, into the pool.

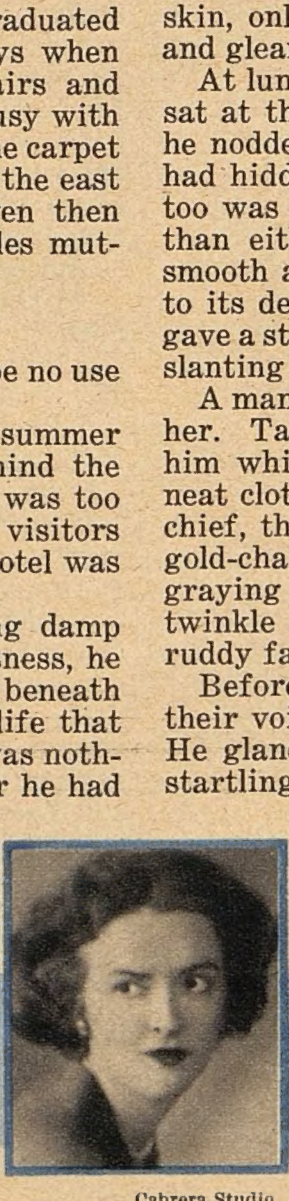
"That was great!" he said as she came to the surface. "Great!" he repeated with an automatic pleasantness, his mind far away. He smiled and walked on, realizing vaguely that her eyes slanted slightly toward her temples and were, surprisingly, of much the same color as her skin, only of a deeper richer tint, warm and slumbrous and gleaming beneath the lazy screen of her lashes.

At luncheon time she appeared in the dining room and sat at the table next to his. Looking up from his plate he nodded. She nodded. In the morning a bathing cap had hidden her hair. Now he saw that, like her eyes, it too was of the same tone as her skin but much darker than either. Shining like old polished amber, it was smooth and soft about her face. From its lightest tone to its deepest she was a gradation of the one color. It gave a strange savage quality to her beauty—that and her slanting heavy eyes.

A man came in and took his place across the table from her. Tall, big-boned, there was a beefy heartiness about him which seemed inevitable after one noticed the too neat clothes, the too carefully matched tie and handkerchief, the large ring on one square fat hand, the heavy gold-chained watch on his wrist. His sandy hair was graying at the temples. There was a genuine, wise twinkle in the blue eyes that seemed small in his big ruddy face. The girl called him "Mac."

Before Charles had finished his meal he realized that their voices had quieted to a tense staccato whispering. He glanced over at them. The change in the girl was startling; her face a tight mask of rage, her eyes, narrowed to slits, were glaring with an uncanny malevolence at the man, who was obviously trying to placate her. With a shudder of

(Continued on page ten)



Patterson Dial, author of this story, made a ten-strike with her very first literary effort. She developed her characters so vividly that the editor ordered an entire series. Prior to taking up writing as a career, she was on the stage, having made her début at seventeen, and then in motion pictures.

Cabrera Studio

"I feel fine, *now* . . .

EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER
FOR
HEADACHES
NEURALGIA

"Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling, that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

"Bromo-Seltzer's never failed me yet! And it tastes so good, doesn't it? Well, powder your nose and let's get going!"

THERE ARE FIVE REASONS WHY

In the past 40 years, many millions of headaches have been relieved by Bromo-Seltzer. There's no particle of doubt about the quick, thorough relief this effervescing and refreshing remedy brings you.

So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer *is* dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

You get many benefits when you take a Bromo-Seltzer. Not only pain, but other discomforts of headaches, are promptly relieved. For example, your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is increased by Bromo-Seltzer's citric salts. Bromo-Seltzer also relieves nausea or gas on the stomach. And all the while, you are gently steadied and relaxed.

Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

BROMO-SELTZER

(Continued from page eight) impatience, as if she tried to fling herself away from her own furious self, she rose and walked rapidly out of the room. The man gave her one tired baffled look and went back to his food.

When Charles emerged from the dining room she brushed past without a sign of recognition, as if she really did not see him. Already she had changed into a bathing suit. He wondered at her foolhardy recklessness in going right from the dining table into the water. From the veranda Charles watched her white cap bobbing about in the ocean, the flash of her arms pulling strongly through the gray water. It was dangerous out there; the tide was at its height, boiling in with a crash of rollers. Charles thought some one should keep an eye on her. He wondered where her companion was; if he knew what she was doing. Evidently he did, as he stepped out on the veranda for a moment, then went back inside.

For an hour the girl fought back and forth before she came in. As she ran up the steps she smiled at Charles. All the ill humor had left her; she seemed as relaxed and pleasant as a young kitten.

"Water's cold," she commented and reached for a robe and a towel that hung over the railing. Then, to his astonishment, instead of going on to her rooms, she threw the robe around her, turned her back, and faced the wall. An instant later her wet suit fell about her feet. She stepped out of it, and under the robe began to rub herself vigorously with the towel. When she had finished she slipped her arms into the robe and tied it snugly about her. Pulling off her cap she turned around and announced with a sigh of satisfaction:

"Now I feel better! When I get mad I have to do something like that or I'll go crazy."

"Oh, you were mad?"

"Was I mad! Have you got a cigarette?" She reached out for the packet he offered. "That Mac! Did you happen to notice if he took the car and went off toward the mainland?"

"You mean the man who was at the table with you?"

"My father. Yes."

"He was out here for a second. He went back inside."

"So he didn't go, the old son of a—" she stopped as he held a match to her cigarette. Smoke pouring from her nostrils, she finished, a grudging admiration in her tone, "Swearing on his soul he had to go to town, trying to get me to go, and he didn't have to go at all. He's a one for you—H. MacAlexander Weir. And God help you if you forget to put on the H.!" Abruptly she asked, with the frank curiosity of a child:

"You're Charles Wyatt, aren't you?"

"How did you know?"

"I read the papers. Don't I look like I can read?" Before he could answer, she added, "I'm Paradise Weir. And now you say what everybody says, 'Why, nobody could be named Paradise!'"

"All right," he laughed. "Why, nobody could be named Paradise!"

"THEY could. I am. It was the state of mind of my parents when I was born. Imagine living in some filthy hole in Hongkong and having a kid and then being so much in love you call the brat Paradise. Crazy people!"

"Lucky people."

"I guess so. But not for long. You see, Maidie, my mother, she died, and Mac—" she broke off. "Why the hell am I wishing all this on you?"

"Go on. I wish you would. I'd like to hear."

"Well, you've seen Mac. Would you believe it? That man hasn't looked at a woman since Maidie died? That was twenty years ago. I was two. I don't remember her but he tells me about her."

"She must have been quite lovely," he said, wondering why all this was being told to him. Later he would learn that there was no reason except that when Paradise wanted to talk she talked to whoever would listen.

"I guess Maidie was lovely. She was a clerk in the basement of a store on Fourteenth Street in New York. She was half Swede and half Polack. I hear she was pretty. Mac—he's a real American; comes from Ohio and ran away from home and's never been back—he was in this store and saw Maidie; love at first for both of 'em!"

"Then it does happen!" He hoped he sounded as if he were interested in what she was saying.

"Sure it does. It happened to me when I was sixteen; but mine was different. But Mac and Maidie! They got married and from then on they saw the world."

"Have you traveled a lot, too?"

"I've been most places." Slowly she straightened her arms and stretched. He stared at her, suddenly imagining the body beneath the shapeless robe, her smooth honey-colored body that writhed with a lazy languorous pleasure in the gesture. She crossed her arms behind her head and looked at him slantwise.

"For all I've been places, you and I couldn't ever have met except in some silly God-awful place like this."

"What do you mean by that?"

"You're on the top. I'm way down on the border line. If you weren't off away from everything, you wouldn't know me. I don't usually know very nice and proper people when they're being nice and proper. And I imagine you always are that way." There was a mingling of pity and contempt in her tone that made him stare out at the gray heavy sea.

SUDDENLY he wanted to defy everything that he had looked on as his world; he wanted to be and to do all the things he had never been or done before. Why not? With Jessica gone there was no meaning left in any of the once dear, familiar, splendid things.

He looked around and found Paradise Weir watching him. Her eyes were daring him and her mouth was a glistening, scarlet provocation.

"Paradise," a grim tightness in his lips, he smiled down to her, "you're very beautiful and lovely, and you've got the damnedest name and the damnedest hair and the damnedest eyes; and what you don't know about me would surprise you."

"Surprise me," she said quietly. Then she laughed. "What say we look up Mac and all get drunk?"

"You have nice ideas, too," he said.

That was the beginning.

At first when he was with Paradise, H. MacAlexander was always there too. Charles soon found that the man was a thorough crook. Because he knew instinctively that no harm could come to him through Charles, Weir talked with a certain oblique frankness about his affairs, such things as the smuggling of liquor and Chinese across the border, the wholesale robbery of thousands through the sale of worthless stocks. It amused Charles in his new mood to listen and applaud these exploits. And it amused Weir to talk. He liked to brag when it was safe to brag. Paradise, knowing the pleasure he took in it, urged him on. Though she usually played no active part in his schemes she approved them with the vast, hearty glee of some swaggering buccaneer.

It was a constant astonishment to Charles to see her—so exquisitely fashioned, so completely beautiful without, and all the while to know the dark and relentless, lawless things that swarmed within her.

After a time H. MacAlexander began to disappear, often for days at a time. Neither he nor Paradise made any explanation, but Charles gathered that Weir was occupied with what he termed his business. Also Charles gathered that this business held the Weirs on the island where H. MacAlexander could avoid any one overly interested in knowing his whereabouts.

Paradise refused to go with him. She told Charles that the first time he had seen her in the dining room she had been quarreling about these very trips to the mainland.

"I don't want to get mixed up in any more complicated things. I'm tired. Tired of the whole damned mess of a world." She turned on Charles, mocking him: "You think I'm a fool and tramp, don't you? I am."

"You are."

He never contradicted her when she was in such a humor. He never lied to her about himself or her. Contradictorily, she respected his attitude, since he asked for nothing. He merely accepted what she proffered.

He was in a constant state of pleasant irresponsibility.

Paradise had had time to crowd into her life a complete education as a bartender. Her rooms were well stocked with supplies. She herself was a prodigious drinker, yet the only effect liquor seemed to have on her was to add a rather stumbling rapidity to her speech.

The first time H. MacAlexander was absent Paradise and Charles, as usual after dinner, went to the Weirs' rooms.

Sitting down, getting up, mixing drinks, Paradise moved about restlessly. Charles lay on a dilapidated wicker couch, a wad of faded cretonne cushions at his back, and seldom moved except to loosen his grasp on an empty glass when she handed him a full one. After a time she disappeared into the bedroom. When she came back he saw she had changed into a trailing clinging gown of a deep brilliant blue. She was a blaze of color in the dingy brown ugliness of the room. The blue velvet wrinkled tightly about her body, swirled and coiled about her bare feet strapped in sandals of blue and gold that did not hide her scarlet-painted nails. Her fingers were tipped with the same savage color. Her hair, brushed smooth and close to her head, glistened in the harsh overhead light.

Her lithe quick movements, her husky drawling voice, her rich lazy laughter—the whole of her seemed to make the drab dingy room pulse with a lawless challenging aliveness. Outside, the ocean pounded on the beach, a booming ceaseless barbaric beat.

Charles forced all thought, all consciousness of himself as an identity, into submission to that beat until he was nothing but an unthinking, unresisting part of the emotion that throbbed about him.

THE next day the weather turned unexpectedly hot and sultry and continued so for days. They took to spending most of the daylight hours out of doors. Paradise would fill an earthen demijohn with planters' punch and they would lug it down the beach out of sight of the hotel.

There they would sprawl on the sand and talk and drink, and he would watch her. In the shred of silk suit that matched the color of her skin she would lie in the pale thin sunlight, her body seeming to nestle and press against the sand as if the sand were arms that held her. Always her body was like that—when she sank into a chair, or leaned against something, it was as if she slowly yielded, gave herself to a waiting embrace.

Sometimes, looking at her, Charles would think of Jessica. With an actual pain, despair would smother him, tearing and crowding in his throat. He would reach out and touch the smooth round arm that lay relaxed and warm upon the sand. Desperately he would force himself to see not the remembered Jessica but the arm, the slant-eyed face, the vibrant body there at his side. Nothing else must enter his mind, nothing. He must not think.

One afternoon he reached out and clutched at her arm, not realizing how his fingers dug into her flesh. She did not flinch. With a tired gentleness she asked:

"You think your heart is breaking, don't you, Charlie?"

"Paradise, you're beautiful"—he pressed his eyes against her arm—"much too beautiful to talk like something in a bad play."

"Maybe it's slushy, but it's true. You know it. Unless we're awfully lucky, or have no hearts in us, there's always once when we'll feel that way."

"And we're always told we'll get over it," he mocked her.

"And I'm to be the medicine that's to help you get over it!"

Her eyes gleamed behind their lashes. She was smiling.

"I understand about you and me. I'm a bottle marked 'Sedative; take in large doses when desired until the pain is dulled, then stop abruptly—and completely.'"

"You've got to curb this weakness for reading lines. If you don't I'll begin to think you're a very beautiful bottle marked 'Bromides.'" He smoothed her hair back from her forehead, and steadying her face with his hand, made her look at him.

"To me you're very beautiful and very strange and very kind; and I can't understand how you can even tolerate the pretty awful thing I am these days. You're

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wise; as you'd put it, you 'know what it's all about, and you know your way around.' So, as I see it—we're here, it seems better to be together. And we both know that when the time comes, you'll be on your way; I'll be on mine. At least you can say, 'Anyway he tried to be fair; he never demanded what I didn't offer.'"

"That's true." Fiercely she reached out and caught his hand. "You're a good guy. I wish you weren't so unhappy. I feel sometimes if you'd only talk about it, it wouldn't hurt you so. It seems so silly the way you won't talk when you know I know about Jessica Furnell."

"SWEET." There was no change in his expression; his grasp remained gentle about her fingers, but she could see his other hand clench until the knuckles were white. "Will you stop diagnosing me and *relax!*"

"I suppose I'm not good enough!" she blazed out at him. "You won't have her name mentioned before me!"

"That's not like you." He had yet to learn that no one thing was like her; she was like so many things that ultimately he was to decide that there was nothing to which he could compare her. "Why are you trying to force me into making a scene?"

"Why is it a scene just to be human and admit it? I wouldn't have thought it of you, but I'm beginning to believe you think I'm too contemptible to even hear you call her name. After all, that's carrying purity and light a little too far. I'm no prostitute."

"Very well," he stopped her, "if you will have it that way, there's nothing I can do to prove it's not so but to put in words what you say you know already."

He sat up and at the moment hated her, her crudeness, her greedy desire, as it seemed to him and perhaps he was right, to pry into his soul. He wanted to hurt her, to say something that would jolt her away from him with the finality of a blow in the face. But he could not. Such a thing was beyond or beneath him. He spoke in a dry lifeless voice:

"She is as much a part of me as my hands or my eyes. She always will be. I know that some day I'll learn to live without her. I know, too, that I'll never be again anything more than half alive. Everything I wanted and planned was so closely interwoven with her that without her—" He flung back his head and with an obvious effort looked at Paradise down over his shoulder. With a pretense of laughter he said:

"Now, does that satisfy your savage, spoiled young soul?"

Charles Wyatt may feel safe, protected by his love for Jessica, but he is treading on dangerous ground. Their actions and language show that Paradise Weir and her crooked father are not to be trifled with. Next week's installment carries Charlie deeper into the quicksands of his blighted romance.

Making It a SIN to See Pictures

Who, Except the Hollywood Moral Hit-and-Run Drivers, Can Object to the Drive for Clean Pictures? demands This Noted Producer.

By SAMUEL GOLDWYN

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

A LITTLE girl once wrote to me that she was giving up Ronald Colman for Lent.

Greta Garbo's period costume as Queen Christina suggested a modern adaptation of its square laundered collar. One hundred and twenty thousand of them were sold by the department stores of the country.

A large department store in New York had to install a special staff to copy the coiffure Anna Sten wore in Nana.

The John Knox house in Edinburgh is a monument in religious history. The house is now a bookshop. Featured in its windows even more prominently than the relics and souvenirs is the Walt Disney book of The Three Little Pigs.

These audible shadows on the screen do more than spin an idle fable for the 55,000,000 people who attend a picture show every week. It is more than a way of spending a lazy, tired hour in a deeply cushioned chair. Last winter I saw 6,000 people in front of the Music Hall in New York stand for more than an hour in the sleet and snow, waiting to see a new player who had never before appeared in an American picture.

What one thing do these millions get out of motion pictures? What does the screen mean to them? Answers pop up: Norma Shearer, luxury; Katharine Hepburn or Robert Montgomery, youth; Douglas Fairbanks, the fantasy and the romance of a distant day and a distant place; Will Rogers, unaffected, homely philosophy, the good common sense we all like to think we have.

It is easy to understand the success of a Shirley Temple or Wallace Beery.

No mystery veils the reasons for the popularity of It Happened One Night or The House of Rothschild.

The explanations of success are individual and often personal. Seldom does one reason explain the success of two players or two pictures. The common tie that connects all screen players and all pictures is their audience.

It is that audience that is rising up in protest. Their clamor—not to be considered too much as a passing, transitory, or impermanent thing—is for clean pictures. They demand censorship in a rising tide of public indignation.

No such great sweeping tide of public interest is without enduring benefits. It has been said that with each subsiding tide, castles are built where dragons lived before. The motion-picture industry is being taught something that it will remember everlastingly.

This is that the motion picture is a family affair. Any movement that makes a sin out of going to motion-picture theaters should be examined closely.

The family as an audience is the common ground all pictures and all picture players have. The screen resembles what used to be called "a family magazine." Pictures are seen by the family as a whole. It is the one pursuit of pleasure and the one recreation in which the whole family shares.

Big sister may read a book that she'd rather not have her mother see. Brother may have his own sports and interests, beyond the understanding and sympathies of Ma and Pa. Ma may have her bridge matinées and Pa his golf.

But when they go to the movies they go together. They are a family, with family decency, self-respect, pride of home, with a high barrier around them to exclude the things not worthy of the home. It is a sacred, inner circle. It is being shown to the producers of Hollywood that pictures are being made for that circle. And it wasn't a bad reminder at that, for the family nourished and built up the motion picture as an institution, fashioned our programs, and created our stars.

If motion-picture production digresses, if sight is lost of the family as an audience, there seems to be reason for complaint.

Families and spokesmen for families have a complaint if Hollywood capitalizes on the shock quality of filth and obscenity for a quick killing, if there are moral hit-and-run drivers, if there are little boys writing dirty words on the wall and calling it the entertainment the public wants. Who except the guilty can object to the punishment?

I believe with all my heart that the best censorship the motion-picture industry can have is the knowledge of the audience it entertains. Consciousness of the restrictions and the limitations of what passes in the home circle as entertainment is a perfect censorship for the screen. If a constant reminder is necessary, then let that be the purpose of censorship. But even the reminder puzzles me, and for two reasons. First, there is the realization that what the country objects to isn't so much immorality as it is bad taste, or insensitivity to good taste. An inadequately clothed woman or an excessively fervent love scene may be infinitely less shocking and embarrassing than the spectacle of a beautiful little girl, hardly more than four years old, saying " Aw, nuts! "

The Hollywood viewpoint and the Broadway viewpoint are frequently bad ones. Sitting in a smartly clad, sophisticated New York audience, a " black-out " story may seem very gay and amusing. That's because it is being seen in New York and with that audience.

But when the Jones family of Clarksburg, West Virginia, or the Smiths in Lincoln, Nebraska, see the same anecdote filmed in a screen revue, for which they pay twenty-five cents admission, even getting Junior in at the children's rate, it seems nasty. Pa becomes embarrassed in front of Ma. They hope the children won't ask questions.

Good taste must determine what is funny in a smoking room and what is funny on the screen. I don't know what rules and what codes can be drawn up to express it, and I don't know who could interpret them.

The second thing that puzzles me is this question of making " clean pictures " and " children's pictures " synonymous. We can't make distinct " children's pictures," any more than we can make pictures distinctively for columnists or nudists.

I'm not going to cite the failure of Alice in Wonderland either. Too much of that thing goes on—making an object lesson of a bad picture that failed to be successful as a martyr to the cause of clean pictures for children. Children adore Eddie Cantor and they have liked The House of Rothschild, It Happened One Night, or Little Women. And adults liked Tarzan and King Kong.

Children read newspapers. They sense the tempo and the flow of life. They know its color, its taste. What convent today can shut out the headlines of the life that is going on around us? What family circle can shut out the brutality, the crimes of passion, the lawlessness the headlines scream about every day?

Recently we have read the newspaper accounts of the uprising against the Hitler régime in Berlin. Twenty years ago journalism would have represented it as a kind of Graustarkian *Putsch*, a Victor Herbert operetta.

But now it is something else. We see behind the scenes. We see the bestiality. It has a psychopathic significance that all of us understand.

WORDS appear in print freely that five years ago would have cost any reporter his job. It seems to me to reflect not a better world nor a worse but a changing world.

We live in an age that is without much reverence. Every one is allowed to take pot shots at sacred institutions. The great figures of history, of knowledge, of music and the arts become to us by this process not storybook heroes but human beings, surmounting with strength of the spirit the weakness of the flesh.

I think this does a good thing. I mean the whole process. In the face of grim realities of life, children need no longer be afraid. When they come to a strange and dark passage, they don't have to whistle. They know their way through. They are fortified not so much by knowledge as by the news, by actual life.

This is the younger generation as it sees itself. I think it is the younger generation as it actually is for the purposes of our study.

I don't think young people—or perhaps I shouldn't limit it to young people—who grow up in an age of frankness, without illusions, with all of the hard truths of life thrown daily into their faces and their vision, completely unprotected in the news of the world that comes to them in their reading, their literature, their associations—I don't think such people can, through the arbitrary judgment of some authority still to be created, be protected from the screen.

Who is sharp and shrewd and intelligent enough to keep the screen from reflecting, from being influenced by, the life that finds its way into the headlines, into literature, into the theater?

The best tribunal the screen can have is not a censor of morals. It is not a code or set of rules. It is the planned economy of keeping that family audience, and of keeping it pleased with pictures. Attendance at a picture must not appear a sin to the family.

THE church, functioning as a social rather than a religious unit, and similar organizations having a concern with social trends and social standards, might do well in examining this thing, the motion picture, the life of which it challenges. Uncle Tom's Cabin did more to free the slaves than did the Grand Army of the Republic; Oliver Twist did more to correct English prison systems than a century of reform movements. What more eloquent plea could there be for a naval air force than Hell Divers?

King Vidor has just filmed a back-to-the-land story. I think our government could publish many thousands of pamphlets and spend many millions of dollars in the encouragement of farming without reaching as many attentive ears as the audience of Our Daily Bread.

Motion pictures to the world have come to be a picture and a reflection of American life. They spread a doctrine, an American standard of living, around the globe—to South America, to Europe, to the great markets for American goods. American clothes are wanted, American automobiles, American labor-saving devices. The screen is an ambassador and a salesman.

We are concerned in our national commerce with giving the farmer a helping hand. But motion pictures sent overseas bring back into the economic life of the country, to our trade balances, much more than our wheat does.

The nations of the world know this. Every country of Europe has leveled confiscatory laws against American pictures. They charge American pictures with the propagation of Americanism and with raiding their trade balances. England, France, and most of the countries of Europe practically subsidize their native film industry as a matter of patriotism. Whatever American governmental interest in pictures is, it is not support in the interests of patriotism.

Pictures are playing a brave and a sound part in the economic life of the country. Last year $135,000,000 was spent in the production of pictures. This year the level is raised to $147,000,000. Some 300,000 people make their living from the production, the sale, and the exhibition of pictures. Federal and state governments collect $105,000,000 in taxes from the film theaters in one way or other. A big investment, many people, and a great burden are involved.

I know that men and money have little to do with any question of censorship. But where the investment of two billion dollars is involved, and three hundred thousand wage earners, and a heavy load of comparatively painless taxation, these considerations become warnings for caution.

That censorship as a critique of morality is difficult or impossible should not allow thoughtless or even premeditated vulgarity or indecency to creep into pictures.

As propaganda for any of a hundred worthy social causes, even for Americanism, pictures deserve no special liberty. They should still be restricted.

Only one restriction can ever exist. That is the sound economy of picture production for the family. It must be realized that the photoplay enters the home in its thought, its mood, its manner, its story. A realization that it must be fit for the home is the practical basis for the censorship of any picture.

As long as pictures are made for family interest, not on moral grounds but because that is the audience for pictures, I don't think that it will ever be a sin to attend a film.

THE END

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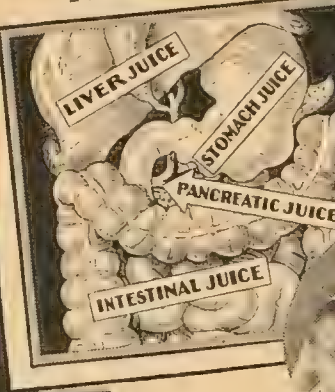

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4. How do Doctors explain it?

The reason most people get constipated, have stomach troubles, etc., is—their digestive juices and muscles have *slowed up!*

*This new "XR" Yeast is exceedingly rich in hormone-like substances ("activators") which speed up these juices and muscles all through your digestive system *amazingly!*

5. Why does it correct Constipation and Indigestion faster?

Because it makes your digestive juices flow faster and muscles work harder *all the way from the stomach on down!* Food is more quickly softened, digested, passed through your body. You can eat things you couldn't eat before—without indigestion or constipation. "XR" Yeast "normalizes" you!

6. Does the Skin clear quicker?

Yes! Skin troubles (as a rule) come from poisons that aren't thrown off by the intestines. "XR" Yeast corrects this self-poisoning—makes your blood purer—skin *healthier*. Pimples, boils, etc., soon clear up.

7. Will "Run-down" feeling go?

Usually! Patients often feel better almost *at once!* You should get more "good" from your food—have fewer headaches—better appetite—more vigor.

After 40, especially, people need "XR" Yeast to correct the slowing of digestive secretions occurring rapidly after that age. It also helps often in rheumatism.

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Yes—by cleansing your system and supplying Vitamin A (newly added), the "infection-preventing" vitamin. Each cake of Fleischmann's "XR" Yeast is *also* rich in Vitamins B, D and G . . . *4* important vitamins!

EAT 3 CAKES EVERY DAY . . . plain, or dissolved in one-third glass of water—preferably half an hour before each meal. Keep on until you're *thoroughly* well. Get a 3-day supply *now!*

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by RICHARD CONNELL

READING TIME
26 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

Illustrations by CARL PFEUFER

Billy Quirk

IT was all over. Another World's Series had become history. In the ninth the visitors filled the bases with two out. They needed one run to tie, two to win, and it was the deciding game of the series. The man in the box shifted his hunk of eating tobacco from one bronze cheek to the other, hitched up his pants, gripped the ball in fingers like bale hooks, and surveyed the stalwart pinch hitter as calmly as a veteran barber surveys a simple beard. To throw one single ball whose trajectory was imperfect by so much as a quarter of an inch meant defeat and disaster, but the tanned Titan on the mound was as poised and as confident as an iceberg in the path of a canoe, and as glacial. Up went a python arm and homeward sped the pitch. A big black bat leaped out to meet it, but the ball shied away and downward, like a scared swallow, and the man in blue boomed "Streeeeeike!"

Nonchalantly the pitcher wound up once more and fired a projectile that smoked, or seemed to, as it whizzed straight at the jutting jaw of the batter, who, emulating the turtle, pulled in his chin, whereupon the thwarted ball changed its mind, also its direction, and, dipping abruptly, twitched across a corner of the plate for a called strike.

Unmindful of the hundred thousand eyes that beat upon him, oblivious to the ten million ears glued to radios, the pitcher nodded a careless assent to the catcher's signal, coiled, gyrated, uncoiled, and emitted the fateful pitch. Gently, as slow as a toy balloon, and as big, it floated toward the tense hitter. A cross-eyed maiden could have hit it with a drumstick; but the batter did not, for, set for a swift one, he swung too soon, a mighty swing but fruitless, and the weary sphere sank unsullied into the catcher's leathern bed.

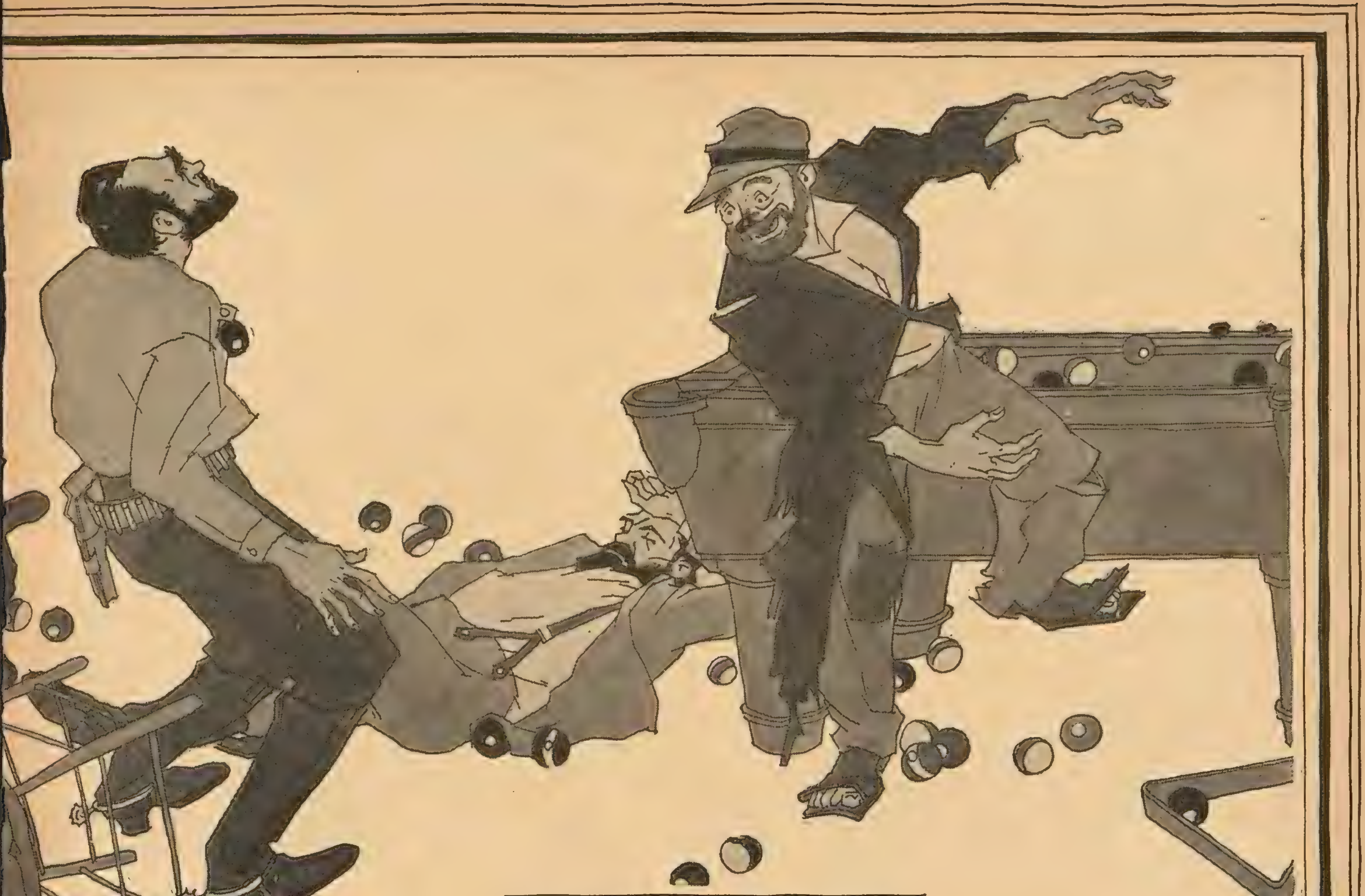
The crowd boiled out of grandstand and bleachers and began to jam and jostle toward the exits. Caught in the maelstrom, I was catapulted against a man of such stoutness and softness I was embedded in him. He seemed not to notice me, for he was talking to himself in a deep rich growl.

"Mice!" he was muttering. "Mice!"

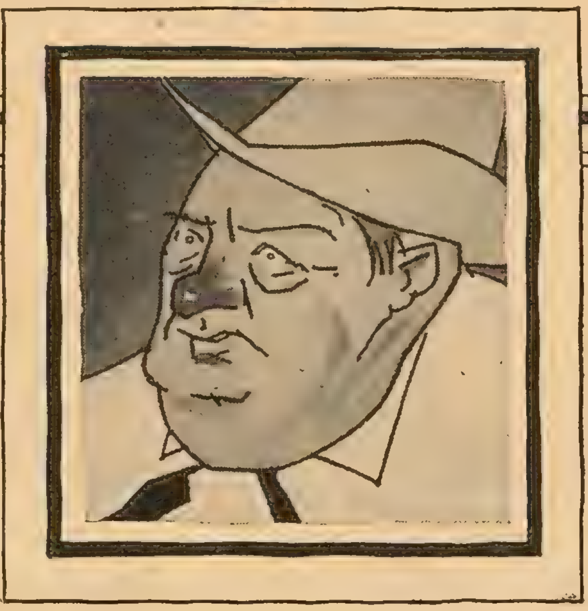
My gaze climbed up over a bevy of chins and stopped at the bright little eyes of Jumbo Toomey. He grinned like a benign shark.

"Make mine beer," he rumbled, so we went to the Tavern.

"An ocean of beer," Jumbo ordered, "and a steak three fingers thick and four hands across, and all the onions you've got; and if the steak isn't rare and the



Then the battle began. The tramp took up his stand by the pool table. It rained pandymoniums.



Jumbo Toomey

onions crisp, there'll be murder done in this place."

The waiter shuffled off to the kitchen. Jumbo took a long pull at his stein and said:

"Well, well, well! Must be twenty years since you was a fresh young punk in the press box and I was gobbling 'em up at first base for the Giants."

"Are you still in baseball?" I asked.

He regarded me with surprise, contempt almost.

"Can a fish live in a tree?" he demanded. "What else would I be in, then, me that was born with a bat in my hand? Ever heard of the Barrilla Broncos? No? I thought not. Hey, waiter, start a bucket brigade of beer, and keep it going till the fire's out."

He wiped foam from several chins, and began:

That's my club, the Barrilla Broncos. I'm owner, manager, captain, and first baseman. Sure I still play. Maybe I cover no more ground than a park statoo, and maybe I can't bend down for the low ones on account my front porch gets in the way, but, son, I can still kiss that old apple right on the cheek. No pitcher would ever make a sucker out of me like that lad done in there today. A slow ball in a spot like that! But it was the right answer.

Yes, I can still hit 'em a mile. I *got* to, or I'd never reach first. Not bad, this beer.

Y'see, I came from Texas in the first place, so when the spare chins begun to sprout out on me and the old dogs could no longer carry me in fast company, I just naturally filtered back to the home town. Now Barrilla ain't Broadway; but, as some gink said, it's better to be a first baseman in a little Siberian village than a second stringer in Nome. I like it fine down there in Texas.

I'm not surprised you never heard of the Barrilla Broncs. Our league ain't in no record book. Fact is, some wouldn't hardly call it a league at all. There's just two clubs in it, the Broncs and the Madden Mavericks. Madden is a dinky cow town, thirty miles away, infested by some twelve hundred human beings, if such they can be called. We got nine less people and one more blind pig than Madden, and that's the only difference betwixt the two burgs. Not much happens in either of 'em, except on Saturday, and that's baseball day. We're not a stylish league. Most of our players punch cows on the near-by ranches all week; but come Saturday and everybody forgets everything but baseball. One week we meet the Mavericks on our home lot, which is all right if you don't count prairie-dog holes in the outfield; and the next week we journey over to Madden, and every man, woman, boy, girl, and baby that can waddle or toddle goes along with us to root for the Broncs. Madden's got the ball bug just as bad. A stranger got off the train in Madden one Saturday when the Mavericks was playing in Barrilla, and thought he was in a deserted village. Yes, we're ball nutty, all right.

Life has become just one long world serious to all of us.

Maybe we don't play so good; but we play hard. Every game is a real battle, catch as catch can and no holds barred. The two teams are as well matched as a pair of cuff buttons, and it all comes down to who gets the breaks. Usually we go into the last month of the season even-Stephen.

Of course considerable betting is done on the games and on the final winner, and the year we win you couldn't find an extra shirt in Madden with a search warrant, and the year *they* win, it's vice versa, and the folks in Barrilla go round broke, blue, and bitter all winter.

Is there a nice friendly rivalry between us? No, son, there is not. To us Madden is a nest of rattlesnakes; and, on the other hand, a citizen of Barrilla is just as welcome in Madden as a lobo wolf at a lambs' picnic. It's just one big happy feud.

Why, once a girl from Madden married a boy from Barrilla, and their parents never spoke to either of them again.

The disgraced couple is now running a tourist camp near Denver; but nobody ever mentions their names.

A few years back everybody toted a gun to the games. Even the players kept one handy. But we had to put a stop to that—too many umpires got used up. Now we make 'em check their artillery at the gate; but they can still buy pop in bottles, and they do, though men down in Texas ain't exactly famous for their fondness for soda pop.

Last season the Broncs lost out in the last game when I didn't stoop down quick enough, and the ball got through me and stuck in a gopher hole in right field, and the Madden ketcher made a homer. All last winter I hardly got a civil word spoke to me, and it was hinted that unless I made the home boys come through this season I'd better hit the breeze to some far distant spot and never come back any more.

THIS spring the Broncs started off pretty, and, helped by luck, were three games to the good, when on a ranch near Madden somebody found a young colleger from the East, who was there, he claimed, for his health. Gantley was the rah-rah's name, and he admitted he'd done some pitching; so the Mavericks put him in against us one Saturday. Well, say! The only thing the matter with that guy's health was that he had too much of it. Also he had a change of pace, sweet control, and an educated noggin, and my Broncs hit him seldom. I hit him, of course; but what do you expect?

We lose to this Gantley nineteen to eight, and I saw right then and there that he was going to be one tough turkey for us to pluck. I don't mean he couldn't be took; but he did have an edge on us, and an edge was all those Mavericks needed to give me and my outfit a painful summer. Gantley varnished us three Saturdays running, and there was some talk around Barrilla of knocking some of the health out of him with a shotgun; but I threw a chill on that. My motto is: Win fair. That is, of course, if you possibly can.

Between games and seasons I own and run the Elite Pool Parlor, Bowling Alleys, Tonsorial Emporium, and Lone Star Lunchery, which our paper calls "the fashionable rondyvoo of the sporting world"; and I was leaning on my cash register one Saturday night listening to the sad gab of the boys about the game we almost didn't lose that afternoon, when I heard a yelp like a trapped coyote in the bowling alley. Buzz Webb had caught his thumb in a bowling ball. We got the ball off him and the hurt thumb swelled up like a proud frog. Doc Adams said it was broke. Happy tidings! Buzz was our pitcher; no world-beater, but the best on tap.

In the excitement I didn't notice that a stranger had come into my place and gone to sleep on the pool table. My attention was called to him, as they say, by a noise like a man playing a harmonica while using a vacuum cleaner in a pet shop. We gathered around the snorer and inspected him.

"The nine-sixteen freight must be in," remarked Tub Colton.

OUR visitor was a sleeping beauty, all right. He was a copious, lumpy-built party whose haberdashery consisted of a shirt you could have planted potatoes on, and a pair of dungarees that looked like they'd never been new. Our senses told us at once that he was Public Enemy No. 1 of the barber shops and bathrooms. Under his whiskers and dust he must have had a face, but all we could see of it was an out-size schnozzle so red you could have flagged a train with it. For ten feet all around him the air was perfumed with stale beer, cheap gin, and worse whisky. Just as he lay he was worth a thousand bucks to any temperance lecturer.

I poked him gently in the ribs with a cue. He moaned, grunted, sat up, blinked, scratched himself here and there, and shivered. He had the good old ingrown double-barreled jits and no mistake.

"Friend," I said, "this is not a flop house. The open road calls and the great outdoors beckons. On your way!"

He rubbered round at us with bleary, bloodshot eyes, and croaked in a voice that scraped our eardrums:

"I'll take the same."

"You'll take the air," I said.

"Gimme a drink," he said.

"You've had a drink," I said.

He began to whine and snivel.

"I got to have a drink," he whimpered. "I *got* to, mister. If I don't get one soon I'll bust into about nine million little pieces."

I know that feeling myself.

"Just one," I said and handed him a pint of corn. He downed it all in one frantic gulp, sighed, and his hands stopped shaking.

"Thanks, big feller," he said, and fell back on the table, fast asleep again. Once more I prodded him with a cue, and he opened one eye and said:

"Fill 'er up again, pal."

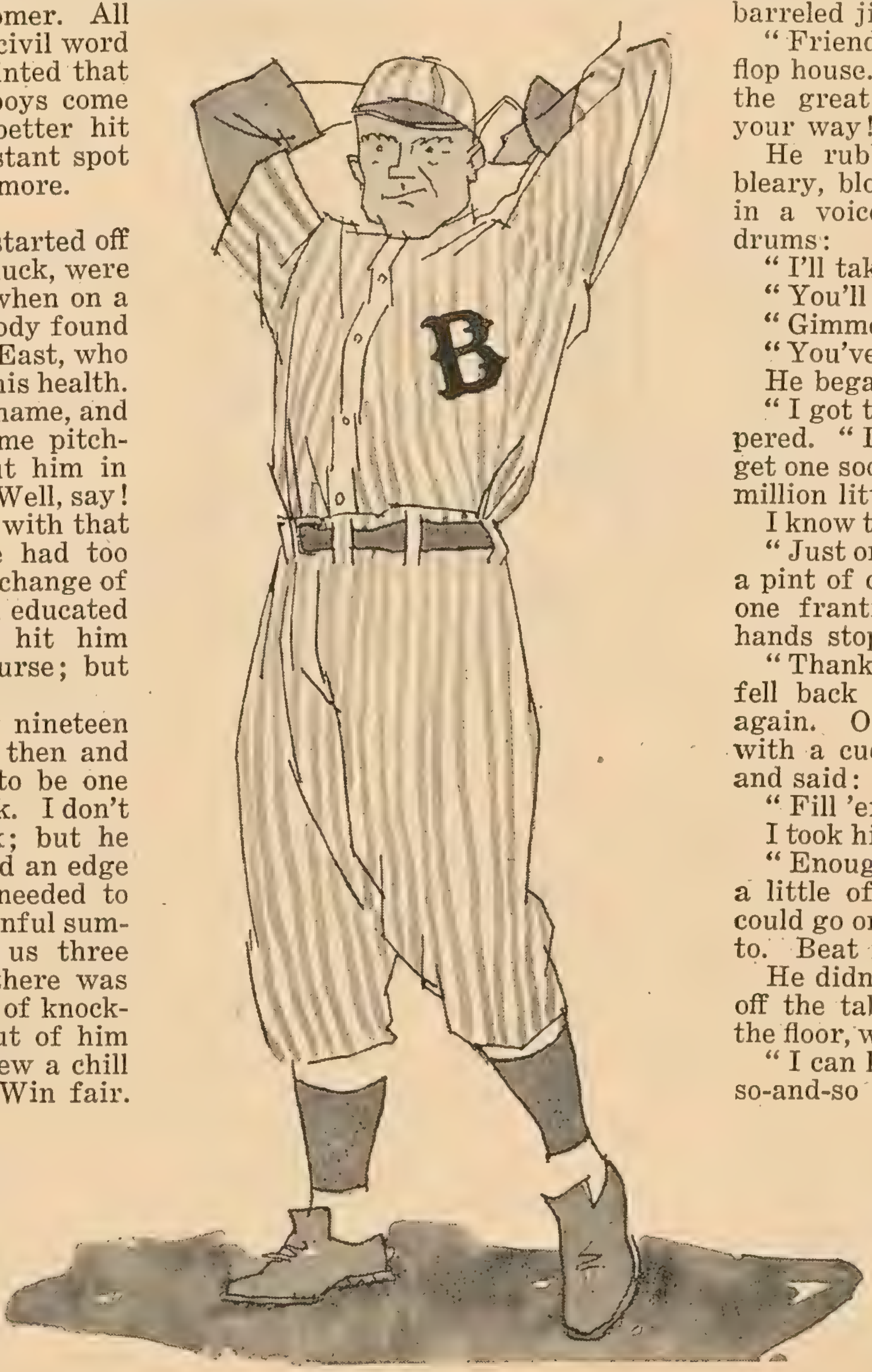
I took him by the shoulders.

"Enough is enough," I said, "and a little of you is too much. This could go on and on, but it ain't going to. Beat it!"

He didn't budge, so I shoved him off the table. He jumped up from the floor, waved his fists, and roared:

"I can lick any so-and-so son of a so-and-so in this so-and-so dump."

There were nine or ten of us there, and we



That Saturday the Broncs had a new pitcher. The Mavericks didn't even *see* what Quirky sent up.

backed away from him; for, standing up, he looked as big as a caboose, and his fists were like chunks of soft coal. Just then Jed Haydock came in the front door. Jed's our town marshal, and the bum behind the pool table saw the star shining on Jed's chest. The bum grabbed up the six ball, there was a whir and a streak, and Jed was knocked head over heels right back into the street, for the ball smacked him square on the badge, and it was traveling fast. Then the battle began.

The tramp took up his stand by the pool table, and my gallant troops took to cover pronto; and I got to admit that the first warrior to dive behind the lunch counter was that fearless but prudent soldier, old General Malachi Toomey, for there's no percentage in facing a human machine gun that fires solid-ivory shells. Tub Colton, who is built wide, scuttled like a giant bug for the phone booth, and the hobo bounced the nine and the ten balls off his prominent hips. Vince Herty peeked round a barber's chair and had his straw skimmer scalped off him by a neat snap throw. It rained pandymoniums, as they say.

From my fort among the hamburgers I let drive with a catsup bottle, but the bum caught it on the fly and slammed it back at me so quick and true that it parted my hair and gave me a tomato shampoo. Slim White made a break for the door, and the sharpshooter brought him down on the wing with a sizzling three ball to the belt buckle.

ALL the time the bum was chuckling to himself, and when he ran out of living targets, he amused himself by taking pot shots at the light bulbs, and, bap, bap, bap, he smashed three of them with three balls. Then Marshal Jed Haydock marched through the door with a big mean .45 in each hand. Seems Jed had left his cannons to home, and had to run back to fetch 'em. As soon as he put his peepers on those rods, the bum surrendered. All his ammunition, nerve, and liquor gave out on him at once, and he sank down in a corner and began to cry like a new-spanked kid.

"Don't shoot," he kept blubbering. "I ain't a bad guy. Just weak. Just weak."

Jed bundled him off to the hoosegow, and on Monday they called me to court to appear against him, though I didn't want to much, because his ball-juggling act had taken my mind off my worries. When they led him into court, I hardly knowed him. He'd been disinfected, scraped, and boiled, and rigged out in a suit of hand-me-downs, and he wasn't a bad-looking young sort of fella, though his face did have the mottled, puffy look of the chronic lush and he acted rocky and sunk. Judge Franklin was on the bench, and he looked at the prisoner severe and spoke grave.

"You are charged," said Judge Franklin, "with sundry heinous crimes, including being drunk, dis-

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orderly, and unsanitary, resisting a peace officer, assaulting divers citizens with deadly weapons, to wit, pool balls, damaging property and wasting catsup. What have you to say for yourself?"

"I guess I done it," said the bum, hanging his head. "I been doing quite a lot of things like that lately; but it ain't me, judge; it's the booze."

"Then why don't you let it alone?" asked Judge Franklin.

"I only wish I could," said the 'bo, and seemed to mean it.

"Have you always been a tramp?" the judge asked. The 'bo straightened himself up a little bit.

RICHARD CONNELL

the son of an editor, managed to get considerable newspaper experience before he was twenty. He is a Harvard graduate, has written advertising copy, and began fiction in 1920. He has had stories in many of the leading magazines.

"No," he said.

"What were you before drink got you down?" the judge asked.

The 'bo looked kind of proud.

"A pitcher," he said.

Like all true sons of Barrilla, the old judge is a red-hot fan.

"Who'd you ever pitch for?" he inquired.

"Cubs, Pirates, Braves, Reds, Phillies, Cards, Tigers, Yanks, Senators, Indians—"

"Are you sure that's all?" cut in the judge, sarcastic.

"Oh, no," said the 'bo. "I've pitched on and off for the Bisons, Mudhens, Crackers, Orioles, House of David, and a lot of others I can't think of just now."

"What did you say your name was?" asked the judge.

The clerk of the court butted in and said:

"He says his name is G. Hubbell Mathewson."

"What's your real name?" demanded the judge. The 'bo didn't answer.

"Speak up," snapped the judge.

"You can call me Quirk," said the 'bo. "Billy Quirk."

"Quirk," said Judge Franklin, "your presence here hardly adds to the civic beauty of Barrilla. I could send you to jail, but it is my custom to pass on such ornaments as you to the neighboring town of Madden, where a man of your character and habits will feel at home. You've got just ten minutes to leave town. Discharged!"

I hopped up and poured a few pecks of words into the judge's ear.

"Wait a minute, Quirk," the judge barked. "Mr. Toomey, the plaintiff, thinks justice has not been done. So I sentence you to thirty days in the town lockup. Next case!"

THAT Saturday the Broncs had a new pitcher. Maybe Quirk was lying when he said he'd pitched for all them big-time teams. I'd never heard of no Quirk; but I had seen him hurl those pool balls, so I took a chance. A week of rest in a nice clean cell without a drop to drink had done him no kind of harm. Young and healthy Gantley was in extra-good form for the Mavericks that day, and my Broncs didn't hit him much, even me. But the Mavericks didn't even *see* what Quirky sent up. Cy Young, Matty, Walter Johnson, Waddell, I've seen 'em all and batted against most of 'em, but I doubt if any of 'em had more stuff than that hobo. He could write "Mississippi" with that baseball, and dot all the i's. Yes, he could. On our bench sat the town marshal, and every time Quirk looked his way, Jed Haydock would sort of absent-mindedly jingle his handcuffs or pat his holster. After the game he escorted Quirk back to the calaboose. We win, of course, five to nothing.

When I went into my pool academy after dinner that night I wondered what had happened. Usually the place was alive with boys and noise, but now it was empty and still. I didn't have to wonder long. Something socked me on the bugle. It was a jelly roll. As I picked it out of my eyes, a cruller sang through the air and nicked me on the ear. There was Billy Quirk behind the lunch bar, laughing away like a hyena, and bombarding me with my own foodstuffs.

Most of my customers had run out, or were hiding behind the furniture. They didn't dare stir for fear they'd get their brains knocked out by a section of lemon pie. I didn't stop to argue, but hot-footed it back to the jail to get Jed Haydock. Inside I heard Jed hammering on the bars and bawling, "Lemme out! Lemme out!" So I let him out.

"Some fool fan slipped Quirk a quart of redeye," explained Jed. "He must have drunk it while he was taking his shower. I didn't know he was stewed till we got back to the jail. Just as I was putting him in his cell, down the corridor came a mouse, just an ordinary, everyday, running-around little gray mouse. 'I got 'em again!' screamed Quirk, and went loco. He jumped me, and we wrassled, but he's as strong as a gorilla, and he throwed me into his own cell, slammed the door, and stampeded out of here."

Jed unlimbered his shooters, and we went back to my place. As I stepped inside, Quirk dusted me off with a cinnamon bun; but when he saw the marshal's gats he waved a napkin as a flag of truce and promised to behave. He was still pretty cockeyed.

"IT was the mouse that done it," he said.

"Don't tell me a big husk like you is afraid of mice," I said.

"Not real ones," said Quirky.

"That one you saw was real," said Jed Haydock.

"Mebbe," said Quirk. "But I'm taking no chances. I had mice once."

"How come?" I asked.

"I pitched a two-hit game for the Pelicans," said Quirk; "so to celebrate I had a few gins, with beers to chase 'em home—"

"How few?" I asked.

"Nineteen," said Quirk; "and they claimed I was lit, and that I busted into a fruit stand and throwed coconuts at prominent people; so they shoved me into the cooler, and that night mice began to come through the keyhole of my cell. At first I didn't mind 'em much, though some did wear gloves and others carried canes. I didn't even mind it when one mouse came in wearing a derby hat and begun to call me vile names in a bass voice; but when he drawed a knife on me I began to scramble up the walls and beller for help. That scared me proper. I figured the drink must have done it, so I quit. Yessir, for four months me and hooch never spoke when we passed by.

"I done so well in the box, the Chicago Cubs gave me a trial, and I win two games for them; but before the third game I felt a bit puny, so I put away a couple of bottles of this sherry wine, for you can hardly call *that* real liquor; and I went great till the seventh inning, and then all of a suddent I noticed that the batter was using three bats, and that upset me, so I walked seven men in a row, and they yanked me and released me. I guess I'm just a natural-born drinker, but, believe me, I don't drink hard no more."

"Oh, no?" I said.

"No, sir," said Quirk, and he was serious. "Just enough to be playful, but not enough to see mice."

Having bet his salary and two pintos on the outcome of the season, Jed Haydock made it his business to keep Quirk on the sprinkling cart. Regular every Saturday Jed took Billy to the ball park and mounted guard on him till the game was over, and then led him back to his little stone nest; and regular every Saturday Quirk throwed such hooks, bends, hops, and pretzels that the Mavericks might just as well have left their bats at home.

When some poor boob has a real appetite for rum, I don't know if you can ever cure him; but I do know that keeping him where he can't get it helps some. When Quirk's sentence was up and he came out of the coop, he was twenty pounds lighter and ten tons healthier; and a milder, better-natured egg you never did see. We all liked him.

"I'm cured," he told me. "I been forty kinds of fool and kicked away my chances to be a star; but I'm wise to myself now. Watch me! It's soda pop for me from now on. I'm going to stay right here in Barrilla and pitch the boys into the flag."

That very day he tied the Mavericks into more knots than a Boy Scout knows, and you can picture how popular he was in Madden. Oh, they're a slick gang over there in Madden, and full of plots and stratagems. Our next game was in Madden, and I kept one eye clamped on Quirk all the time and saw that he drank nothing but soda pop. He did drink a lot of that, but it was a scorching day and he was a liberal sweater. For six innings he toyed with the Mavericks. Between each inning he went to the hot-dog stand and inhaled another bottle of sas. In the seventh the Mavericks filled the bags on errors. Some lout in the Madden stands hollered:

"Back to the brake beams, Quirk, you this-and-that jailbird."

Quirk looked at the guy long and dirty.

"You're a yella dawg, Quirk!" yelled the lout.

Quirk wound up to pitch; but he didn't throw the ball toward the plate. He wheeled around and whanged it into the grandstand and it biffed the lout right on the place the noise came from. There was almost a riot, but the local cops had plenty experience stopping free-for-alls, so they stopped this one, and the umps called Quirk's toss a wild pitch and let the Mavericks tally three runs.

"Billy," I said, very stern, "you've been drinking."

"Only soda pop," he said, and I knowed he wasn't lying. I hadn't taken my eyes off him.

Next inning he began to hand out passes like a crazy press agent. He walked three men. Then he dew-dropped an easy one right over the heart of the pan, and of course the Maverick batter banged it out of the lot.

Quirk laughed like a loon. He passed three more men, and then lobbed up another home-run ball, chuckling like a demon all the time.

"Get out of the game!" I howled at him. He threw the ball over the grandstand and passed out cold in the pitcher's box.

I HAD to stick in a high-school kid to pitch for us, and finally we got the Mavericks out, by accident, but they'd scored twelve runs, and that game was a goner. Quirk was snoring on the bench, a half-empty sas bottle clasped in one fist. I picked up the bottle and sniffed. The stuff looked like sasparilly, all right; but I know rye when I smell it. Oh, those Madden buzzards! They'd been feeding Quirky spiked pop all afternoon.

Billy Quirk was full of regrets and promises; but the taste he'd had of the stuff in Madden lingered, and the next game he was so plastered that he didn't last an inning, and we lose another.

How he got the monkey juice I'm not sure; but I do know it's hard to tell a bottle of gin from a bottle of water by sight.

Well, sir, we tried everything to keep Quirk on the straight and narrow — bribes, threats, soft words, strong language, everything—but it just couldn't be done. All the best minds in Madden were busy figuring out ways and means of keeping him primed with brain glue. They supplied him in twenty cute ways, and there we were, losing game after game, and our fortunes too, just because the one rum-dum who knew the right answers couldn't be kept sober. It was like sitting in a poker game with a royal flush and not being able to play it.

Our season was nearly over, we were three games behind, and we just had to cop those next four somehow —anyhow.

SOMETHING had to be done. So I did it. My first move was to send a wire to a man I know who keeps a store down in San Antonio. You'll see why later.

Then I had one of the boys drop round secretly to Billy Quirk's boarding house and slip a couple of quarts of good hard liquor into his laundry bag, that being one way, as I'd discovered, that his chums in Madden were smuggling the tanglefoot to him. That night I invited Billy to come to my house for a friendly game of penny ante with Doc Adams, Tub Colton, Judge Franklin, and myself. Of course Quirky had been sampling the fire water, and he turned up with a genteel bun—you know, when a feller acts very polite and dignified and pretends no such thing as spirits has ever passed his pure lips.

We sat down in my living room and began to play. We had a couple of rounds of jack pots. It was Quirk's turn to deal. He dealt 'em out. Doc Adams said:

"I'll draw three cards."

Quirk didn't seem to hear him. He was staring with big round eyes at my shoulder.

"Hey, Quirk, come out of the trance," said Doc Adams. "I want three cards."

Billy didn't say anything; he fumbled with the pack and shucked off three cards and his hands were shaky.

"I bet two white chips," said Tub Colton.

"I'll raise that two," said Judge Franklin.

"I'll stick with you boys," I said. "What do you say, Billy?"

"I—I—" began Billy, and the words got all tangled up with his chattering teeth.

"Keep your mind on the game," I said.

"How can I," said Billy Quirk, "when there's a white mouse on your shoulder and he's wearing little pink tights?"

"I don't see no mouse," said Tub Colton. "Do you, judge?"

"Nary a mouse," said the judge. "How about going on with the game?"

Billy's eyes were sticking out like a crab's; and he was having bother with his breathing.

"Look!" he cried. "There—in the corner!"

We all looked to where he was pointing.

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"I don't see nothing," said Tub Colton.

"What?" said Billy, very husky. "Don't you see that mouse? He's bright green."

"Aw, quit clowning, Billy," I said. "There's no mouse in this house, Irish or otherwise. Pull yourself together."

"I don't feel good," said Billy Quirk, getting up. "I don't feel good at all."

He certainly did not look good just then.

"Black coffee might help," I said. "Go into the kitchen and get some. You'll find a pot of it on the stove."

Billy left the room as fast as his knees would let him. Then we heard one terrible yell from the kitchen and Billy came plunging through the door, gibbering.

"What's the matter now?" asked Doc Adams.

"Mice!" squealed Billy. "The kitchen is crawling with them. Mice everywhere—and they're red, white, and blue."

"How patriotic," said Judge Franklin.

"And some of them have neckties on," said Billy.

I walked to the kitchen door, opened it, looked in.

"No mice here," I reported, "with or without neckties."

BILLY came and looked over my shoulder. His heart sounded like a riveting machine.

"For the love of Jake, don't you see 'em, Jumbo?" he screeched. "There must be millions of 'em—all different colors. Can't you see 'em, Jumbo? Can't you see 'em?"

"Nope," I said. "You got better eyes than I have. Mine don't see no mice."

He let out a whoop of panic.

"Jumbo," he said, and the hoarse words knocked against each other in his throat, "there's a mouse on your shoulder right now, and he's purple, and he's got a little gold crown on his head!"

He let out another awful screech.

"Heaven help me," he cried, "it's the king of the mice! They'll get me, they'll get me!" And with that he bolted through the front door and tore off into the night.

"That ought to do it," said Doc Adams.

"Yes," said Judge Franklin, as he and the others helped me collect the mice and undress them and put them back in their cages—sure, they were tame ones that come from San Antone. "Yes," said the judge, "that scare will keep him sober for months—or until the Broncs win the pennant, anyhow. Smart work, Jumbo."

I FELT good. But I didn't feel so good the next day when I combed the town and couldn't find Billy Quirk anywhere. Last seen of him he was racing down Main Street toward the depot as if all the imps in hell were snapping at his heels. We never did see Billy Quirk in those parts again. Oh, I'd scared him all right.

The Broncs had to finish out the season with Buzz Webb doing the pitching, sore thumb and all, and we lose. I was so unpopular in Barrilla that I decided to go away for a while and let absence make the heart grow fonder, and I got up North here in time to take in the last game of the world serious. I'm glad I saw it. I never did see a sweeter job of pitching.

Our steak came, and Jumbo Toomey began to carve it.

"Yes," I said, "the champs were lucky to pick up such a swell pitcher so late in the season. He won the flag and the World's Series for them, that lad Burke."

"No, he didn't," said Jumbo Toomey. "I win it for them."

"You?"

"Yes, me," he said, "me and some mice."

"You mean Burke is Quirk?" I said.

"I mean Quirk was Burke," said Jumbo Toomey. "Here's your steak."

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—What is a Romany?

2—Why is a book of maps called an atlas?

3—An ornithopter is what?

4—What is cephalalgia?

5—What is a rheostat?

6—May a person be born in the United States and still not be a citizen of the United States?

7—What name is sometimes given to wood engraving?

8—What is the most easterly point in the United States?

9—A herbicide is what?

10—Who designed the baseball diamond?

11—What major European country is without a national coat of arms?

12—When and where was Henry Ford born?

13—What professional baseball team went through an entire season without losing a game?

14—From what kind of rock are whetstones often made?

15—What does *Salus populi suprema lex esto* mean, and what is it?

16—What is a Lilliputian?

17—Where was Daniel Boone buried?

18—What is *Romani chi?*

19—What is the meaning and origin of *Vox populi, vox Dei?*

20—What king is said to have eaten grass?

(Answers will be found on page 65)

Romance, Riches, Realism

An Opulent Version of the Monte Cristo Legend, an Adroit Tale of Love and Millions, and a Ruthless Picture of Yesterday Find Their Way to the Screen

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

1 star means fairly good. 3 stars, excellent.
2 stars, good. 4 stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★ ½ THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO

THE PLAYERS: Robert Donat, Elissa Landi, Louis Calhern, Sidney Blackmer, O. P. Heggie, Raymond Walburn, Lawrence Grant, Luis Alberni, Irene Hervey, Douglas Walton, Paul Irving, Clarence Muse. Story by Alexandre Dumas. Directed by Rowland V. Lee.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS'S lavish tale of the innocent and unsophisticated young sailor who got himself enmeshed in Napoleonic intrigue and thereafter spent a good portion of his life digging his way out of an island dungeon is given equally lavish treatment on the screen. And altogether it's a picture of such endless variety, color, and excitement that you can't very well afford to miss it.

Almost half again as long as the average film, The Count of Monte Cristo moves through its varied sequences with engrossing grandeur and surprising credibility. The picture has just about everything—romance, bloodshed, prison escapes, war, pirating, duels—and yet the plot's development is so capably handled that there is little feeling of its being merely a hodgepodge of amazing story invention.

Robert Donat—the young Englishman who played the lover in Henry VIII—gives a commendable performance as Edmond Dantès, though he never quite catches the swashbuckling madness nor the tense determination of revenge that John Gilbert got in the silent production. His playing is intelligent and restrained, but in view of the opulent doings it seems to us that this should be an ideal time to throw restraint out the window and give the fantastic rôle the works.

Elissa Landi does little more than give her presence to the film, and that is hardly enough. The rest of the cast, especially Louis Calhern as the conniving politician who sends young Dantès to prison, is superb.

From Dantès's betrayal through his years in the dungeon to his cunning escape and discovery of the fabulous riches which he uses to destroy his enemies, the gorgeously photographed Count of Monte Cristo has all the ingredients to supply you with close to perfect film fare.

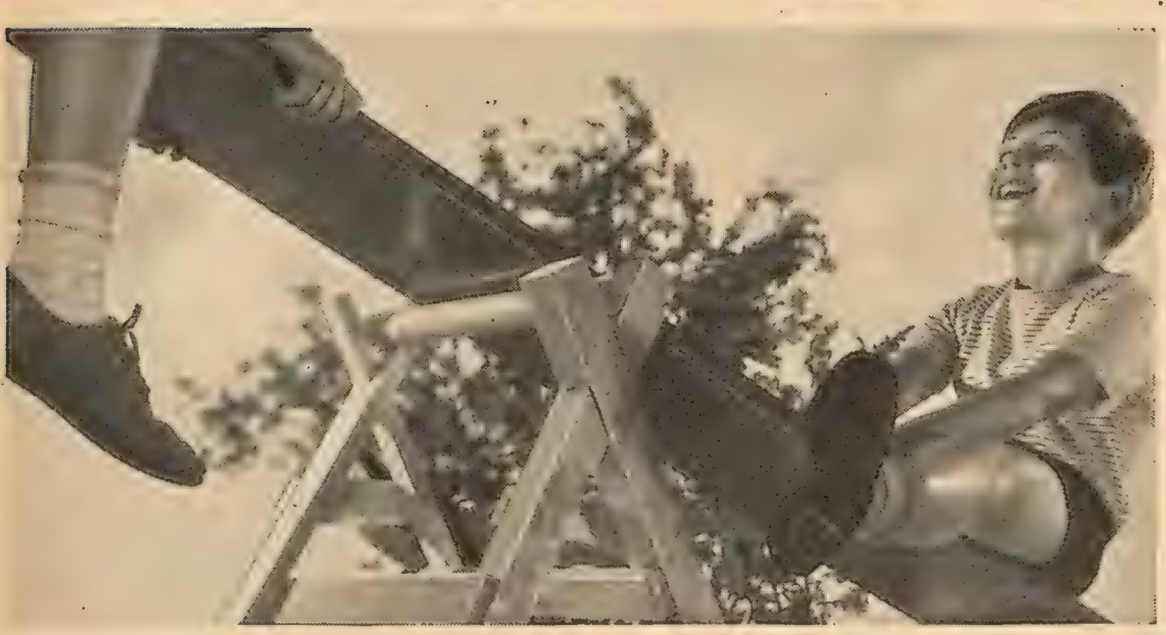
VITAL STATISTICS: Alexandre Dumas (Alexandre Davy de la Pailleterie) was part Negro, grandson of a marquis and a Santo Domingan Negress, whose name he used in writing. Was prolific collaborator, presumably head of first fiction factory in history. Le Comte de Monte Cristo appeared first in daily installments in Paris paper Le Journal des Débats, large crowds waiting breathlessly each morning outside office for new chunk to appear. . . . Pretty-Boy Robert Donat (not "doughnut" or "dona" but "doughnot") refused Hollywood when it wanted him two years ago for Smilin' Through. After success as Culpeper in Henry (Pfffft) VIII, couldn't turn down cable request to play the Count. Is a Withington (Manchester) English lad who has been in the theater since sixteen, is more or less of a popular stage leading man over there, wears his clothes with a studied English carelessness, is six feet tall, is an expert fencer, and while filming Cristo cured a severe case of homesickness which overtook him very early one morning by jumping in his car and driving miles to a small English restaurant he knew of, where he devoured three dishes of Yorkshire pudding. (Yes, but what will cure you of Yorkshire pudding?) Donat gets about $1,000. . . . Elissa Landi was born in Venice to the Count and Countess Zanardi-Landi. Her real name: Elizabeth. Educated private Continental schools. Spent four years studying for the Russian Ballet; dance-débuted in England. Started acting after joining repertory company to get material for novel. Made screen début in England. Rouben Mamoulian (Garbo) got her to America for stage rôle in Farewell to Arms. Has just been new divorced. Makes her $2,500 a week and likes it. . . . O. P. Heggie is a battle-scarred stage veteran. Born in Australia, drove sheep till he was twelve, and graduated later in law, leaving it for the stage. . . . Sidney Blackmer is of Salisbury, No'th Ca'lina, suh, of royal Ca'lina blood, havin' a gov'nor or two in his ancestry (not

Robert Donat and Elissa Landi as they appear in a scene from the picture The Count of Monte Cristo

Joel McCrea and Miriam Hopkins in the enchanting and enjoyable film The Richest Girl in the World.

"Peter, what has gotten into you? You're acting like a spoiled baby."

"Can't you tell Mother where to find the happy little boy she used to have?"



Peter can't answer, Mother, but we can. When a happy child suddenly becomes cross, contrary, sulky, he is usually constipated. Give him Fletcher's Castoria!

- A child's little symptoms should be taken seriously. A naughty child is often a child who is not well. His system is clogged with waste.
- At the first sign of trouble give Fletcher's Castoria—the laxative made especially for children. It acts gently but thoroughly. It is safe . . . contains no narcotics. And children love its taste.
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NRA

the one who had the talk with the other gov'nor).. Blackmer started selling bonds and real estate in Atlanta. Went to New York for acting career. Lived in hall bedroom and made moderate success before war, the which he joined. After war made quick success. Eventually married and divorced Lenore Ulric. Now seen places with Mae Clarke. . . . William Farnum is a Boston boy who once toured the world for five years in his own company of Ben-Hur. Later played stage Monte Cristo, also a great success. Injuries forced his movie retirement ten years ago just as his popularity was about puffed out. Determined to make big comeback now. . . . Louis Calhern, a popular Broadway leading man, has become Hollywood's deepest dyed villain and—you guessed it—its most amiable and well liked person off screen. . . . Clarence Muse, a good Negro singer, plays Ali the deaf-mute. . . . Paul Irving plays Napoleon for the eleventh time in his stage career.

★ ★ ★ THE RICHEST GIRL IN THE WORLD

THE PLAYERS: Miriam Hopkins, Joel McCrea, Fay Wray, Henry Stephenson, Reginald Denny, Beryl Mercer. Directed by William Seiter. Story by Norman Krasna.

IN her initial venture as a free-lance player the vivacious Miriam Hopkins finds herself beset with the unique problems evolving from her being the richest girl in the world—problems which, I fear, will not confront most of us this week. It's a thoroughly pleasant film, this Richest Girl in the World, one of adroit characterization, freshness, surprise plot twists, and for all its honestly sentimental premise not above some occasional and welcome slapstick.

Much in the mood of It Happened One Night, the picture flows easily and with a great deal of charming tomfoolery through its exposé of America's number one heiress; and though you are not asked always to believe it, you are much more than likely to be enchanted with it.

Her life so shrouded in secrecy that even her financial directors do not know her, Miss Hopkins switches identities with her secretary, Fay Wray. This enables the heiress to shake some of the besieging fortune hunters and at the same time find a man who might love her for her self alone.

The engaging Joel McCrea turns out to be the man who prefers Miss Hopkins to her millions, but before he makes his decisive choice there are many moments when, with condonable weakness, he almost tosses her over for Miss Wray, whom he believes to have the dough.

Though the film's conclusion is in sight from the opening reel when McCrea and Hopkins get together, its enfoldment contains enough turns to offset the anticipated ending. William Seiter gives Norman Krasna's bright script deft and casual guidance and Miriam Hopkins & Co. give it a plenitude of delightfully amiable miming.

We don't know what more you can ask.

VITAL STATISTICS: Another picture based on the gold standard. Picture shows richest girl manipulating the stock market to make some one rich. Try and do it with Mr. Roosevelt within ticker-hearing distance! . . . A broken ankle launched Miriam Hopkins on her stage career. After Syracuse University education she fell down a flight of cement steps and was forced eventually to study dancing to strengthen her limbs. The dancing (and the limbs) ended a typical Southern (Savannah) social career and got her into vodvil, the Music Box Revue, Little Jessie James, and then, when musicals palled, into Puppets, with none other than that rising young stage actor Fredric March. Is most independent (you'd be too on $3,000 a week) and has recently become unwedded from Austin Parker, a writer. . . . Joel McCrea never drinks or smokes and gets to bed before the milkman, yet remains Hollywood's most social lion. Is number one man on all parties. Likes Tschaikowsky, chicken-noodle soup, old hats, Donn Byrne's books, and his wife, Frances Dee. (Incidentally, there's just been a little baby boy born!) Is expert cavalryman, riding like an Italian cavalry officer. Was discovered by Sam Wood in college theatricals while playing opposite Sam's daughter. . . . Fay ($2,000 a week) Wray was born in Alberta, Canada—not Hollywood, as once erroneously stated in this chatty department, occasioning a mess of letters that almost blew us out of our writing career. In this picture she is not menaced by any large uncouth Thing with lots of hair on it. . . . Director William Seiter celebrated 100th picture by eloping with Marian Nixon to Yuma, Arizona. He launched La Nixon in pictures when she was but a child. Was once wedded to Laura La Plante.

★ ★ ½ THE AGE OF INNOCENCE

THE PLAYERS: Irene Dunne, John Boles, Lionel Atwill, Laura Hope Crews, Helen Westley, Julie Haydon, Herbert Yost. Directed by Philip Moeller. Story by Edith Wharton.

THE Age of Innocence is a rather somber and realistic treatment of a bygone era usually given a gilt coating in the theater. It left us with no longing for the good old days and is quite ruthless in its damning diatribe of a period in which society was so busy protecting woman's honor that it entirely neglected the woman herself.

Irene Dunne gives a poignant, sensitive performance as the young matron who abandons her divorce plans so that no scandal will mar her stuffy family, and her ability in capturing the tragic impasse of being forced to retire from life just as she is ready for it gives the film its distinct individuality.

Weakened somewhat by the lethargic pace of the story-within-a-story presentation, The Age of Innocence nevertheless is so authentically dressed and the now discarded values of the musty decade are so soundly realized that the film is almost certain to be deeply felt and widely discussed.

VITAL STATISTICS: Edith Wharton, who writes with a Social Register in her mouth, comes of an old Philadelphia family to whom she was born Pussy Jones. Was protegée of Henry James. The Age of Innocence got Pulitzer Prize. Wharton has plenty of do-re-mi and house at Hyères, Riviera. . . . Irene Dunne started as a singer, skipping from musical comedy to the Metropolitan. Comes from Louisville, Kentucky. Got to Hollywood just as musicals were in their decline. Fought for dramatic rôle of Sabra in Cimarron and has since more or less done non-glamorous things like Ann Vickers and Back Street. She favors the study of astronomy, her $2,500 a week, and the collection of perfume as private forms of amusement. . . . John Boles is a So'the'n gentleman from Greenville, Texas, who sang his way into pictures via the musicomedy stage, after an aborted medical career at Johns Hopkins was interrupted by the war. Was tops in Little Jessie James. Can also turn on the drama when it's necessary to stop singing and tend to things. Gets about $2,000 a week. . . . Helen Westley is the famous caustic shemale curmudgeon of the Theatre Guild productions, who has been playing minor rôles in Hollywood for about $1,000 *die Woche*. . . . Lionel Atwill has been tops on Broadway too and just supports in cinemaland. . . . Laura Hope Crews is probably one of America's most gifted stage comédiennes and no star to the mug audiences, as the intellectual Variety delightfully dubs them.

☆ ★ CARAVAN

THE PLAYERS: Charles Boyer, Loretta Young, Jean Parker, Phillips Holmes, Louise Fazenda, C. Aubrey Smith, Dudley Digges, Noah Beery. Directed by Erik Charell. Story by Melchior Lengyel.

CARAVAN opens with quite a flourish, but winds up by being the same old story of the noblewoman engaged to an unknown whom she hates before meeting but whom, in mistaken identity, she learns to love. Laid in Austria during the wine harvest, the story follows its routine channel while the cast busies itself by being energetically and self-consciously quaint.

Lovely Loretta Young plays the countess and Phillips Holmes is seen as her beer-drinking fiancé. Their romance is developed in the musical-comedy tradition with a lot of choral singing — much of it very melodic, incidentally — and even more bad acting.

Charles Boyer, a ripely handsome Frenchman from whom Fox expects big things, appears as a gypsy fiddler who plays at the harvesting. He's very important to the story, for it seems that unless there's good music at the harvesting the wine will be inferior.

We don't know how the wine turned out; but the picture, for all its lingering music and beautiful sets, is much too sweet for us.

VITAL STATISTICS: Picture colossal in a small way—as Samuel Goldwyn, famous (unconscious) wit, might put it—costing around $750,000. Three thousand extras used, extra wage recently dropping from $7.50 a day to $5. . . . Château Tokay built, with moat, drawbridge, and all, for one main set: 200 feet long, 60 feet high. Complete village surrounding it added. Big vineyards "constructed" for scenes in grape-harvest time, most Tokay grapes being shipped from South America after California grapes proved non-Tokay-looking. Ripe olives were used in close-ups, they resembling Tokays closely. . . . Director Erik Charell is a European, Max-Rheinhardt-schooled (he staged The Miracle here), and better known for his megaphoning of Congress Dances. . . . Other foreign talent imported to Hollywood: Professor Ernest Stern, Charell's art director; Werner Richard Heymann, European tin-pan-alleyite. . . . Charles Boyer is French and married to Pat Patterson, English. Was born in Figeac, France, son of a merchant. He is quite athletic, an expert at winter sports. Makes stellar début in picture. Gets handled in film by two of the loveliest bits of Hollywood fluff, Loretta Young and Jean Parker, for about $750-$1,000 per week. . . . Phillips Holmes is son to Taylor Holmes and Edna Phillips. Has been educated at England's Cambridge, France's Grenoble, and America's Princeton. Got movie start when film company made scenes for Varsity at Tigertown. . . . Louise Fazenda, wife of Hal Wallis (Warner Brothers production head), has had her ups and downs in the movie industry but manages to stick it out through the years. . . . C. Aubrey Smith is seventy-one, a graduate of St. John's College, Cambridge, an ex-cricket star, and once a prominent leading man of several hemispheres. . . . Dudley Digges was one of the charter founders of the Theatre Guild now relegated to so-so Hollywood rôles. . . . The dance the gypsies do is the famous csárdás and is danced to that fine old Hungarian song they call Ha Cha Cha in the picture.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Three Silly Symphonies, The Barretts of Wimpole Street, One Night of Love, Twentieth Century, Tarzan and His Mate, Viva Villa! The Big Bad Wolf, No Greater Glory, The House of Rothschild.

★★★—The Belle of the Nineties, You Belong to Me, Madame du Barry, Judge Priest, Hide-Out, Now and Forever, The World Moves On, Cleopatra, Treasure Island, Grand Canary, The Last Gentleman, The Affairs of Cellini, The Man with Two Faces, Murder on the Blackboard, Little Miss Marker, Midnight Alibi, Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back, Manhattan Melodrama, Double Door, All Men Are Enemies, Sisters Under the Skin, Glamour, Stand Up and Cheer, The Witching Hour, I'll Tell the World, Famous Scenes from Pagliacci, 20,000,000 Sweethearts, You're Telling Me, Men in White, Wild Cargo, The Crime Doctor, As the Earth Turns, Looking for Trouble, David Harum.

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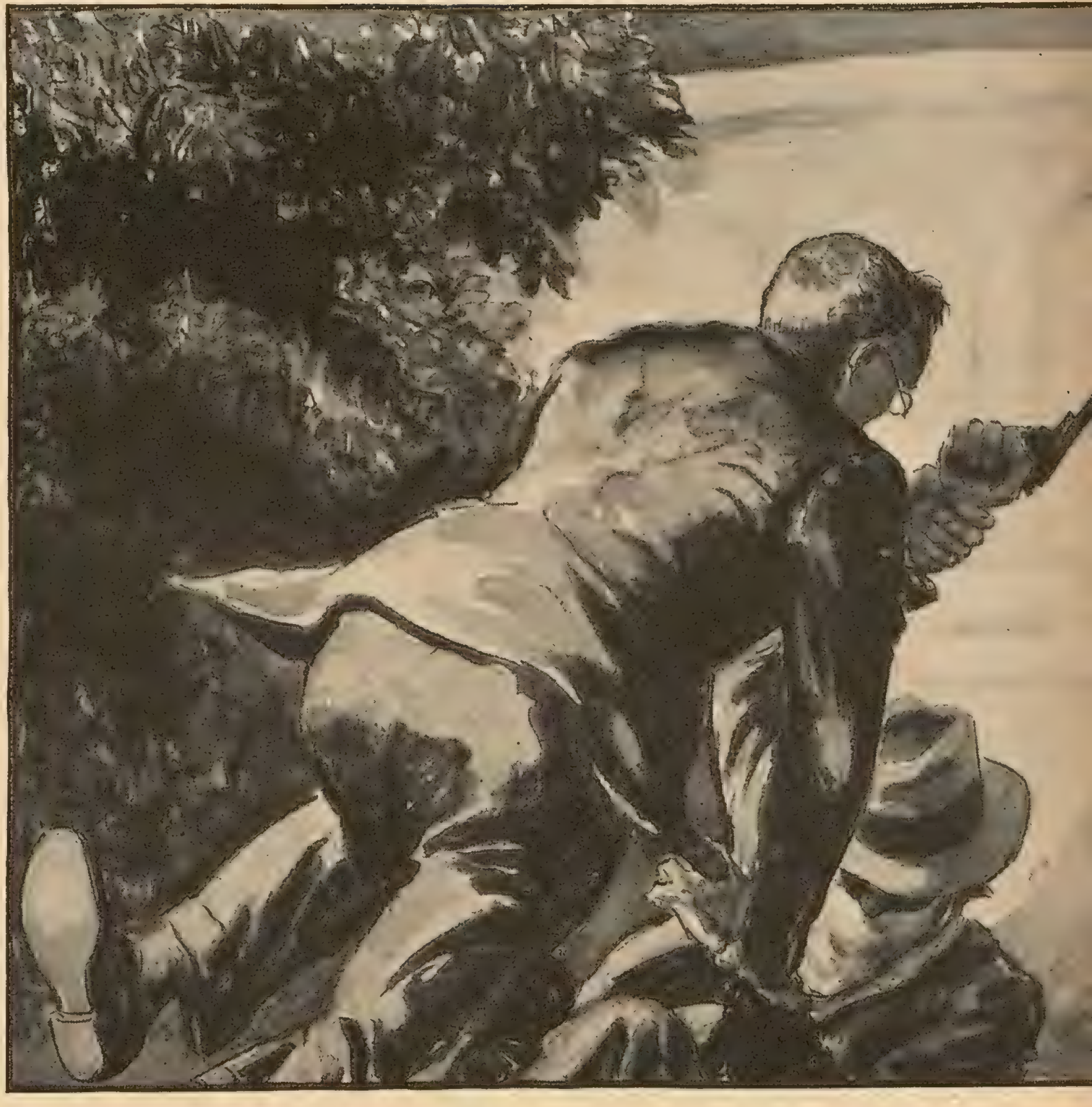
Insignificant Fathers Are a Trial, as Any Boy Will Tell You—Here's a Stirring Story of One Who Gave His Son a Surprise . . .

HERO



Locke's slight body catapulted at him. A plunge, a g

READING TIME
6 MINUTES 32 SECONDS

IT'S nearly a year since it happened, last spring, but Augustus Locke hasn't told Pete the truth of it yet. He said then and he still says that boys shouldn't be asked to keep such things to themselves—that it's asking too much of young human nature. He doesn't seem to realize that Pete, going on for seventeen now, isn't in the small-boy class any more. Fathers are apt to forget such details.

Not that it really matters, now that the two of them are such pals—father and son. Though they weren't last year this time. Far from it.

That came out when Locke went to the Blake School annual father-and-son reunion last spring. It was Pete's first year at Blake, and the first visit Locke had made him there. From the instant he stepped off the train, a mildly unheroic little man in badly cut tweeds, the barrier was up between him and young Pete. Everywhere on the platform boisterous parents were slapping offspring on the back—prepossessing fathers looking as men do to whom things happen, or as men do who could make things happen if they would.

While Locke, smiling vaguely from behind his tortoise-shell rims, said, "Glad to see you again, son." And Pete said that he was glad to see him too, loudly—almost, it seemed, defiantly.

Pete's roommate, young Rogers, came barging over with his own father, who was Anglo-tailored and bursting with size and presence. The elder Rogers said, "Jove, it's good to be back! Haven't seen the old place since I took that expedition into Nairobi." He was a dilettante explorer, quite a famous person.

"This is my dad," Pete announced to every lad he knew as he and Locke walked together to the school campus. He seemed to be defying any one to weigh the fact and find it wanting.

Locke took on a strangely keen look. "Like it here, son?" he asked gently. And Pete tried a grin, said he did.

"Getting on well?"

"Fine, dad."

That evening, Locke, having already dressed for the father-and-son dinner, came early to Pete's rooms. His is a curiously silent tread, Locke's is, and so he came to the landing outside the half-opened door of Pete's and young Rogers's study without either of them inside realizing.

Their young voices drifted out to him clearly.

"Dad's in the Department of Justice." That was Pete's voice, aggressive.

And young Rogers saying on an awed note, "Great guns, I didn't know. Is he a Secret Service man?"

"No." Pete wavered on the admission, then rallied. "He's too big for that—gumshoeing. He's an official."

"Oh." A noncommittal grunt. "What's he do?"

"Sits and metes out justice, I guess."

"Not very exciting, is it?"

"Oh, I don't know. It's important."

Pete was being stubbornly loyal above his own doubts.

"You going to follow your chief's footsteps?" young Rogers wanted to know. And betrayed Pete into confession.

"Good gosh, no! No humdrum rabbit life for me, chained to a desk!" And then he abruptly subsided—on a sense of guilt, it seemed.

Then he wanted something like his own dad's life, young Rogers smugly suggested.

Instantly Pete sprang to defense. "Not that my own dad isn't—"

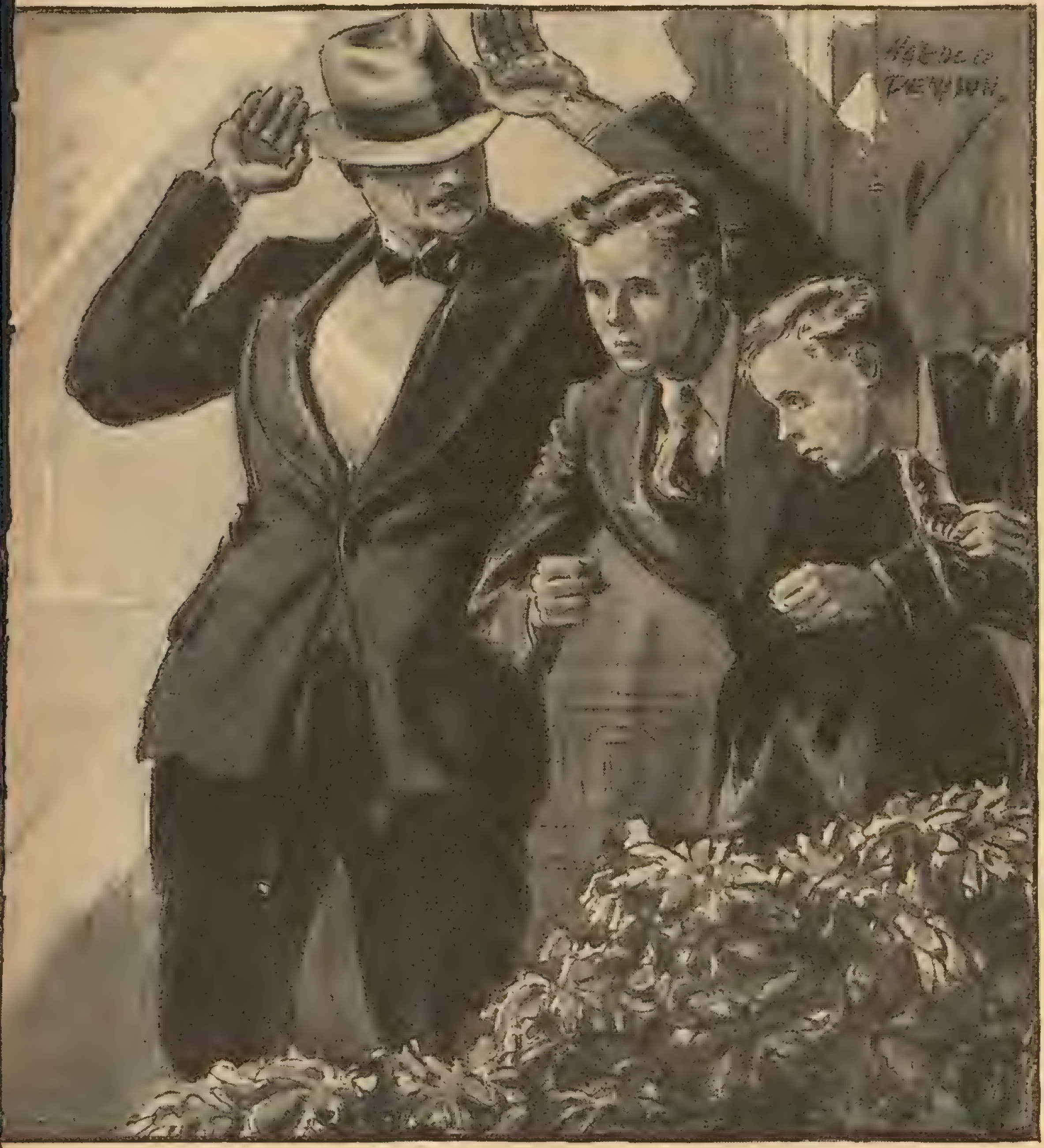
Outside, Locke turned around, went down the stairs again with his silent tread, and out into the soft spring twilight. Walking with his odd quick step, Locke headed across the grounds, away from the school.

He was in the heart of the small town before he paused, blinking as a man will do who is coming out of deep thought, and glanced about him, the strangely keen look

ENOUGH

by
ANN MORSE

ILLUSTRATION BY
HAROLD DENISON



ploding, and the man was on his back, disarmed.

upon him again. There was not much to see. Only several loungers around the station. At one of them Locke looked sharply a second time. A thug of a man he was.

The father-and-son dinner that night was a huge success. The elder Rogers made a speech full of Nairobi and adventure. Another father made a speech full of weight and world affairs. Other parents performed and were distinguished. Only Locke sat smiling and quiet and ignored.

ONCE, for an instant, he laid his arm across Pete's shoulders. And once, watching Pete as the boy listened to the elder Rogers's words, drinking in his high tales, an odd expression crossed Locke's face, and for a moment it seemed that Locke himself might get to his feet and have things to say. But that passed.

Later, they were strolling back to the boys' dormitory together, the Rogerses, elder and younger, Pete and Locke. In the quiet spring night Pete's bravura seemed to fall from him, to leave him very young and very defenseless.

And then it happened. At the ivy-hung doorway of the dormitory as the two fathers were turning to leave. A rough shadow, a rougher voice, the glint of a gun.

"Stick 'em up!"

The elder Rogers, suddenly white in the half light, his hands high above his head, his knees patently melting. The boys slowly reaching above them, stunned. And Locke, still himself—Locke calmly saying, "What's the idea of this?"

"Go on, put 'em up!" The gun waved menacingly.

"Are you sure of that?" Locke speaking in a cold still voice.

"One more word out of you and I'll—"

The thief said no more. Locke's slight body was catapulted at him. A plunge, another, a gun exploding, and the man was on his back, disarmed. Jujutsu, neatly done.

The boys had not moved, the elder Rogers had not moved, so quickly had it all happened.

Paralysis, silence for an instant, and the next the whole school in an uproar. Heads in windows, figures coming on the run. The head master himself.

The man had gone, disappeared, boys in pursuit of him. They did not catch him.

Locke saying calmly, "It was nothing. The gun went off in the air."

Then the head master again: "Your good work, Mr. Rogers?"

And Pete, a look of scorn for the elder Rogers, who still leaned in the doorway mopping his brow, saying, "It was my dad did it. Gosh, dad, that was great!"

His father, Augustus Locke, was the school hero.

And when, the next afternoon, it was time for Locke to return to Washington, he and Pete went to the station arm in arm. Until the last moment Pete stood looking up from the platform like a soldier at salute.

When the train had cleared the station, Locke sat back with a smile. "Nice work, Grant," he said to the man opposite him.

And the man also smiled. "Something to do while hanging around the station waiting for you."

They grinned at each other.

Locke sighed. "Well, that's cleared up now. Everything set for us to slip off at the next stop?"

"Car's waiting there to haul us to Cheneyville.. Better take this, chief. They're a bad lot, these Halls. Dope as well as counterfeit."

Locke refused the gun Grant was offering him.

Grant shook his head. "I'd as soon go into a nest of adders unarmed. But I guess you'll make it. You always do. More nerve than the rest of the service put together. Too bad you don't tell that boy of yours about it. He'd lap it up. Boys do."

Then it was that Augustus Locke grinned. Then it was that he said, "That's just it. Boys shouldn't be asked to keep such things to themselves—it's asking too much of young human nature. And anyway"—Augustus Locke grinned—"last night will hold him for a while."

THE END

Further Startling Revelations of International Intrigue and Treachery with the Mata Haris of 1934 Playing the Dominant Roles in This Breathless Life Drama of

Spies for Hire

by THOMAS M. JOHNSON

READING TIME ● 19 MINUTES 31 SECONDS

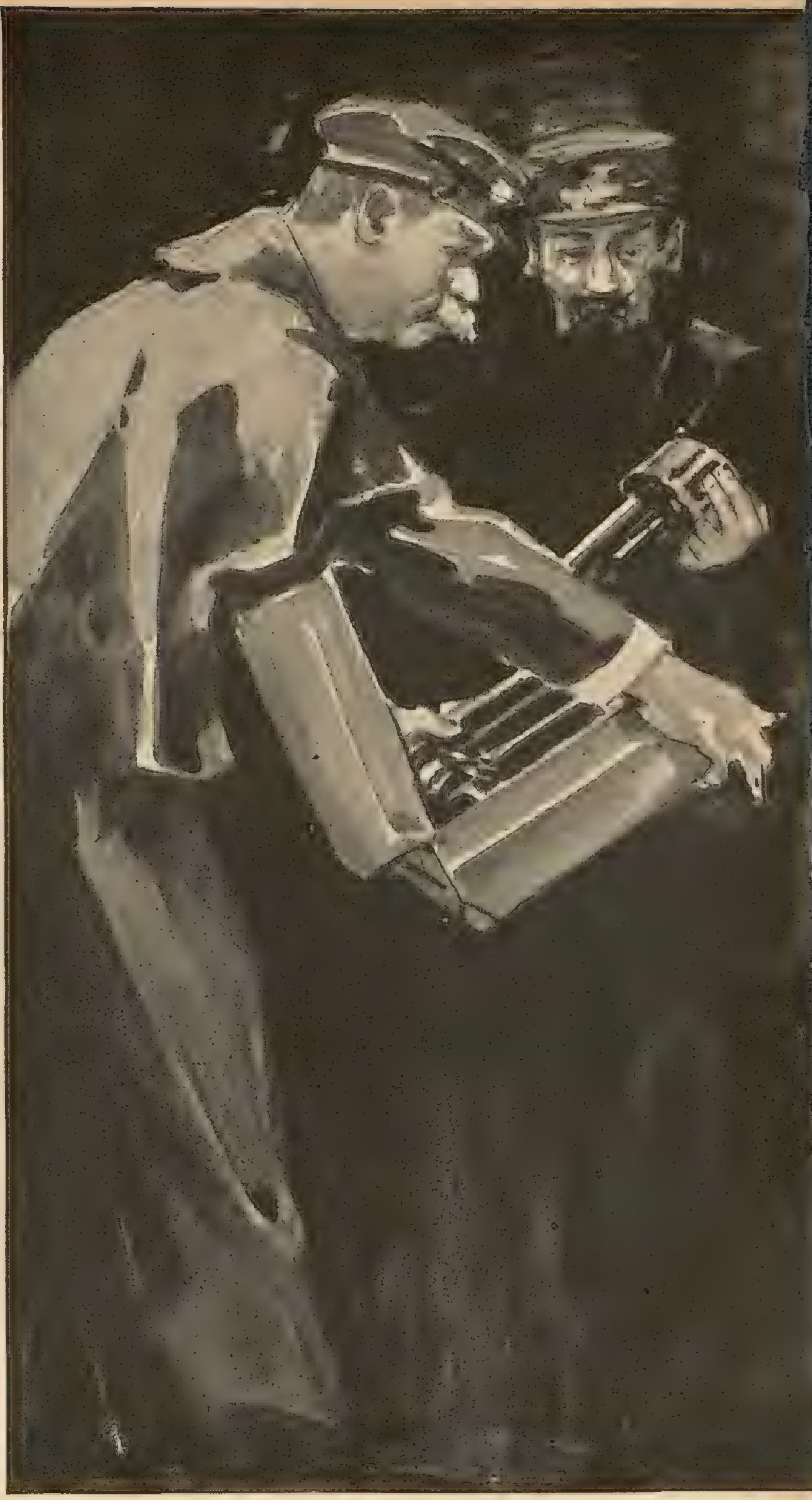


Illustration by Hubert Mathieu

EDITOR'S NOTE: How much spying is going on in Europe can be judged from the following information about France alone, received from Mr. Johnson since this article was written:

"Since January the French have arrested thirty-three men and women on espionage charges. In the same period there have been seventeen convictions, of which the latest were on August 1: a former member of the famous Foreign Legion and a nineteen-year-old girl. In addition to these 1934 cases, there are in prison awaiting trial for espionage more than one hundred persons arrested prior to 1934."

Mr. Johnson's opening article in Liberty last week told the inside stories of the sensational Switz and Jacobson cases—those two young American couples who had been recruited in the United States for espionage in Europe by a Red Russian "Svengali" or his agents, and who were caught, the one couple in Paris, the other in Finland.

The French magistrate Benon trapped Robert Gordon Switz into confessing. Meanwhile the Jacobsons' confession guided the Finnish secret service to the Red spy ring of which Marie Louise Martin—seducer of Lieutenant Baillie-Stewart, England's execrated "Prisoner in the Tower"—had been the director, and which had been responsible for the attempt to poison technical experts of Finland's military staff. It was also the Jacobsons' confession that uncovered the still more formidable Red ring with which the Switzes were involved, and of which Mme. Lydia Stahl was master mind. Switz's confession made possible the final round-up by the French Sûreté of members of this ring.

PART TWO—SET A WOMAN TO CATCH A SPY

AN automobile sped through the dark streets of Metz, beneath looming forts, into open country. Only twenty miles to the Saar. The solitary driver whistled exultantly.

Then, frantically, he ground his brakes. Moonlight revealed figures in blue blocking the tree-lined road. A stern voice called, *"Halte-là!"*

"Are you alone?" the voice asked, as gendarmes surrounded the automobile.

"But certainly!" replied the driver. "Only baggage."

He gestured to the rear seat, piled high, covered with a robe. But a gendarme lifted a suitcase.

"Why, it's empty!" he cried.

He thrust an arm underneath the robe. A stifled female voice cried, "How dare you?"

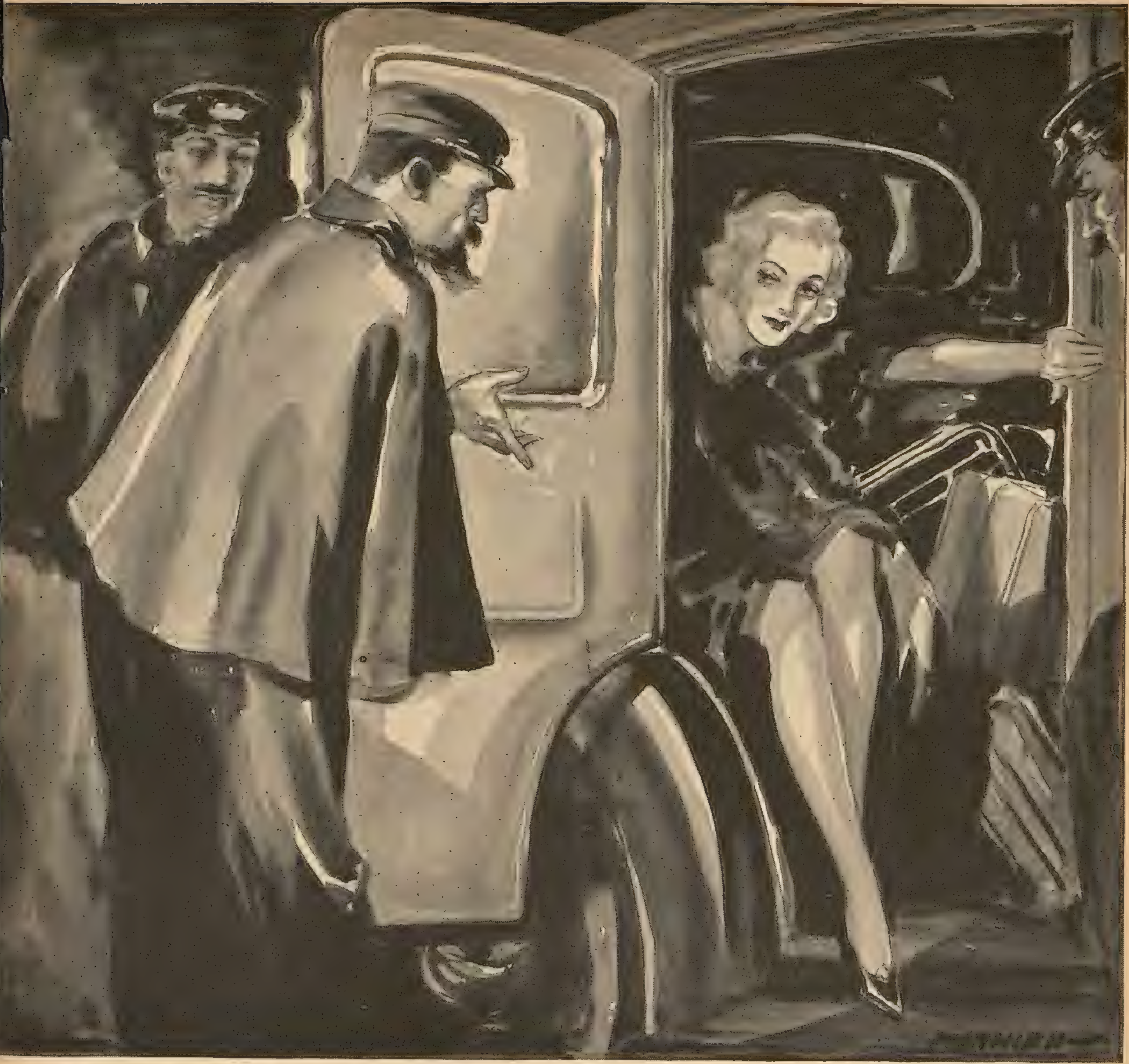
A sudden commotion and the robe fell. It revealed a disheveled blonde head and a pair of shapely silk-clad legs. The voice commanded:

"I'm all tangled up! Help me out!"

Two gendarmes helped out a sinuous, attractive young woman, who fell to with lipstick and mirror to make herself more attractive. A third gendarme opened another suitcase. Inside were parts of a dismantled automatic rifle, new.

Like one opening curtains, a burly sergeant ripped off the driver's long, muffling coat. Beneath was a French soldier's uniform.

"Traitor!" raged the sergeant.



Two gendarmes helped out a sinuous, attractive young woman. A third gendarme opened another suitcase.

Handcuffs clicked. The driver looked at the handcuffs, then at the woman.

"Well, *quand même*," he shrugged, "she was worth it!"

Four other men had felt that way about La Belle Sophie Drotz. All five lost 400,000 francs German reward for smuggling a new model French automatic rifle across the border; they languished in French prisons—but Sophie had been worth it. Hitler's secret service, reorganized immediately he assumed power, had picked the right woman spy to send to France. Even she failed to seduce a few Frenchmen: the grim judges who, when she appealed, doubled her prison sentence.

That was last March. Then startling revelations of the Paris Soviet spy ring, including the American bridal couple, the Switzes, held the spotlight. But France was also fighting another dangerous spy offensive—this one by Germany. Nazi agents like Sophie came, and still come, from the conveniently "neutral" Saar Basin to steal France's secrets for that "next war" much of Europe thinks the Nazis are preparing.

That specter affrights Europe, sets spies creeping, like forest fire, underground. The whole German frontier smolders, threatening conflagration. Nazi spies against France, Austria, Poland, Czechoslovakia meet in hidden conflict the spies of those nations dreading the rebirth of the old Germany. Half 1933's unprecedented total of European spy arrests were in France.

SOME were Americans, recruited in the United States by Soviet master spies. The inquiries of a Congressional committee show that the Nazis do the same. Surprised Americans should realize this is the easiest country in the world to spy upon. Our few spy hunters admit it, and are terribly handicapped. France hunts spies everywhere: Soviet spies, Nazi spies, Mussolini's spies. So France this year raised the espionage penalty to five years, rechristened that famous national police, the Sûreté Générale, as the Sûreté Nationale, and reorganized it to cover "plots . . . anarchistic intrigues . . . policing of foreigners . . . deserters . . . hotel travelers . . . pigeon breeding"—pigeons may carry spy messages.

The Sûreté has recruited more spies of its own—cosmopolites, men about town, actresses—to comb gambling casinos, de luxe bars and restaurants, to checkmate foreign spies seeking in the demimonde weaklings, degenerates, to bribe or blackmail into treachery. Women are the Frenchman's weakness, the German secret service believes. So women it "puts on" him—women distinguished for face and form rather than for scruples. In the World War, its Black Book recorded scandals in Allied high society, threatening Lord This and Lady That with exposure unless the victims would serve German ends. Earlier, the Prussian old master, Stieber, kept his despicable "Green House," pandering to every depraved taste of its frequenters, diplomats and courtiers whom, by the same threats and blackmail, he made his creatures.

Last February a French officer at the important border fortress of Belfort found how secret service baited the hook with sex appeal. Facing stark ruin, he answered a newspaper advertisement offering loans especially to officers. The amazing reply was "I'll *give* you the money—in exchange for information about Belfort." But it was camouflaged in passionate words of love, written in a woman's hand on pink scented paper. Signed, "Germaine." The officer showed it to his superiors. They said, "Lead her—or him—on!"

The officer asked a meeting in Paris. A hot reply urged him to come, "to exchange tokens of our ardent *amour*." The officer went, accompanied by Sûreté men. They nabbed "Germaine," who was Stanislas Krauss, officially called "a particularly active agent" for Germany.

This meanest loan shark of all was consigned to the mercies of that Magistrate Benon who trapped Switz into confessing the intricacies of the Soviet spy case. The indomitable investigator uncovered Krauss's confederate—a French army officer! Captain Froge was already suspected, for the intriguing reason that a daring French spy who had penetrated into the German secret service reported that one of its chiefs had confided that he knew Froge. Now Krauss confessed his advertisement had been mainly to communicate with Froge, to whom he had paid 100,000 francs for military documents revealing French fortifications at the important Gap of Belfort.

That is it—fortifications. They have drawn spies like flies to France. Frontier fortifications, strongest in military history, that France is still building against Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy. A formidable barrier of steel and concrete: trenches, dugouts, machine-gun nests, artillery emplacements, embodying World War lessons. In June, 1934, money was voted to rush the vast undertaking to completion.

THE new fortifications are vital to French safety, as the navy is to ours. While our ships were in the Pacific, Japanese vessels flying no flag frequently "blundered" into American maneuvers. Our commanders at San Pedro, California, had to give out false rumors, and clean out the Japanese who, as mess boys, overheard American officers' conversations. The French recently sifted thousands of workmen building their fortifications, and in Alsace alone found 143 Germans. French guards continually detected slinking forms about the work at night. This hidden struggle over the secrets of the fortifications caused an intrigue that shows secret service in its vilest aspects.

A man lay in a hospital bed. He was thin, hollow-cheeked. He gasped for breath.

"Elsa!" he whispered hoarsely. "Elsa!"

The nurse felt his pulse. "Lie down," she commanded anxiously. "It is dangerous—"

"Am I going to die?"

"Now, now," she soothed, evading. Then great blue eyes searching his, "But perhaps—you wish to free your mind?"

"I love you," he whispered. "Would you still love me if—"

"No matter what you tell me, I shall love you."

A tender smile softened the sick man's face.

"Then listen," he gasped. "I am Captain Paul, French aviator, war hero. They decorated me, idolized me. Then peace—*le cafard*, boredom. For excitement I became a bank robber. A watchman surprised me; I killed him. I fled here, to Germany—then this sickness. And you . . ."

The nurse put her arms about him.

"And—Jeanne"—he hesitated—"back there in France—still faithful—"

His head sagged. The nurse lowered it to the pillow. Red lips smiling, she hurried out. Two days later he was better. In stalked two police officers.

"Captain Paul," they said, "we arrest you for murder, for extradition to France."

The sick man turned ghastly. Elsa rushed to his side.

"Do you want to kill him?" she cried to the policemen. As they left, with loving words she calmed him.

"I'll save you," she cried, "if you'll help!"

"Whatever you say," he whispered back, "I'll do."

"This faithful Jeanne—she'd do anything for you? And—she's pretty? Then she must bring information about the new French fortifications here to Germany. Then no police will trouble you; you can stay here—with me. You must write to her!"

So, a soft arm about his neck, a white hand guiding his pen, Captain Paul, who once had been a hero, wrote the letter that made him forever a cad.

The faithful Jeanne read the letter, wept, and decided she loved him better than she loved France. She "picked up" a French engineer on the fortifications, paid his price, and with the information started for Germany. But in the frontier examination spy hunters caught her. Still, she met her captain after all—in the French prison whither he had been extradited for murder. Two lives ruined—thanks to the woman spy who preyed upon a sick man's weakness—of course, for her country. Such is secret service.

AFTER that, one smiles at the French stenographer who charmed that churchgoing broker and lover of women, Camille André. Through regular attendance at church in Toulon he met naval arsenal officials; but when they missed submarine mine plans they suspected him. They introduced into his office a pretty new stenographer—from the Sûreté. She yielded to André's entreaties for a date in the office, after hours. Then indignantly she repulsed his advances, locked him out—just long enough to find in his desk the missing plans and evidence he was trying to sell them to the British.

Those bluff, hearty Anglo-Saxons pay best of all. The British Intelligence Service in the World War was unexcelled; the Americans worked closely with it. Today the world dreads its clever agents; Russia does, even former ally France does, remembering one sensational case that began in the famous Blue Train between Paris and the Riviera.

A handsome dark girl stood drumming on the car window. It grew dark. She snapped off the light, locked her compartment door. She unfastened her dress, baring firm, broad shoulders and breast. From her bag she took a pair of nail scissors, ripped the hem of a silken undergarment. She crept to the window, opened it, flung out something.

Instantly a whistle blast, grinding brakes. The great train jarred to a stop. The woman stood listening. Through the compartment door burst train officials. She leaped for the window. But framed there was a man in black, smiling.

"We have what you threw away," he said. "That *billet-doux* to your dear Roger Gerard at that café, Boulevard Malesherbes. Accompany us, madame."

"But surely," she remonstrated, blushing, "I may cover myself."

"Certainly, madame," the Frenchman bowed. "Although," he added, glancing appreciatively, "it's a thousand pities."

Paris newspapers proclaimed a new "Affaire d'espionnage"; arrest of "Miss Fox Trot." American tourists gasped. They recognized the striking French girl with whom they had danced at Zelli's and other Montmartre resorts where she had been hostess. Supple and strong, night life was never too hectic for her. Many were her conquests. Finally she embraced ardently not only an aviator but the hazardous sport of parachute-jumping. She gave exhibitions, became celebrated.

Newspapers told of this, but not of the note, the café on the Boulevard Malesherbes. Straight there went the man in black. A quiet word, the proprietor talked freely.

" M. Roger Gerard receives here sometimes *billets* from his *amie,*" he said. " He says, to make their assignations. He is married, *hein?* Blond, like an *Anglais,* but speaks excellent French."

The Sûreté agent waited. So did the amateur actors about to rehearse a play for the Paris English colony. " Where can John Leather be? " they asked. His wife and children waited, too. Then came word that John Leather would play no more parts. As Gerard, he was arrested, accused as a British spy.

Of old Yorkshire family, thirty, he had long served British Intelligence. He had been spying on French aviation with two assistants, one of whom had been in 1918 a dare-devil air spy, dropped by parachute behind the German lines. They posed as the Paris staff of a British wireless firm, with an office near a big French flying field. There they made friends, among them the woman parachutist, " Miss Fox Trot." Leather offered her a new thrill—spying; also money. She accepted, and sent to the café " letter box," camouflaged as love notes, valuable reports. One boasted how she had vamped a French colonel into letting her fly the new mysterious five-motor gyroplane.

The trial explained why, on May 18, 1926, the three men got prison sentences and fines. They had confessed to being British spies. Lord Crewe, British Ambassador to France, had publicly disowned them—which is the delightful way governments treat their spies who are caught. A Labor M. P. called the denials " diplomatic falsehoods," and was forced to withdraw from the House of Commons. Lord Crewe had to smooth down M. Briand, then French Premier. Perhaps during the conversation he asked, " Where did you get this Miss Fox Trot? What a spy she turned out to be—for France! "

Perhaps M. Briand winked and said, " Just another Frenchwoman—clever and loyal."

THE whole scene on the train was faked, to fool Gerard and, it appears, another woman, who introduced into the case a startling American aspect that was hushed up. Andrée Lefebvre was charged with sending two pretty girls, Mathilde and Lolette, to " pick up " the younger officers of a warship then at French Mediterranean ports. The girls were to entice the officers to their room and drain them of information. The warship was the cruiser Pittsburgh; the officers were American naval officers. Mathilde and Lolette must have succeeded, for the Pittsburgh steamed home ahead of schedule. That is said to explain Miss Fox Trot's ride in the Blue Train. Her real name was Marthe Moreuil. But for whom were those women really working against America? The British? The French?

The new fortifications make France more spied against than spying; but she is no ingénue. Her secret service and those of her allies—Poland, Czechoslovakia, Roumania, and Yugoslavia, which the French master spy General Dupont trained—have spies all over Europe. Recently at Königsberg German artillery was testing a new aiming device. Guards found three men taking photographs. They proved to be French army officers. They were expelled from Germany. In Munich on May 20, 1934, a spy ring of ten were imprisoned for communicating Nazi Storm Troop orders to " a foreign government." At Leipzig last November, three got fourteen years for running an astonishingly widespread espionage service on German aviation for " a foreign government." In Europe today every one is spying on every one else.

A year ago last winter French newspapers complaining at Italian spying received with amazement dispatches from Italy announcing the arrest for espionage of Professor Eydoux of France's celebrated Ecole Polytechnique, leading technician and etcher. The French public laughed. Professor Eydoux a spy? How droll! Then, February 4, 1933, before a military tribunal in Rome, was enacted a remarkable scene. A dignified keen-faced man in his fifties took the stand; identified himself as Professor Eydoux.

" And your—ah—avocation? "

SKINNY? NEW EASY WAY ADDS POUNDS

—so fast you're amazed!

6 WEEKS AGO
Y-E-A SKINNY

TODAY
HEIGHT 5 FT. 4 IN.
WEIGHT 120 LBS.
CLEAR SKIN
BUST 35 IN.
WAIST 26 IN.
HIPS 36 IN.
THIGH 21 IN.
CALF 14 IN.
ANKLE 8½ IN.
Posed by professional models

Astonishing gains with new double tonic. Richest imported brewers' ale yeast now concentrated 7 times and iron added. Gives 5 to 15 lbs. in a few weeks.

NOW there's no need to have people calling you "skinny", and losing all your chances of making and keeping friends. Here's a new easy treatment that is giving thousands solid flesh and attractive curves—*in just a few weeks.*

As you know, doctors for years have prescribed yeast to build up health. But now with this new discovery you can get far greater tonic results than with ordinary yeast—regain health and in addition put on pounds of healthy flesh—*and in a far shorter time.*

Not only are thousands quickly gaining beauty-bringing pounds, but clear, radiant skin, freedom from constipation and indigestion, new pep.

Concentrated 7 times

This amazing new product, Ironized Yeast, is made from specially cultured *brewers' ale yeast* imported from Europe—the richest and most potent yeast known—which by a newly discovered process is concentrated 7 times—*made 7 times more powerful.*

But that is not all! This super-rich yeast is then scientifically *ironized* with 3 special kinds of iron which strengthen the blood, add abounding pep. It comes to you in pleasant little tablets.

Day after day, as you take Ironized Yeast, watch flat chest develop, skinny limbs round out attractively. Constipation and indigestion disappear, skin clears to new beauty—you're a new person.

Results guaranteed

No matter how skinny and weak you may be, or how long you have been that way, this marvelous new Ironized Yeast should build you up in a few short weeks as it has thousands. It is sold under an absolute money-back guarantee. If you are not delighted with the results of the very first package, your money instantly and gladly refunded.

Only be sure you get *genuine* Ironized Yeast, not some imitation that cannot give the same results. Look for "IY" stamped on each tablet.

Special FREE offer!

To start you building up your health *right away,* we make this absolutely FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you free of charge a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body," by a well-known authority. Remember, results are guaranteed with the very first package—*or your money refunded.* Sold by all good druggists. Ironized Yeast Co., Inc., Dept. 210, Atlanta, Ga.

"I am a major general on the French Army List," was the amazing reply.

"Yet, as a scientist of reputation, you have made trips to Italy. Your real object?"

"To make notes and sketches of Italian fortifications on the frontier of France's ally, Yugoslavia."

Italy's deadly enemy! The whole room grew tense.

"How did you send those notes and sketches to Paris?"

The professor-general paled, gulped painfully.

"By a lady," he said slowly—"my secretary."

"Were you paid for doing this?"

"Paid?" He drew himself up. "Certainly not! I am a gentleman—and a Frenchman."

His sentence was presently commuted. Perhaps Mussolini admired that spirit; perhaps the confession helped. And why the confession? Awaiting him at the prison door was the comely woman who for years had been his secretary and companion. In her arms was a child.

Eydoux had escaped an ignominious fate. Even in peace Fascist Italy usually shoots spies—in the back.

At dawn May 11, 1933, early mists shrouded Fort Bracchi, near Rome. A platoon of marines escorted a gray-faced man to a gray stone wall. They started to bandage his eyes.

"No, no!" he pleaded. "I will die with my eyes open. I beg you all, forgive my treachery. I will pay—but, for God's sake, let me face you, eyes open."

They bandaged his eyes. They turned him about, face to the wall. His despairing cry was drowned by a crash of rifles, driving bullets into his back. Which is the law of the Black Shirts. Just retribution, they say, on the spy, the traitor who strikes Italy in the back.

The man was Traviglia, an Italian messenger at the Ministry of Marine. France and Yugoslavia, he said, had bribed him to steal important papers. His sweetheart, Camilla Agliardi, had delivered them hidden in the frames of pictures she peddled. She, too, was to be shot in the back. But she had loved him so. The King of Italy commuted her sentence—to life imprisonment.

PERK-UPS

by JACQUELINE LARK

1. This game is based on HOMONYMS, which are words having the same sound but different in meaning.

2. 1A and 1B are a set of HOMONYMS. 2A and 2B and 2C are another set, etc.

3. To score yourself, check a PERK-UP each time you get a HOMONYM and a CAST-DOWN each time you are stumped.

Have you 1A . . . . . . about the grandfather and grandson who were very poor and all they owned was a 2A . . . . . . ? They once had a 1B . . . . . . of cattle, but since the depression they had nothing but this beast and they could hear him 2B . . . . . . in the ramshackle barn with hunger. They decided to journey about 3A . . . . . . hundred miles to their nearest relatives for help. They set off on a good 4A . . . . . . The little boy 4B . . . . . ., and the old man tramped ahead as a 5A . . . . . . But they got in people's way and pretty soon they had to take to the side 6A . . . . . . of the road, which was hard going, and they were weary and 7A . . . . . . But the sight of a pretty 8A . . . . . . or a bird that would 7B . . . . . . into the blue sky where the clouds looked like an 6B . . . . . . of paradise lifted their spirits and they sang. They used to 9A . . . . . . 8B . . . . . . in months gone by and now mixed with water they could fry 10A . . . . . .; but they really 3B . . . . . . little. Once they shot a 10B . . . . . . and had a feast, and the old man grew garrulous and talked of the day when the boy might grow up and perhaps marry a nice rich girl. Well, the next day the 4A . . . . . . was crowded and there was a 9B . . . . . . of people who looked and exclaimed with a shocked 11A . . . . . .: "How 11B . . . . . . of that strong boy to ride in ease and make the old man walk! In our day an old man had 12A . . . . . . respect." So the boy blushed and said, "Grandfather, get up here in my place; 6C . . . . . . walk." But after a while folks muttered: "Isn't it dreadful for that man to ride and make a poor child walk?" Embarrassed, they both 4B . . . . . . It's true the animal struggled at a slow 13A . . . . . ., so naturally the two riders were ashamed when they found they were 5B . . . . . . by people who said, "The beast is half starved and not able to carry both weights. They are much stronger than the poor animal." Now the travelers were in a terrible 14A . . . . . . So they got a 15A . . . . . ., a knife, an 16A . . . . . ., and some rope. They tied the beast's legs, slung him up, and, one forward and one behind, they marched along carrying the 2A . . . . . . Yet 14B . . . . . . way people who saw them were convulsed with laughter. "Look at those fools!" they cried. "Imagine carrying a beast that should carry them!" The grandfather halted, his eyes angry, his lips in a 17A . . . . . . line. "Boy," he said, "we've been 17B . . . . . . something for sure. No matter what you 12B . . . . . . you cannot please 16B . . . . . . The cleverest boxer cannot make every 18A . . . . . . count. Get up on that 2A . . . . . . Come, I am quite 18B . . . . . . We are near the 13B . . . . . . of our relatives' home, and I hope there's a fine thick 15B . . . . . . ready."

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 39

THE most sensational code-and-cipher drama in years culminated in Rome, in Il Duce's very presence. There stood somber figures, cringing before Mussolini's flashing eyes and resonant voice.

"Italy trusted you; you failed. Your diplomatic careers are ruined. For you, Garbeccio—it is Lipari!"

Lipari is Fascismo's St. Helena. Banishment there was the fate of the youngest of the group, Garbeccio, code-and-cipher expert of the Italian Embassy staff in Berlin. Ambassador Count Aldovrandi-Marescotti lost his post; so did most of his assistants. Why?

On an October night in 1929 a taxicab drew up at Victoria Station, London. A broad-shouldered Englishman got out, helping a beautiful woman in luxurious furs. She looked about nervously. A second taxicab appeared; a slight man got out, loitered near. The woman and her escort walked to the Paris train. At the steps he stopped, whispered, wheeled, and walked away. The woman stared, paled, and with hands clenched slowly climbed the steps. The slight man heard her sobbing.

Yet she was the most successful woman spy in Europe. She was a Yugoslav, hating Italy; but also an experienced woman of the world, recently with an apartment on the Tiergarten, Berlin, good looks, clothes, money, and social contacts, including the Crown Prince. She was often at the Italian embassy.

There she and handsome young Garbeccio sought quiet nooks. Soon she knew her way about the embassy, to the safe where lay the secret code book that was intrusted to her lover's special care. Wax, a new key, and she stole the book. Quickly her superiors would photograph its pages; then, unsuspected, she would return it. She tried. A little noise—in burst Garbeccio! One hand held a pistol; the other a flash light. It showed the face of the woman he loved!

AGHAST, he fell back. The ambassador dashed in, followed by others. Amid bedlam, Garbeccio frantically explained. A coded telegram had arrived unexpectedly. To his horror, he had found the code book missing. He had tried to decode the telegram from memory. He had failed. And now he had discovered that the woman he loved had betrayed him—and Italy. He turned. The woman had gone. Also the code book!

A desperate situation for Italy. If she asked Germany to arrest the woman, Germany, too, might get the code book. Italian operatives trailed her about Europe. Hysterical, seeking security, she went to London. On the train the broad-shouldered Englishman paid court, and she accepted. They took a bridal suite at the Imperial Hotel. Barely had they unpacked and donned negligee when another broad-shouldered Englishman appeared.

"Scotland Yard does not want you in England, Mme. N. P.," he said. "Since you two have registered as man and wife—will you leave, or shall I arrest you for—?"

Perhaps what her husband in name only whispered at the station was that he, too, was from Scotland Yard.

But this secret-service drama has a happy ending. If England didn't want her, Yugoslavia's ally France would protect her from her Italian shadow. She found haven in Paris.

What better place for a beautiful and worldly woman with some hard-earned money? And the code book? Perhaps it is in Paris, too.

The terrible methods of the Ogpu, Red Russia's dreaded secret service, and the lures by which such leaders as General Gaida, war hero of Czechoslovakia, and General Koutiepoff, White Russian "heir of Grand Duke Nicholas," have been seduced into treachery, will be exposed by Mr. Johnson in next week's, the concluding installment of Spies for Hire.

Doc

A Short Short Story

by DOROTHY GILES

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

THE Ford bucked to a stop as the grade-crossing gates clattered down, just clear of the mud-splashed radiator. The driver cursed the delay, then philosophically fumbled his pockets for cigarettes, matches. He inhaled deeply, looking round him at the shale heaps and rotting buildings of an abandoned mine. One shack only showed signs of being tenanted. The boards were trimly painted. Washing—children's clothing, a man's blue shirt—fluttered from a line. A gasoline tin beside the door flaunted a red geranium.

Geraniums, by glory! It had been a dead cat—he'd had to step over it entering the cabin where the woman Jed Holloway had deserted was brought to childbed. A girl of three, and another older, who had carried news of her mother's need to the farm a mile down the road whence the telephone had summoned Doc, whimpered in a corner. No fire in the stove. Empty wood box.

Damn Jed Holloway! No good while he was around, half drunk on that applejack he brewed. Had the woman drinking too. Wild times they'd had up here, before the mine closed and Jed lit out, one leap ahead of the law. She'd got along since then, somehow. Selling the stuff Jed had taught her how to make, drinking when she didn't sell. No man, no money, never enough food.

God! That had been a night! He never knew when the two girls tiptoed in and crept under some quilts in a corner. A train thundered past—then another. A shadow fell suddenly across the bed and Doc looked up. A man stood in the doorway. Hard eyes stared out of a desperate unshaven face.

Doc spoke: " If you've got a steady hand and can keep your nerve, you're needed here."

For a moment the man hesitated, then stepped across the threshold.

The stranger held the kerosene lamp above the bed. The sweat was running off him but his hand did not shake.

When dawn came the woman slept, the newborn life beside her. The two men faced each other across the table and the pot of coffee Doc had made.

" Well, Mahaffey, you're quite a man."

" Same to you, Doc."

Maybe people talked when Jed Holloway's woman took a strange man to live with her. Doc hadn't time to listen. Only time to notice the garden patch that appeared beside the shack, the pen of chickens, the goat, the change in Emma Holloway.

When the railroad put up gates at the crossing he had signed Mahaffey's application for the job of watchman.

Then the night when Emma Holloway's eldest girl rang his bell, panted: " Doc, Mahaffey says will you come? "

Emma white, mute, staring; Mahaffey defiant and yet with the sweat of great fear on him. Between them, lying face downward, the crumpled still figure of a man.

Emma's whisper: " Doc, I always knew, somehow, he'd come back."

Mahaffey ran his tongue over dry lips. " You know, Doc, that night, I'd dropped off the Wolverine, going east. I was just out. After three years. It's second offense, Doc. Life—"

Doc's eyes searched the cabin—scrubbed, neat.

Grimly he spoke: " As coroner of Dale County, it's my duty to warn you that you are testifying before an officer of the law. Answer now. The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help me God. Emma first. You were alone in the house when this man came in the door? "

She nodded.

" Speak up. You were. He frightened you? "

" Yes."

" Did he speak to you? "

" He said he'd—"

" Hah, he threatened you with violence. You were alone and you screamed? "

" Yes, Doc."

" Then Mahaffey heard you screaming and left the gates—I don't know what the superintendent will say to that—and came to see what was the matter. He saw, and he threw the fellow out. It was too bad for him that he should fall in such a way as to break his neck. That's all, Emma. Step out to the car with me, Mahaffey."

" If it's like you say, Doc—"

" I've taken the testimony. Unidentified man, a hobo, drops off a train. Enters the house of lonely woman and threatens her. Railroad watchman hears screams and comes to her assistance. The road will be giving you a medal, Mahaffey. I wouldn't be surprised if you and Emma got married—"

" Yes, Doc."

" I'll send some one to remove the body. Good night's work, Mahaffey."

SIX feet from the Ford the Wolverine tore past. Bored faces peered from the Pullmans; from the vestibule of the diner a black face under a starched white cap grinned.

There was a swirl of dust, cinders.

The gate watchman advanced to the car.

" Still making the rounds, Doc? "

" Still on the job, Mahaffey? "

The watchman grinned.

" You and me, Doc. What is it this time? Somebody hurt? "

" Not death, Mahaffey. Life. You ought to know that's what interests me. And for Pete's sake, pull up those gates. These things don't wait—"

The gates swung upward, the Ford leaped, bumped over the rails. Mahaffey stared after it.

A woman came to the cabin door and called: " Supper."

" Coming."

Mahaffey began to climb the hill, home.

THE END

DOROTHY GILES *after several years on the staff of a national publication, took a motor trip through Spain. The result was a book on her experiences. Since then stories and articles by her have appeared in a number of magazines.*

When the Boy Prince

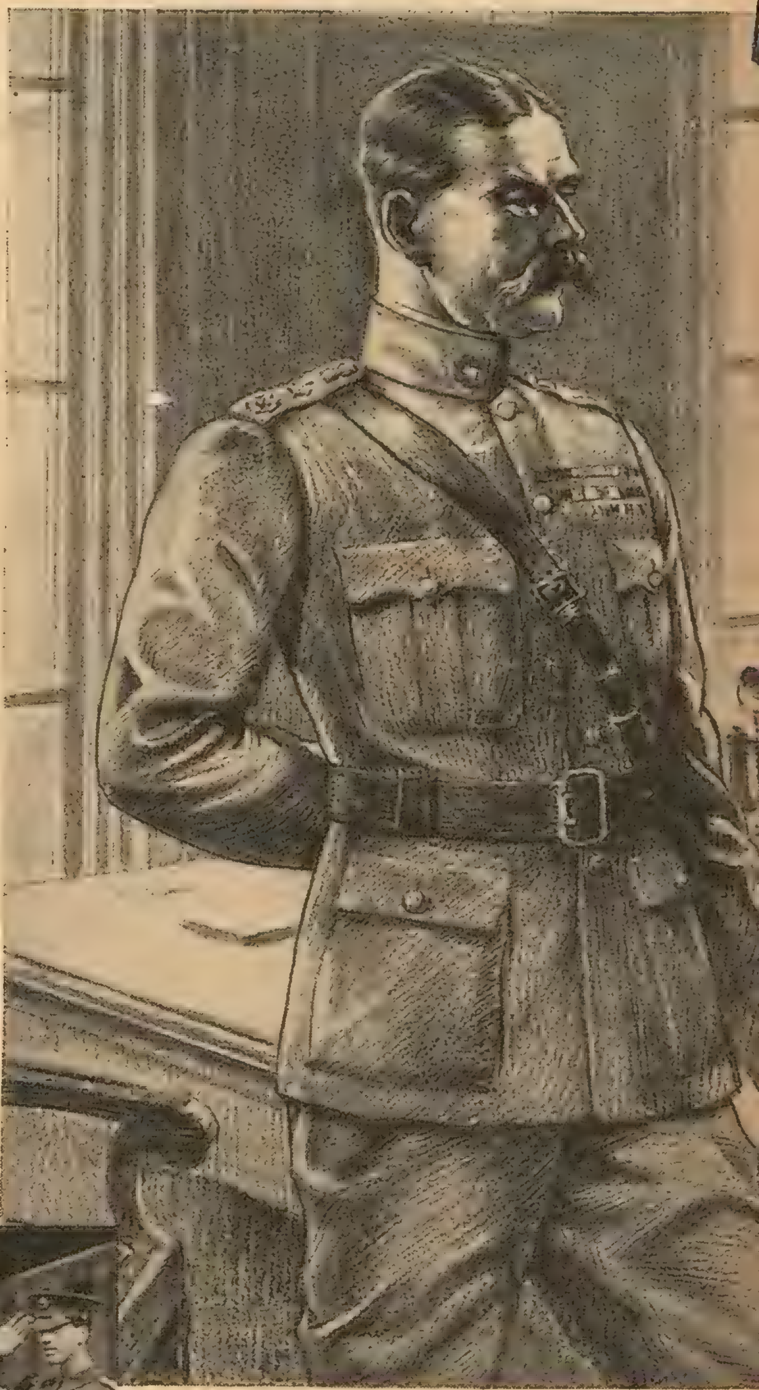
Continuing a Series of Revelations of

The Bachelor Prince

by His Friend

FRAZIER HUNT

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



London News Agency photo

Training with the First Grenadier Guards in August, 1914. "He looked barely sixteen. Alongside the giant guardsmen he seemed an undersized little boy."

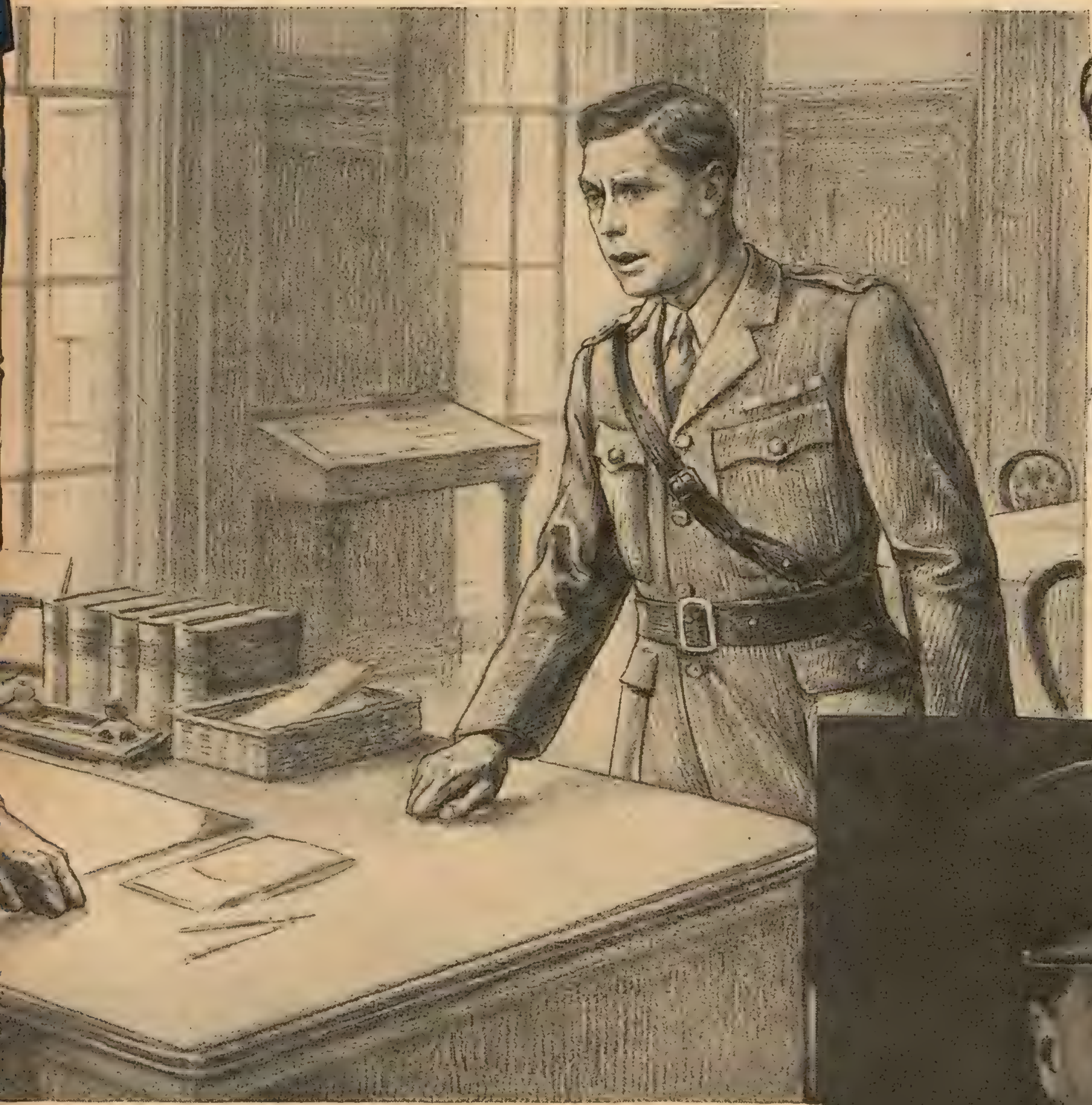
THE Prince of Wales has long been the world's most discussed and least understood man of his age. This series makes him known as he really is. He will become King, Mr. Hunt has declared, but he will never marry. He has been kept too busy; he will take no bride chosen for reasons of state; and then there are romantic ties that hold him in circumstances in which marriage would be impossible.

In Liberty last week Mr. Hunt told the inside story of the Prince's first twenty years. The unending business of picking a wife for him was begun when he was two, and it was his great-grandmother, Queen Victoria, who began it! Her remark that he and the Czar's baby daughter Olga would make "a sweet alliance" was playful, no doubt, but was typical and not without significance.

It was his grandfather, Edward VII, who was closest to the boy and accomplished most toward saving him from such walled-in frustration as he himself had known while Prince of Wales. The two commoners who did most in his rearing were his tutor, H. P. Hansell, and his mentor in sports, Major Cadogan.

Probably the experience that affected him most deeply was being taken from the sea and the British Navy after three happy months as a midshipman, and required to enter Oxford.

Defied Lord Kitchener



"Why can I not go to France with my battalion, sir? What difference does it make if I get killed? I have brothers. Any one of them is just as fit as I am to fill my place."

Wide World photo

The Soldier Prince. "Never was he a 'brass hat,' lording it over the men with guns. He wanted to be with them."

PART THREE—UNDER FIRE

THE world has never been told the full story of the great personal bravery shown by the Prince during the war days—or of the many times he escaped death only by the narrowest margin.

This slender immature lad, entering the war at twenty, had the courage of an African lion at bay. He was afraid of nothing. Time and again he courted death. A score of times it was only the luck of the game that kept him from being killed outright.

The war was to have a profound effect on him. The Prince of today dates from the young Soldier Prince of twenty years ago.

"If there is war and we get into it I want to go to the front as a soldier!" he said to his father.

Those midsummer days of 1914 were hectic ones. War was in the air. The King had moved up from Windsor to Buckingham Palace in the heart of London. The Prince and his tutor had followed. The Prince eagerly besieged his father's secretaries and the King himself for the latest news.

He insisted that bulletins from Downing Street and the War Office be shown him.

There was no other talk but of the possibilities of a great European conflict. England might be drawn in. If so, the chances were that it would be the army and not the navy that would see real action.

"Of course I am trained as a naval officer and naturally I would prefer to serve with the navy, but it is the army that must bear the brunt of the war," the Prince argued. "I shall serve as a soldier."

At six thirty in the evening of August 4, screaming newsboys raced down the streets of London with their extras: ENGLAND DECLARES WAR!

An excited boy went again to his father. "I want to go at once into a Guards regiment!" he demanded.

But the King had more weighty matters to decide.

From the windows of the palace the young Prince could see lines of cheering men marching off to war. His England, his Empire, his throne were at stake.

"Won't you help me to get to France?" he pleaded over and over again with his father.

Finally the King personally took the matter up with the War Office and even with the Prime Minister. To have the heir to the throne join up would boom recruiting. But it had been hundreds of years since any Prince of Wales had actually served on a foreign battlefield. It was a grave matter of state. Many points would have to be carefully weighed.

On the fourth day after war was declared he won his right to serve King and country. On August 8 there appeared a single line in the official war bulletin: "The Prince of Wales has been commissioned a second lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards."

© Imperial War Museum

"In four hundred years, the first King of England and heir to the throne to be on a foreign battlefield together." The youth smoking, behind King George, is the Prince of Wales.

At Buckingham Palace a wildly excited boy hurried his preparations to join his battalion. Four days after his commission was granted he was ordered to Warley Barracks in Essex, and at six thirty on the morning of August 12 he reported for duty. The war had been on exactly eight days.

He was a soldier now, an officer in one of the great regiments of the British Army. Under the August sun he drilled and sweated, snapped to the orders of deep-throated old sergeant majors. Here in the First Battalion of the Grenadiers there were no makeshift drills or hurried instructions. In the evenings and during the rest periods he heard old grenadiers tell of the glorious deeds of his regiment.

One morning in mid-September word passed through the barracks that orders had come for the battalion to proceed to France. Eagerly the Prince scanned the list. His name was missing!

He hurried to his colonel. The senior officer knew nothing about it. The Prince asked for a day's leave, and securing a car bolted for the War Office in London.

A HIGH officer of the General Staff listened to his plea. "Sorry, sir, but we don't feel that you have quite completed your training. It is not desirable that you proceed on active service at this time."

The Prince hurried to Buckingham Palace and broke in on his father. "They're making me stay back home!" he complained to him. "I want to go to France. Won't you ask them to let me? Won't you, father?"

The King put his arm around his son. He was proud of him, but there was nothing he could do. "The War Office doesn't think it is best," was all that he could say.

The Prince hurried back to the War Office and demanded that he be allowed to see the great Lord Kitchener, Secretary of State for War.

To me it is one of the most dramatic moments of the war. Here was a twenty-year-old boy, slight of build and rather shy of manner, facing the driving indomitable hero of Khartum.

Kitchener was fighting to save England. His gallant little army of regulars and Territorials—the immortal Contemptibles—had been all but ground to pieces by the German war machine. At home his First Hundred Thousand were being whipped into shape. This slender flaxen-haired boy was one of these First Hundred Thousand.

I can picture the scene between those two. The young Prince, in the uniform of a second lieutenant, his eyes flashing, clicks his heels and salutes.

"Why can I not go to France with my battalion, sir?" Kitchener tosses off some inadequate reply.

"What difference does it make if I get killed? I have four brothers. Any one of them is just as fit as I am to fill my place."

The young officer is burning with resentment. These men in the War Office are doing their best to make a royal mollycoddle out of him.

Kitchener tugs at his heavy mustaches. In his heart he admires the spirit of this lad.

"It isn't a question of your being killed," he answers in his deep voice. "If that were the only consideration I might think that I had no right to oppose you. But you might be taken prisoner. And we've got enough to fight about without that. Go back to your regiment and learn some more about soldiering."

For the moment there was no higher court of appeal. The Prince returned to his barracks and was assigned to the Third Battalion of Grenadiers.

BUT he kept hot the road to the War Office and Buckingham Palace. He pulled wires, threatened, pleaded, argued. Somehow or other he must get to France!

Finally he at least partially won. He was to go, but—to his disappointment—as a staff officer and not as a platoon commander of a regiment in the line.

On November 16 he was appointed an aide-de-camp to Field Marshal Sir John French, commander in chief in France. The next day he visited Buckingham Palace, and early the following morning said good-by to his mother and father and to his sister and brothers.

His mother—exactly the same as a million other mothers in England alone—tried to keep back the tears when she kissed him good-by. His father—exactly the same as countless other fathers—gripped his hand and did his best to control his voice. And he—exactly the same as millions of other youthful soldiers—tried to hurry through the farewells so that no one would see the tears welling up in his own eyes.

He was now a slender boy, five feet six inches tall and weighing little more than one hundred and fifteen pounds. Four months before he had turned twenty. If anything he was undeveloped for his years. He looked barely sixteen, and alongside the giant guardsmen of the Grenadiers he seemed an undersized little boy.

At eight fifteen he slipped out of Victoria Station for Folkestone. He had a miserable crossing to Boulogne, and that night he heard for the first time the distant roaring of the big guns.

As aide to the commanding general his duties were more or less undefined. With his own equerry, Lord Claud Hamilton, he acted as liaison officer between units of the army, carried important dispatches, and served in a hundred and one ways around headquarters.

At first they called him "Dynamite," because at the slightest provocation he would go off—disappear. If, without definitely disobeying orders, he could slip off incognito, he would. Many a tired Tommy, given a cigarette and a smile and a good word by a young officer, had no idea that this was the Prince of Wales.

Often he would be seen pumping his bicycle along some shell-torn and dangerous French road where it was impossible to drive his car. Often he would leave high officers on some inspection trip or other, and join a group of wounded men in a bus or lorry.

It was during his first days in France that he chanced to visit a tiny *estaminet* kept by a Belgian woman. He and several young officers had dropped in at the roadside café for a coffee-and-cognac, and the Prince had been told of the gallant death of the woman's husband at the beginning of the war. While he was ordering a second round her six-year-old daughter walked up to his table and shyly stared at him. He reached in his pocket, found a franc, and offered it to her. The little girl shook her head and then, pointing to a staff badge on the lapel of his tunic, said blushingly, "*Souvenir, s'il vous plait, m'sieu'.*"

A brother officer hurriedly unfastened one of his own badges. But the Prince would have none of it. Quickly he took off his badge and pinned it on her dress.

He had been in France only a few weeks when one evening his absence from headquarters mess was noted. An hour or two later he was found. He had "borrowed" a dispatch rider's motorcycle and wrecked it when he ran into a shell hole, and was now happily ensconced in a dugout, playing cards with French poilus and taking a pull now and again at a French canteen of the sour red wine, the *pinard* of the French ration.

Early in December the King made his first visit to France. It was a proud boy who helped show him over parts of the front. It was the first time in four hundred years that a King of England and the heir to the throne had been on a foreign battlefield together.

Soon the Prince was made first lieutenant—and two years later a captain. Had he so desired he might have returned to London, taken a high rank in the War Office, and settled down to doing his bit from a revolving chair. But he preferred the muck and danger of the front.

He was to see men killed, to hold the hands of dying men. He was to flounder in the mud of Flanders and Lorraine, visit numberless hospitals and first-aid stations. And always he was to dream of joining his own Grenadiers in the trenches.

NEVER as staff officer was he a "brass hat," lording it over the men with guns. He wanted, more than anything else, to be with them. And the whole army understood and appreciated this fact. They did not want to see their Prince killed or badly wounded.

At a bombing school he had held on to his grenade a second too long and it had burst dangerously near.

"Enough of that, sir!" a crusty old sergeant barked. "Who wants to have a King with only one bloody arm?"

The Prince was to see literally tens of thousands of his countrymen with only one "bloody" arm or leg; he was to look into the faces of dead men and into the sightless eyes of blinded comrades. Ever after he was to be the champion, the fighting patron of the ex-soldier.

Not so long ago the Prince was asked if he would care to visit a small private hospital where there were thirty-six men so seriously injured and disfigured in the war that they could never hope for release. Immediately he consented and a day or two later was shown through the tiny wards.

At each cot he stopped, shook hands with the Tommy and spoke words of encouragement. After more than an hour he was led toward the exit.

Suddenly he turned to the head nurse. "I understood you had thirty-six patients here—but I've seen only twenty-nine."

It was explained that the others were so hideously disfigured that he was not taken into their ward.

"Is it for my sake or theirs that you're not taking me there?" he asked quietly.

"For yours, sir."

"Then I insist you show me in."

HE was led into the room. At each bed he stopped long enough to thank the wounded veteran for the sacrifice he had made and to assure him that neither he nor England would ever forget it.

When he had finished he turned again to his guide.

"But I've seen only six men. Where is the seventh?"

The head nurse said no one was permitted to see him. Blind, maimed, the most hideously disfigured of all, he was kept alone in a room which he would never leave alive.

"Please do not ask to see him, sir!" she pleaded.

"But I must see him."

"I advise against it, Your Highness. It can do no possible good."

"I insist that you take me in."

She turned and led the way into a darkened room. The Prince walked firmly to the bed. His face was white and his lips were drawn. In the dim light he looked down on what had once been a man but was now a horror.

Tears came to his eyes. Then impulsively he bent down and kissed the cheeks of the broken hero.

It was his tribute not only to this individual but to the Empire's 900,000 dead and to her million disabled men. Never was he to forget his comrades in arms. Never was he to desert or betray them.

In July of 1915 the Guards battalions were brought together and formed into a Guards Division, and the Prince was assigned to A section of the staff, the administration branch, with special supervision over the feeding of the troops. Every morning now he helped at the food dumps, watching the issue of rations to the battalion quartermasters.

Before the year was out he was to have several narrow escapes from death. On September 29, during the great Battle of Loos, he left his car behind the front and started out to reconnoiter for himself. Shells were moaning and whistling overhead.

In a short time the Prince started back to his car. It was no longer

The Comfort I declined so long

"I don't know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I'm thankful I *did* try it, about two years ago, and haven't had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief."

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Q1

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there. A high-explosive shell had made a direct hit on it, and his old chauffeur, Private Green, who had been with him his two years at Oxford, had been blown almost to bits. Deeply shocked, the Prince insisted on gathering up what few personal effects of his dead comrade he could find. He sent them to Green's family with a personal letter of condolence. In all the years that have followed he has always kept in touch with this family.

Some months earlier he had had another close shave. Near the front lines was a small stone building that had been partially destroyed by shellfire. On an inspection trip with General Wardrop, the Prince turned into this partial shelter in order to use his field glasses unobserved. Several wounded men were lying on the floor in one of the roofless rooms.

Apparently some enemy observer had spotted the little group of staff officers when they ducked into the building. At once the enemy began dropping shells around the old house. When the first one burst, General Wardrop shouted to the Prince to flatten himself on the floor. The Prince was studying a field map at the moment and did not move quickly enough to suit the general. A third or fourth shell burst just as the general threw himself upon the Prince and, bearing him to the floor, lay squarely upon him until the shelling ceased.

A week or two after this experience the Prince and a companion officer, making their way to an observation post on a hill, crossed a field under artillery fire. The high officers at the post were speculating on the risk the Prince was running when a heavy shell burst on the hillside and for a moment he was out of sight.

"Great God, it's got him!" a colonel shouted.

But a few minutes later, when the smoke and muck had settled down, the Prince could be seen legging it for a recently captured German machine-gun pill-box.

But it wasn't these bits of adventure and danger that the Prince was really hungry for. He wanted to take his own platoon and company over the top. He resented the fate that denied him the right to be an ordinary officer in the line, who could win medals and do and die if necessary. (As a matter of fact he was decorated with the French Croix de Guerre, a purely fighting medal, for his work as a liaison officer—and of all high decorations that he has the right to wear it is the one that he is by far the proudest of.)

During dinner at the headquarters of the Guards Division during one of the German offensives, the field telephone was constantly ringing, asking for first one officer and then another. As each was sent for he bolted his meal, apologized, and hurried off to the front. The Prince seemed to be almost the only officer who was not wanted. Finally he could stand it no longer. With tears in his eyes and with his voice choking he burst out: "I can't stand it! I can't stand it! They won't let me take my chances!"

HIS appeal won. Soon they did find a real job for him. In the spring of 1916—while his cousin, the German Crown Prince, was breaking the back of the splendid German Army before the forts of Verdun—the Prince was sent off to Egypt and Sudan on a double mission. Ostensibly he was to make a report on the defenses of the Suez Canal; but, even more important, he was to bring his cheery smile and encouraging word to the Anzacs, the Aussies and Diggers—the Australian and New Zealand troops—who had recently been withdrawn from the ghastly failure of Gallipoli.

In March he arrived in Cairo, to serve under General Sir Archibald Murray at Ismailia, near the capital. For miles on miles he would ride on camelback across the interminable desert east of the Canal, inspecting troops and new defensive works, chatting with officers and men, and bringing a new faith to the army that shortly was to be commanded by Allenby and to fight its way to Jerusalem. His inspection duties carried him far up the Nile to Khartum.

He returned to France and the western front by way of Italy, where he visited fronts and the field of operation around Carso. Here as everywhere he would leave high officers to mingle with the troops. For a time he was a guest of the royal family, and when he left, there followed a persistent rumor that he was engaged to the eldest daughter of the King, the Princess Yolanda of Savoy.

During these months there were many anxious moments for the Prince. On May 31, 1916, occurred the Battle of Jutland. In a gun turret of H. M. S. Collingwood was his eldest brother, the Duke of York.

The first reports of the great sea battle gave only a general account of the action. The Prince wired for more details and a request for information about his brother. The next morning a cable arrived from Buckingham Palace with the welcome news that the Duke was safe.

Many were his close friends who made the supreme sacrifice during these war-mad days. No one could have passed through them without coming out pretty much a fatalist. The Prince unquestionably became one.

The war did other things to him. It often reduced him to the lowest common denominator of a junior officer. In 1917 on the Somme a colonel whose battalion was taking over a particularly hot sector strode into a brigade headquarters. A young captain jumped to his feet and saluted. The colonel demanded to know the where and wherefore of this particular stretch of front.

"Sorry, sir, but I've only just joined the brigade and I know very little about it."

THE colonel fairly barked: "Do you know to whom you're speaking? I'm Colonel ———. I've got to have this information at once. Where's your general?"

"He's just gone out with the brigade major, sir."

The colonel became sarcastic. "And did they leave you all alone here to run this brigade?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, no wonder this bloody war has lasted three years!" And the colonel stamped out to his car.

His chauffeur waited until he was some miles away before he told him that it was the Prince of Wales to whom he had been talking.

And on a particularly wet, cold, and miserable day in the winter of that same year a medical officer, fed up to his neck with the war, sat in a leaky dugout, crouching over the tiny heat and bitter fumes from a coke-filled brazier. He had tried to sleep in a damp blanket and in wet clothes, and now he was grimly sipping at tea that tasted of chlorine, nibbling hard biscuits, and trying to convince himself that this was breakfast.

The gas curtain of his dugout was flung open and a young grenadier with staff insignia on his lapel stood in the doorway. The winter wind blew the papers off the medical officer's improvised desk. The M. O. cursed.

"Is the commanding officer here?" the young captain politely asked.

"No! And for God's sake drop that curtain and pick up those papers!"

The junior officer did as he was told, and just as he was putting them on the table the battalion commander arrived. He shook hands with his visitor and then introduced him to the medico as the Prince of Wales.

America was getting into the war about this time. In his November, 1917, visit to the Italian front the Prince was entertained by American Red Cross sections, and more than one pretty nurse still carries the thrill of a dance with him at some makeshift party.

Women still had small part in the Prince's life at this time. The one or two of them who were later to mean so much to it were themselves living through the desperate and unforgettable London war years—with Zeppelin raids, endless lists of dead and wounded, all the hectic and soul-searing experiences of a bitter war only a hundred miles away.

From any one who saw even a little of the conflict there could never be any criticism of youthful soldiers in France who turned to any amusement they could find for brief moments of respite. The Prince was typical—and only typical—of his brother officers. Any criticism about his drinking at this period warrants the same answer that Lincoln gave a group of temperance enthusiasts: "If you can find out what brand of whisky Grant is drinking I would like to send a barrel of it to each of our other generals."

In 1918 American divisions were sent to the British front for their final front-line training, and two splendid ones, the Twenty-seventh and the Thirtieth, were permanently attached to the British Army. The free-and-easy comradeship of American officers and men was exactly to the Prince's liking. Any number of A. E. F. veterans still tell amusing stories of their encounters with the slender lad in the uniform of a British captain. One tale has it that an American colonel inspecting a United States area near the front encountered a lone British officer on foot.

"I'd like to ask just who you are and what you are doing here!"

"I happen to be the Prince of Wales."

The colonel gave him what later would have been called the Bronx cheer. "Well, *I* happen to be the King of England, and I don't believe you're needed around here!"

The young officer smiled and went on his way. A few nights later at a dance in an American Red Cross hut the colonel was formally introduced to him. Naturally the colonel was slightly nonplused. "Hello, pop!" the Prince grinned, sticking out his hand.

The fall days of 1918 saw the war reeling to its bloody close. America was now really in. Already more than two million men in uniform were on French soil and others were arriving at the rate of ten thousand a day.

In late September the Prince returned from his final visit to the Italian front. While in Italy he had talked his way on board a British plane that was about to take off to strafe the Austrian front, and while the pilot flew low over the trenches the Prince sprayed them with machine-gun fire.

BACK on the western front, he joined the headquarters staff of the superb Canadian Corps during their great October drive. On the morning of October 27 he crossed with these bonny fighters into freshly captured territory held for years by the Germans, and, in company with the late General Sir Arthur Currie and other high officers, attended Mass and a commemorative procession.

Fifteen days later, at eleven in the morning, the guns ceased roaring out their hate.

Ten million brave young men had died. A second ten million were to live on in eternal darkness, or to push their way in wheel chairs or stamp about on wooden legs, or wave aluminum arms for the rest of their lives. No one was, in the long run, to turn out to be the winner of the war. The whole world was loser.

Yet mingled were the emotions of millions of men on that misty November day sixteen years ago. The war had destroyed bodies and souls—yet it had given numberless days of greatness when hearts had soared on the wings of courage and high purpose. And all of them had entered that indefinable comradeship of men living in danger and sacrifice.

The Prince, now twenty-four, felt this as did the humblest soldier. Neither he nor his comrades would ever be quite the same again.

WHAT did anything in civilian life matter to these young men who had lived through four years of madness? They had earned the release that wine and women might give them. Their one great loyalty was to their comrades.

Much of this was true in the case of the Prince. But for him there were also to be ever-increasing new duties, new responsibilities.

New Year's Day, 1919, he spent with the Australians. On January 9 he joined his old favorites, the Canadians. On the 11th he crossed the Rhine for a two-days visit with the American troops at Coblenz. Here he was the guest of General Dickman. That first evening there was a great ball given in his honor by the American officers. Red Cross girls, American Army nurses, Y. M. C. A. entertainers, Salvation Army lassies came in by trucks, Fords, ambulances, side cars, and on foot. All wanted to dance with the Prince.

A regimental band was brought in and the dance was on. Gayest of all was the Prince. His smile was infectious.

A week later he was mingling with the Diggers from far-off New Zealand. It was the last of his official visits to troops from beyond the seas.

He could go home now—but it was home to a new world.

Intimate glimpses of the Prince as Mr. Hunt's fellow rancher and friend in Alberta, with a revealing account of his "conquest of Canada," will feature next week's installment—as will a frank discussion of that postwar reaction, common to nerve-shattered youth throughout the world, during which the shy ex-soldier Prince became "gayest of the gay" and a patron of London night clubs.

Answer to Perk-Ups on Page 32

1A—Heard	1B—Herd	10A—Dough	10B—Doe
2A—Mule	2B—Mewl	11A—Mien	11B—Mean
3A—Eight	3B—Ate	12A—Due	12B—Do
4A—Road	4B—Rode	13A—Gait	13B—Gate
5A—Guide	5B—Guyed	14A—Strait	14B—Straight
6A—Aisle	6B—Isle 6C—I'll	15A—Stake	15B—Steak
7A—Sore	7B—Soar	16A—Awl	16B—All
8A—Flower	8B—Flour	17A—Taut	17B—Taught
9A—Hoard	9B—Horde	18A—Feint	18B—Faint

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The Merry Wives

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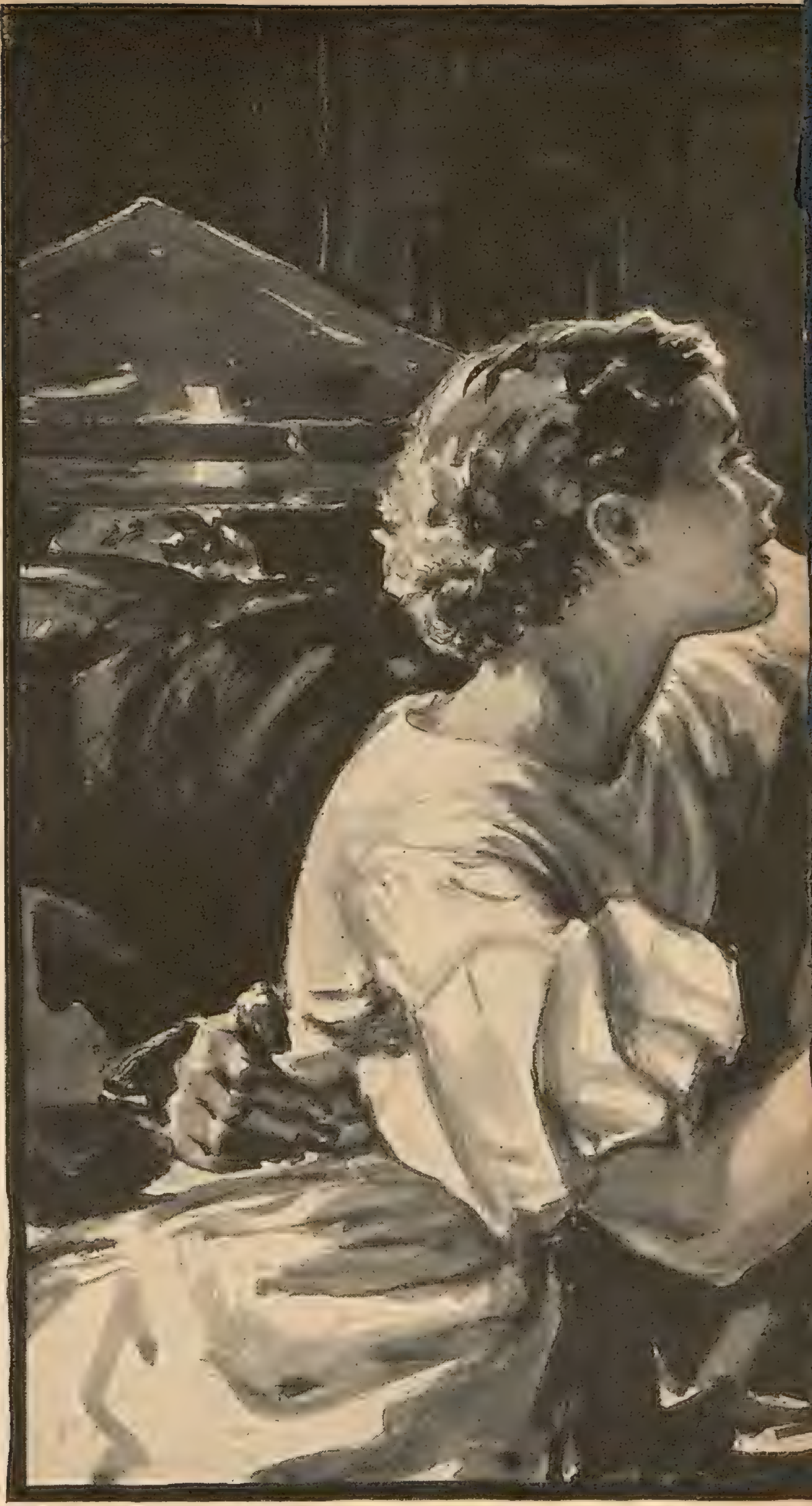
by ZONA GALE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HAROLD DENISON

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 4 SECONDS



As the four went into the drawing-room
each other's arms. Without changing he

THE Philip Marbles and the Peter Brushes belonged to the older young married crowd whose children, now that they were twenty more or less, were beginning to occupy the stage. From saying "Mrs. Marble and Mary" and "the Peter Brushes," people began to say, "Mary Marble and her mother" and "That's the mother of Larry Brush." It was that trying time when, still in the emotions of youth, parents first feel the roll and wheel of the earth under the tip of the years.

The Marbles had been living abroad since their never appreciable fortune had become thoroughly inappreciable. But when things had begun to look up a bit at home, Philip Marble announced that he was going there.

So they came back to their small sightly place on the Sound. And now abruptly Mary, their daughter, whom they had taken away as a schoolgirl of eighteen, began to show that she was almost twenty and to assume a certain air of being head of the house.

"Of course Mary will marry money," said Philip Marble, her father; "she's a born peach."

"She may not," suggested Margaret Marble, her mother. "What then?"

"She's got to," said Philip grimly.

As for the Brushes, they had stayed on in their town house, it insufficiently staffed, and they ridden by small economies and feeling that three years had been dropped from their lives, with nobody to arrest for the open theft. And their son Larry, first in a period of enforced leisure and then in the time taken from an uninspiring job, had become the star of all the house parties for miles around and of all the meets.

"You never can afford to marry," his father warned him. "You'll be the bachelor beau of all the incoming sets, and totter about, owning good clothes and nothing else."

"I'm going," said Larry, "to marry ten millions."

And then at the Lustrals' water carnival Larry met Mary Marble.

He said, "Let's sit down," and then, when she was seated on the balustrade, well removed from all, Larry began to laugh.

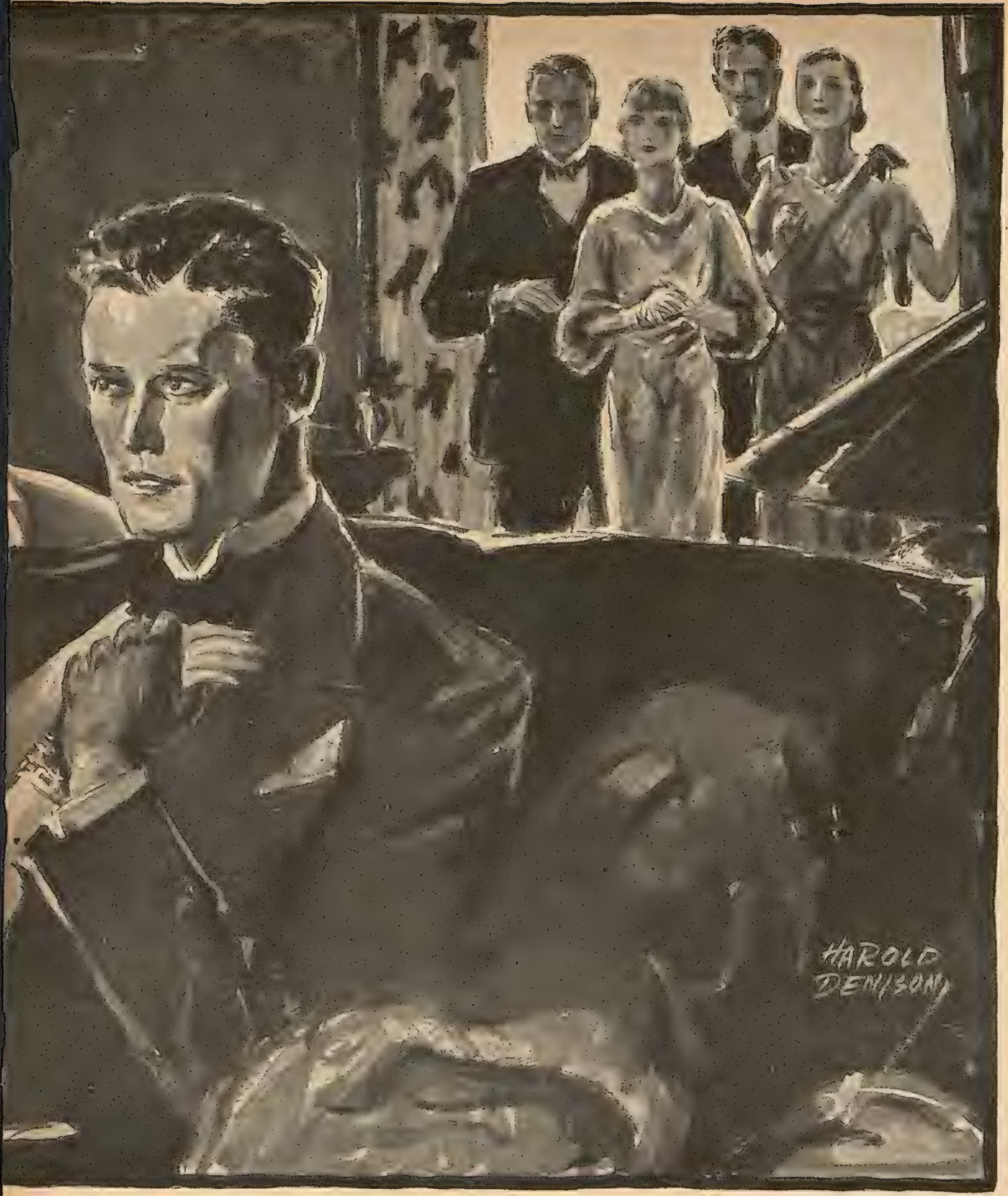
"In the best love story I ever read," said he, "when the man meets the girl, the first thing he says to her is, 'But I always thought you were tall.'"

None could have been more detached than Mary.

"Is it a good story?" she asked. "Tell it to me."

"I will," he said, and looked at her, and looked.

"When?" she asked.



hey saw that Mary and Larry were already there, before the fire and in position much, Mary twisted about and observed: "Hello, mas and pas."

"Would now do?" said Larry still looking at her.

"Suppose we look over the party first," said Mary.

It was, Larry must have told himself as he walked about beside her, miracles. She looked, acted, spoke, laughed, teased, became grave, distrait, remote, gentle—all, all precisely as he had imagined The One. She *was* The One!

He waited for one hour. It was his utmost. It was even before supper. They were in one of the speed boats. Mary sat beside him and she laughed, her very short upper lip just escaping excessively small and even teeth. On no more than that Larry said:

"Here's the rest of that story: I love you."

And Mary incredibly said:

"I adore you. I have for an hour."

"Oh, Lord!" said Larry. "Let's get out of this thing. Let's get into a punt."

In a punt which was lying a little off the beat of the bathers, Larry said:

"There's nothing to it. I get a hundred and twenty-five a month. Let's be married tomorrow."

"I'm supposed to marry money," Mary mentioned.

"There isn't any," said Larry. "So take me."

When, a few days later, this situation presented itself to Peter Brush and to Philip Marble, they lunched at their club and considered the matter. Peter Brush had been lean and worried and had lost a fortune or two even before the panic; and now he drooped on a long-tendoned hand and said:

"Dash it, I'd like to see the kids married. But it won't do."

"Of course it won't do," Philip Marble said morosely.

HE was short and carried his head thrust well forward and made jokes without a change of expression. "Margaret and I," he said, "married on nothing. Of course I don't regret that, but, Lord, it's been a pull and nothing pulled yet. I'd hate to see Mary—"

"All the same," said Peter Brush, "the kids are terribly in love. And that's pretty good stuff, these days."

"Nonsense," Marble growled. "They'll have substitutes in six weeks. You know that."

"But substitutes are not the 'first fine careless rapture'—" Brush began uneasily.

Marble stared. "What's that? Poetry?" he asked suspiciously. "Rot. Both children have been groomed to marry money."

"Maybe their mothers would have some ideas on this," said Brush.

"Maybe they would," Phil Marble agreed. "I'll speak to Margaret and she'll fix up something."

The conference came off a few days later at dinner at the Marbles'.

The Marbles' house was small and smart—a small house but built in the grand manner, and set on a hill looking out to sea, and with a good length of drive winding up between rhododendrons. Peter and Lina Brush swung up this avenue at dusk of the late summer day. They were in a good car, and Peter, driving himself, seemed completely to do so from choice.

Larry's mother, Lina Brush, moved into the hall with Margaret Marble. They were stunning women, upon whom life seemed to have sat lightly. Neither had aged much—and Margaret Marble especially appeared merely to have moved on into some serene area where maturity had met her as a friend. She seemed to have fitted into her age of forty or so, and her skirts and her length of ankle and arm and the line of her hair and the throat of her gown—all these seemed to be right for forty or even less, but without provocation or strain.

For Lina Brush the youth struggle had been a bit harder. Her older elbows had younger sleeves, her lacing throat had a too youthful cut of shoulder, her graying hair a childish growing-out bob, and her skirt was cut for ankles of twenty. But both were charming women, still desirable, and both had taken part gayly and usually with success in a lifelong struggle to "keep up a front."

As the four went into the drawing-room, they saw that Mary and Larry were already there, before the fire and in each other's arms. Without changing her position much, Mary twisted about and observed:

"Hello, mas and pas."

"Not so fast, by Jove," said Mary's father.

"Oh, very fast indeed," Mary said.

"Couldn't we call in some rector *now?*" Larry inquired.

"We have to go to a party first," said Mary. "Good-by, mas and pas."

When the two had gone and the four were about the table, Lina Brush, small and confused and vague though she was, shone round and observed:

"I'd like to see them marry."

"What we want doesn't tell the whole story," said Brush. "When did it, ever?"

"When you and I married it did," Lina brought back smartly. "Are you regretting it too much, Peter?"

"Only for your sake," said Peter. "For see what a nice speech I do, after twenty-two years of it!"

Margaret Marble looked across at Philip Marble. She said, "How about it, Phil?" and let her eyes pass him and rest on the wall slightly above his head. Philip Marble said nothing and his eyes did not even grope for hers. There seemed to be no pretense of anything between these two.

"Our cards are pretty well on the table," Philip Marble said. "Old cards. The children must marry—wisely. That doesn't mean marry each other."

"Not so far as taking Larry for a groom," said Peter Brush. "You know my stuff: Overspending for years—and none of us, I take it, with much to settle on the children. They must marry decently—or sit in a cheap flat all their days. Larry's no business man. I doubt if he ever pulls down more than a couple of hundred a month."

"As for me," said Philip Marble, "if I can see myself through—and pay for my own gas and tires and club dues and a little food and a few fig leaves for Margaret and me, I'm going to be doing pretty well."

"That's me," said Peter Brush. "Lina's been being a brick for years."

"If the kids are to keep on with their crowd," Marble summed up, "they simply can't marry each other."

There was a pause while the roast was served. And now Margaret Marble and Lina looked at each other.

"WE might put the choice up to them," Lina Brush ventured. "Make it clear—"

Both men laughed sourly. "What can you make clear to two in love?" Marble demanded. "They'll choose in haste and be sick enough of their bargain."

"So sick as all that, Philip?" asked Margaret Marble. Again Philip said nothing.

"It seems as if they ought to have some vote," said Lina. "It's really their affair."

"Not at all," said Mrs. Marble. "Don't you remember Fanny's First Play? And how the young lover is trying to tell his father all that Fanny means to him, but the father roars out at him, 'Mind your own business'?"

"What would you do?" said Philip Marble. "Would you let these two maniacs marry?"

"We married," Margaret said.

"Yes, and we were maniacs at the time," said Philip. "If you had married a man with a decent income—"

"I've often thought of that," she said abruptly.

Philip almost shot her a swift look, but apparently thought better of it and stopped it at a decanter.

Over dessert Mrs. Brush rather snapped: "Is the conference ended, then?"

"What else," Peter asked, "is there to say?"

"Nothing," said Margaret Marble suddenly.

Lina regarded her, caught her eye, and echoed: "Nothing."

But when they had left the two men smoking, Margaret and Lina sat over the drawing-room fire and had their private say.

"They'll part those two children," Lina mourned. "And, Margaret, I've never seen two so gorgeously in love. Do their fathers think that anything can take the place of that?"

MARGARET closed her eyes. "I was in love like that," she said. "So was Phil. Lina, what becomes of it? I'm not speaking biologically—there's more to it than that. It wasn't just our wanting children that made Phil and me love each other twenty-two years ago. I tell you, there was more to it than that. Well, but then, after Mary came and was grown—and little Phil had come and—had died—what became of all that 'more'? I don't know. And I don't believe Phil knows."

"But you love each other now—" Lina began uncertainly.

"I do—but if Phil Marble had loved me no more twenty-two years ago than he seems to love me now, he'd have been a bachelor, or he'd have put out to sea, or done any other thing rather than marry me."

"Oh, Pete too," said Lina. "And as for companionship, Peter's no more companionable than a gravestone. Of course I love him, but there it is."

Without warning, Margaret began to cry—and that was a strange thing, as if a statue, beautifully conditioned to its expensive niche, abruptly had begun to shed tears.

"No good in that," Lina said uneasily.

"No good in anything," said Margaret. "Lina, I'm forty-two. Publicly, I'm forty, but you know yourself that I'm forty-two. And you're—well—"

"I'm forty-four," said Lina.

"And what's meant the most to you in forty-four years?"

"Peter and Larry."

"Exactly. For me it was Phil—the time of falling in love and being married. The time of Mary coming and little Phil—all the times together. But I know quite well *why* those meant the most. It wasn't just they themselves. It was because in those times I got something—felt something—knew something that I never had at any other time. Well, I want Mary to have that. You know, Lina, we don't know much about life, really. It takes love and grief and—and courage to let us in."

"An income helps," said Lina Brush.

"You talk like Phil and Peter," said Margaret, "and like everybody else."

"Anyway," said Lina, "I'd like to save the kids."

"Can't we?" asked Margaret Marble. "Can't we . . ."

When the men came up there was a game or two, and then the Brushes went home. As they parted, Lina asked:

"You and Phil have everything settled for the children, have you, Peter?"

"But we're all of one mind, aren't we?" Peter asked her.

"All for comfort and love well lost—no?" murmured Margaret Marble absently.

"I expect you'd like to see Mary and Larry riding in a street car," said Philip Marble sourly.

"I went to Coney Island with you in a street car once," said his wife.

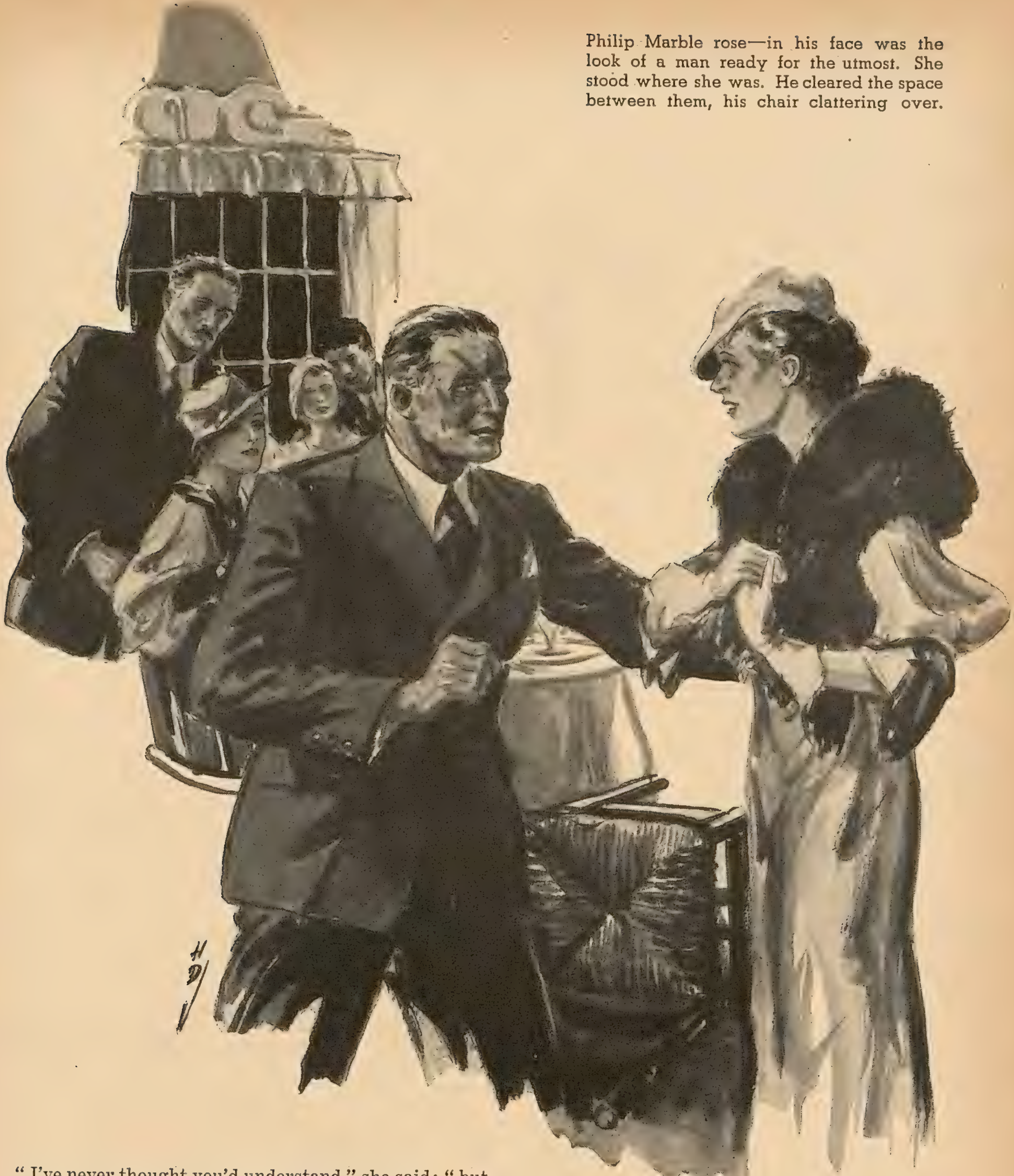
When the Brushes had gone, Margaret shut the drawing-room door. She said abruptly:

"Phil, I've something to tell you."

For the first time that evening, caught by her tone, he looked at her.

"You think," she went on, "you think that life is unbearable for Mary without money. I think so too. I'd hate it for Mary as much as I hate it now for myself."

"Made you unhappy, has it?" Phil asked, his forehead wrinkled, an eyebrow lifted.



Philip Marble rose—in his face was the look of a man ready for the utmost. She stood where she was. He cleared the space between them, his chair clattering over.

" I've never thought you'd understand," she said; " but after tonight I know you will. I don't have to tell you. You said it all—down there at the table. When you were talking about Mary, dreading all this for her, I saw that you know all about what I've been going through. I saw you do understand."

" Understand what—just exactly? " he demanded. He was looking at her intently now.

" Understand me if I tell you that I can't stand the strain of it any longer."

" Are you a lunatic? " Philip asked curtly and began moving toward her. She faced him quietly.

" You know quite well what I mean," she said. " This that you feel for Mary I feel for myself. I've had years of it. Petty economies—turning my good clothes inside out— Now I'm done."

He tossed his cigarette into the fire and came slowly toward her, saying:

" You don't love me any more, Margaret."

" You know what happens to love," she said. " You said so yourself, tonight."

" But has it—has it happened to us? "

" Why not? We've grown crabbed—sometimes we're horrible to each other. Being poor and trying to carry on must have made us so. Well, I've had enough."

He kept on staring at her incredulously.

" What are you going to do? " he asked.

" I'm going to leave you."

His voice sounded as if it came from a mouth dry and stiff.

"Leave—leave Mary?" he asked. "What do you mean?"

"I didn't have much to say about Mary tonight. Mary'll be quite all right."

"But what on earth are you going to do?" he cried.

"I could have made my way before I was married. Women do it who haven't much brains. I've always known I could get on—if I tried. Now I'm going to try."

Now he moved away from her, turned his back.

"I'd no idea you felt like this," he said.

"It's been plain to me—to every one—how you've felt. You know, Phil," she challenged him suddenly, "that you feel relief at what I've said."

"No!" he said sharply. "I'm damned if I do! People—" he began. "People—" He paused.

ZONA GALE

was born in Portage, Wis., and still lives there. Graduated from the University of Wisconsin and engaged in journalism in New York City and Milwaukee. In 1921 her play, Miss Lulu Bett, dramatized from her novel of the same name, won the Pulitzer prize. Has written many novels, plays, and stories. Is the wife of a Portage banker.

"Ah, 'people'! Yes, they'll talk. But they'll forget. And so will you—and so shall I."

"You will?" he said. "You will, Margaret—"

A latchkey turned in the lock and there were voices in the hall. Mary and Larry looked in. "We came home to talk," Mary said. "Dancing's no good any more."

"To talk and to eat," Larry Brush explained.

They looked all youth and spring, when the earth was young, or fairly so, and when the stars were rather less used than now. They were youth, without a line or a shadow, with the blood running swiftly through smooth and colored flesh, and the mind without corners and cobwebs. Two evidently made for each other, one would say, or, if not so designed, now, at this high moment, perfectly adapted. They were in the midst of the miracle of seeing more in everything, because of love and each other.

"Look here, you two—" Marble began uncertainly.

"Meet us at the icebox in the pantry!" Mary directed, and went, pulling Larry after her.

And abruptly Margaret Marble was swept by a gust of wild weeping—it might be for them, for herself, for Philip—or for life as she and Philip had known it.

"Margaret," said Marble huskily, "you haven't cried like that—since the boy died. Is it that you don't want—is it because—"

She sprang up and eluded him.

"It's because there's no other way," she said, and ran up the stairs.

Mary and Larry discussed it in the pantry.

"Something ailed them," said Mary. "Do you know what I think? Dad's off our marrying—we know that. But mother hasn't said anything. I'll bet she was trying to put over something for us."

"I don't know," said Larry. "Mothers don't try to put over so much for you, do they? I think mine is bunked in with dad about us. They think we—"

"I think *your* mother knows better," Mary said acutely.

"MAYBE so," said Larry, "but dad'll get her. He always does."

"I rather thought the mas were on our side."

"Gosh, you can't get a parent to decide with you. Say, is that jellied chick intended for lunch tomorrow, or something?"

"Not now," said Mary. "And, Larry, if that's true," she went on but not about the chicken, "we've got to do something."

"That's what I've been saying. Would you marry me right away?"

Mary was dreamily slicing chicken.

"I didn't think so," she said; "but oh, Larry, I think so now."

"First the chicken and then matrimony?"

"Matrimony tomorrow," said Mary. "Don't rush things so." . . .

Marble breakfasted alone next morning and left the house without seeing his wife. And Marble, who usually drove down thinking about bills due and payable and about accounts uncollectable—Marble was driving down and thinking:

"Margaret. *Margaret!* It isn't possible. But my Lord, she meant it! She certainly meant it. I know Margaret and I know she meant it. But *do* I know her? How the devil could she fool me so long? Acted as interested in economizing as any other woman—did her part as if she liked it. And all the time—"

He looked round at all the other cars driving down.

"Poor devils," he thought, staring at the men who drove them.

And for a flash, a breath, he seemed to be thinking their thoughts: Of money, bills, accounts, shrinkages, comebacks—and of the women who shared all this, a company invisible about all the cars driving down—the women who cared, who planned, who tried, who loved. He felt a devastating loneliness, as if only he, among them all, was without a woman who cared and planned and loved.

So he kept on saying over:

"Margaret. *Margaret!* It can't be possible!"

HE got through the morning, reached the club a quarter of an hour early, and found Peter Brush pacing the foyer. The man looked ravaged.

"Something shut down on you, old boy?" Marble asked, and momentarily before his friend's abject state his own misery was forgotten.

Peter Brush had retained, and so had Philip, sufficient normalcy to order carefully a rather excellent lunch. Then they faced each other across the table.

"Phil," said Peter Brush solemnly, "Lina's leaving me for another man."

"My God!" said Philip.

"She told me," said Peter, "last night—sitting by the window in our bedroom, with her hair all rumpled—"

"What difference does it make how her hair was?" Philip demanded irritably. "What did she *say?*"

"Well," said Larry, "she said— It's the darnedest thing, Phil. Lina—seems Lina has been believing all along exactly what we talked there last night. And this guy has got money—can give her all that I've tried to give her—and she's going with him, Phil. After all we've been through together, she's going off with some cheese—"

"Lord Almighty!" said Marble. "You don't suppose Margaret's got some man hung on too?"

"Who said anything about Margaret?" snarled Peter.

"I did," said Marble. "Peter—Margaret's leaving me. But she didn't say anything about any man."

"Leaving you, is she?" cried Peter. "Of course there's a man! She'd never leave you unless it was for some other man. It's some man with money, Phil—some filthy four-flusher. Leaving you, is she? What the hell do you make of it?"

"I don't know," said Marble. "I don't know."

They were silent while the waiter set before them a savory soup, and they fell upon this soup as upon some salvation while they talked on.

"I'll make no secret of it, Peter," Philip said. "Margaret and I haven't always got on. We've been on each other's nerves quite a bit—you know how that is. But I'd have sworn that she felt about me as I feel about her. What an eternal fool I've been not to see this thing before! But would you think a woman of her sense—brilliant common sense, I always called—"

"I've told Larry a thousand times," Brush broke in, "that if ever he could marry a woman with his mother's sense—but you don't find 'em."

"No," said Marble, "you don't find 'em."

"But look at 'em now!" shouted Peter Brush.

"I think," said Marble solemnly, "Margaret must be out of her mind—"

"Look out," said Peter. "Here comes Larry."

Larry came over to them, looking as if life sat on his shoulder and ate from his hand.

"I've got an invitation for you," he announced. "I've been trying to get you. I've got mom and Mrs. Marble. Mary and I want you to meet us at Tarvish's for dinner tonight. Seven sharp. Coming?"

"What did your mother say?" Peter Brush demanded, trembling.

"She's game," said Larry. "Mary's mother wasn't so certain."

"Did—did my wife say she might go?" Marble tried to ask.

"She seemed to think she'd risk it," said Larry. "Any reason why not?"

"We'll be around," Marble agreed heavily. "M-m-m. All right with you, Brush?"

"Seems so," Peter said.

Announcing Liberty's

ALL-PLAYERS ALL-AMERICA FOOTBALL TEAM FOR 1934

AGAIN, at this season's close, Liberty will present an All-Players All-America Football Team.

Again it will be selected by the method which Liberty sponsored and introduced last year, and which met with the approval of football fans, players, and coaches, and other experts everywhere. Without exception they agreed that this new method was the best yet devised for picking an All-America that would really represent the finest football talent throughout the country.

As last year, the 1934 All-Players All-America will be determined by ratings made by players. They know far more about the abilities and the weaknesses of their opponents than any onlooker can know. Each judging player will rate men he has opposed in each of the fundamentals of the play of their positions.

Already Liberty's printed rating blanks have been sent to 2,600 players in 130 of the country's major colleges and universities. These ratings will be compiled mathematically, and the resulting percentages—and nothing and no one else—will decide who is who on the All-Players All-America and on the second and third teams, the All-Sectional teams, and the honorable mention list, which Liberty will also present. Watch for them!

"All enthusiasm, I see," said Larry. "Mary and I'll have to have zip for the bunch. 'By, dads!"

"Look here," said Peter, when Larry had gone. "What do you make of it? Their being willing to go there—Lina and Margaret?"

Marble lifted his eyes without lifting his face.

"I'll tell you what I think," he said. "I think they're going to have a farewell dinner—I'll bet it's the two of them that have arranged this dinner—"

The waiter set down the sole with a sauce to make inroads on any misery, and potatoes certainly fried in heaven, and coffee from some still better place.

"There's nothing like a good cup of coffee," said Peter sadly, "and yet, Phil—"

"That's it," said Philip Marble. "That's it." . . .

Tarvish's is a small inn on a country road, where no music and excellent food are stressed. On that twilight—rich in purples and soft with grays—it seemed a place set for nothing but gayety.

Sometime before seven o'clock that evening Peter Brush arrived and found Marble already there.

"Lina left a note," Peter said. "Had the nerve to say she'd meet me here. I haven't seen her since last night and her ultimatum. My gosh, I'm a wreck! Where's Margaret? She leave a note too?"

"No," said Marble soberly, "she didn't. Peter, I don't believe that she'll come here. I don't believe that I'm ever going to see Margaret any more."

"Of course," said Peter loudly, "I don't *want* to see Lina—there! Who's that?"

From the taxi at the door Lina had alighted.

"Don't look like that, man," Marble growled.

"All I look is firm," Peter muttered. "I'll show her!"

LINA came in quite gayly, greeted them casually, asked where the children were, and didn't mention Margaret. She was wearing blue, with a huge corsage of orchids.

"Orchids," said Peter—that one word.

"I'm ashamed to wear them, they cost so much," said Lina. "Still—"

"I should have thought," said Peter stiffly, "that at this one last dinner you might have had the grace—"

"Peter," said Lina, "I promised the man who sent me these that I'd wear them tonight. What can that possibly matter to you?"

"Nothing, by gad. Nothing!" cried Peter Brush.

"Of course not," said Lina gently.

Now the small preoccupied innkeeper came and bowed them into the room reserved for them—a pretty room, with a flowery table and a wood fire.

And before the fire stood Mary and Larry.

"Hello, mas and pas," Mary said. "Oh, but where's mother?"

"Mary," said Philip Marble, "I don't know. I don't know. Your mother is going to leave me."

"Dad *dear!*" Mary cried. "Why on earth?"

"Because it seems I can't provide for her as she'd like," said Philip heavily. He pulled out one of the table chairs and sat down. "I'm not—not rich enough for her, it seems."

"I can't believe it's true," said Mary. "Larry—can you believe it of mother?"

"Not of your mother, darling," said Larry. "If it were your father, now—"

"What do you mean by that?" snapped Marble.

"Lina," cried Peter Brush, "tell Larry—tell them both—what you've told me!"

"Oh, let's have one little peaceful dinner first," she protested, settling her orchids.

"Larry!" cried his father. "Your mother is leaving me—taking up with some fool with money—"

AT this Mary and Larry looked at each other and began to laugh, heartily, uproariously; and there was Lina Brush suddenly laughing with them.

"It makes a difference, doesn't it, who takes up with money?" Lina said impudently, and she was looking straight at Peter. And Peter, who had stood glaring at her, now cast about wildly, and turned back to her, and then went swiftly and took her fiercely by the shoulders and looked into her eyes.

And out of the world that opened to him he caught at one fact.

"Those orchids!" he said feebly.

"Ask Larry," said Lina, and kissed Peter.

Now the small preoccupied innkeeper, tapping discreetly, came showing in Margaret Marble, looking young and calm and wearing lemon and gray fox.

"I'm sorry to be late," she said, "but I wanted to make an entrance. I just got back my last year's crêpe, all turned, and trimmed with my old fox scarf. Do you like it, Phil?"

Philip Marble rose—not much of a figure, growing stout, growing gray as he was, but in his face was the look of a man ready for the utmost.

"Margaret!" he said breathlessly. "Confound you, Margaret—"

She stood where she was, her face all tenderness and laughter. He cleared the space between them, his chair clattering over.

"Don't look like that!" she cried. "Silly! I didn't want Mary to miss the fun I've had."

"But, confound you, Margaret," Philip kept on absorbedly saying—and looking at her, and looking.

"Now you both see," said Lina severely, "what you were going to do to the children. And we hope you'll both—"

"If anybody's interested," Larry spoke up, "Mary and I have just been married. Welcome to the wedding dinner—when you're not busy."

"My word, Lina," Margaret cried, "then you and I needn't have staged any of that!"

But Lina said: "Oh, I don't know!" And Margaret added: "Yes, after all—"

And the preoccupied innkeeper announced dinner.

THE END

$2,000 EDUCATIONAL GAME OF POSTAGE STAMPS

WITH this issue Liberty's Educational Game of Postage Stamps begins. Probably no other pastime has as many followers throughout the world as philately or stamp collecting. Perhaps no pastime is as broadly educational. Geography, history, a knowledge of foreign currencies, much interesting and valuable knowledge regarding international economic relationships naturally accrue to those whose pastime is stamp collecting. Almost every boy and girl goes through the stamp-collecting stage and millions continue on throughout life. You yourself probably collected stamps, although possibly you did not continue it into the maturer years. And so, in recognition of this international pastime or avocation, Liberty inaugurates its Educational Game of Postage Stamps.

The rules appearing elsewhere on this page are simple and easy to follow. It is purely a matter of identifying the countries issuing the stamps reproduced, plus a short message as indicated in Rule 2. We have purposely made it so easy that every one, whether he or she has ever collected stamps or not, has an equal chance with the most expert philatelist to win one of the valuable cash prizes. The philatelist may make his identification somewhat more quickly, but, with a little research, the noncollector can produce an entry equal or superior to that of the veteran collector.

By all means enter the Educational Game of Postage Stamps. If you are now a collector the knowledge you already have may net you a handsome cash prize. If not now a collector, it holds out an opportunity to get well paid for acquiring interesting information regarding the world in which we live.

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish photographs of a number of postage stamps issued by foreign countries. On each stamp the name of the country of issue will be blotted out, and the object of the game is to determine the countries by which the various stamps were issued.

2. Cash prizes as listed in the schedule on this page will be awarded to the 223 entries which most accurately identify the countries by which the stamps were issued, accompanied by a message of not more than fifty words telling "Which country of those represented in the contest I would rather visit, and why."

3. The most accurately identified set of stamps accompanied by the best message will be awarded the first prize, etc. Messages will be judged on the basis of interest, originality, plausibility, and neatness.

4. Any one, anywhere, may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

5. Write or type the name of the country of issue in the space beneath each stamp. Carefully executed tracings of the stamps are acceptable. Hold all of your identifications until you have the complete set of ten groups. Write or type your name and address plainly on the first sheet of your entry. Then mail them, together with your message, to Liberty Game of Postage Stamps, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

6. Do not submit ornately decorated entries. This is a needless expense and will have no influence upon your being awarded a prize.

7. All entries must be received not later than Wednesday, December 26, which is the closing date of this contest.

8. The Contest Board of Liberty will be the judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. No correspondence can be entered into regarding entries.

THE 223 CASH PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, each $10	200
200 PRIZES, each $5	1,000

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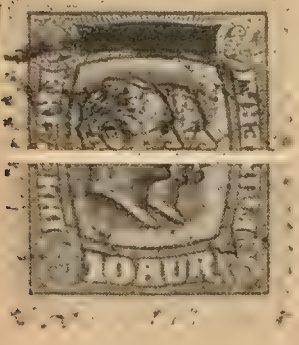

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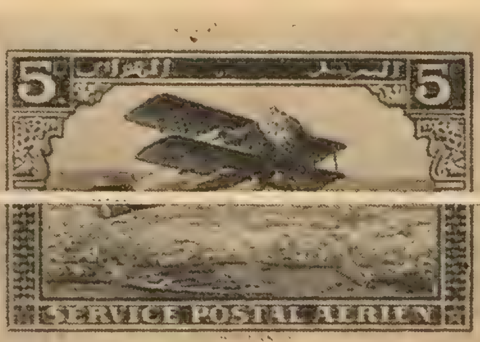

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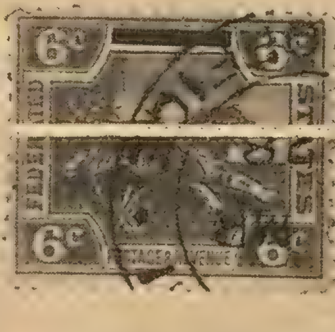

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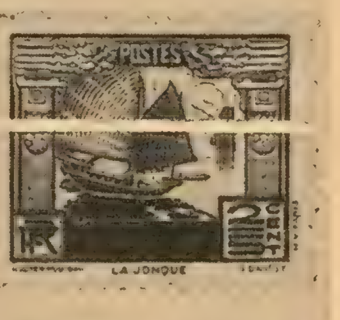

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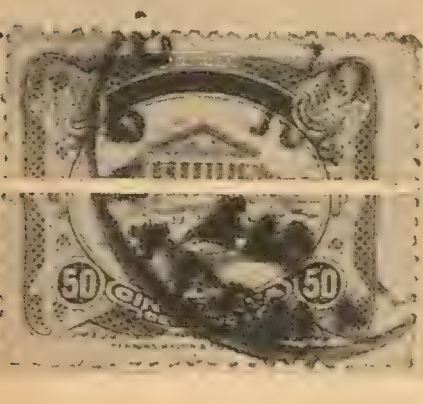

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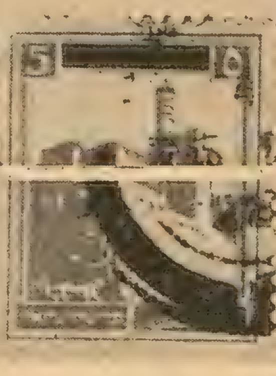

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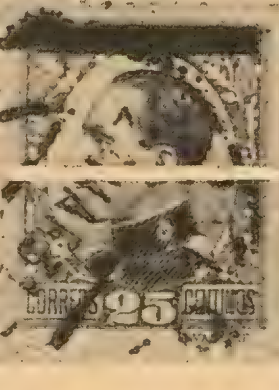

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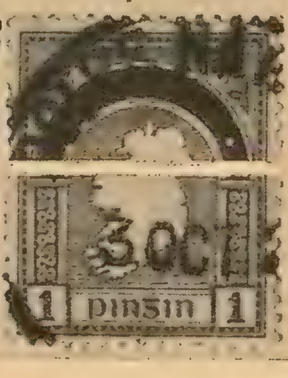

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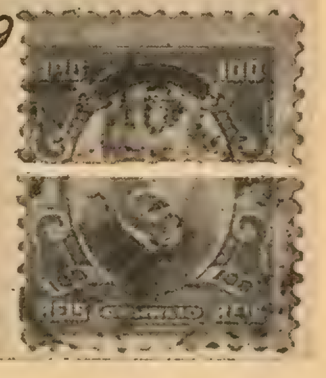
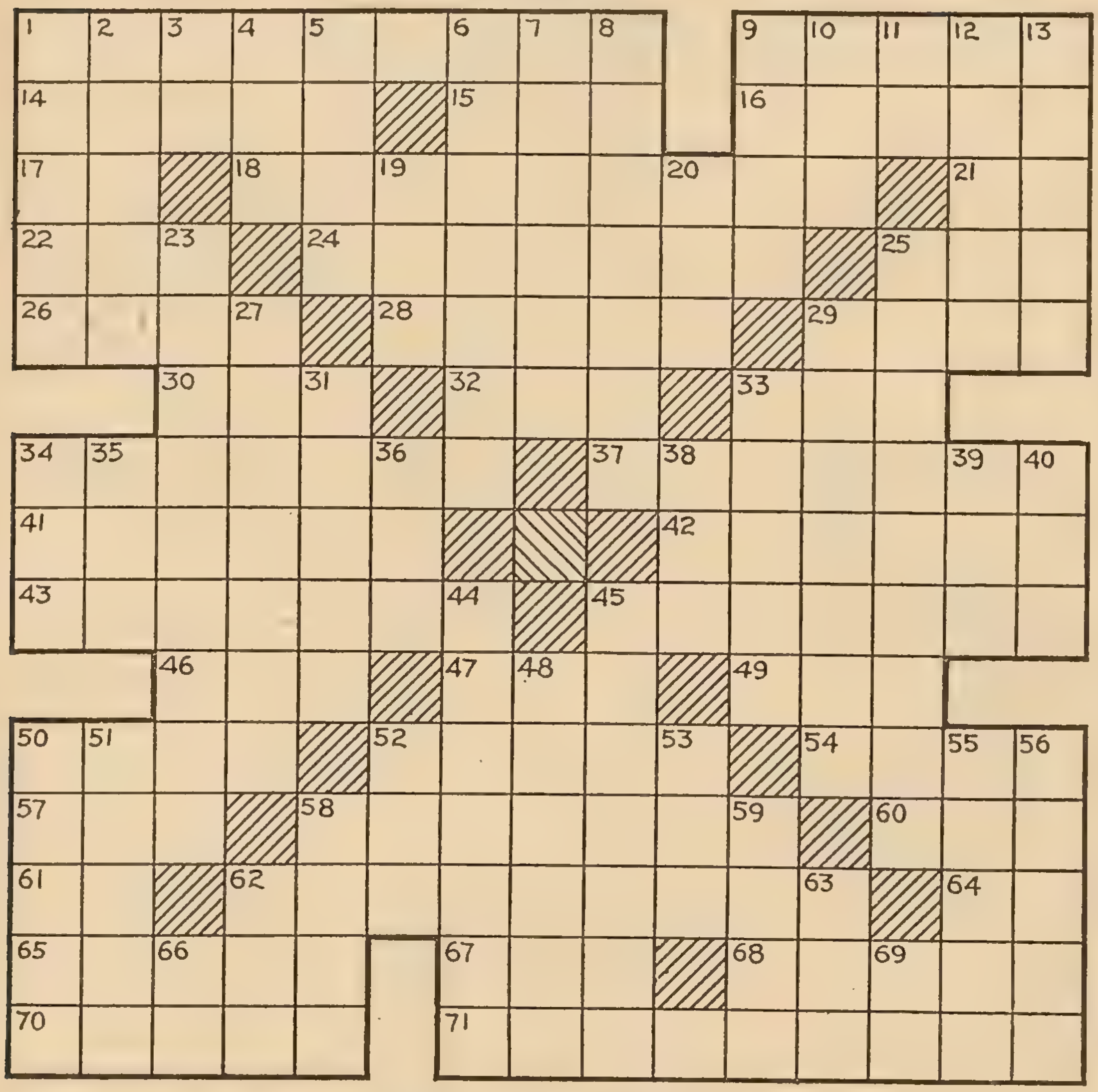


THIS IS GROUP No. 1--MORE STAMPS NEXT WEEK

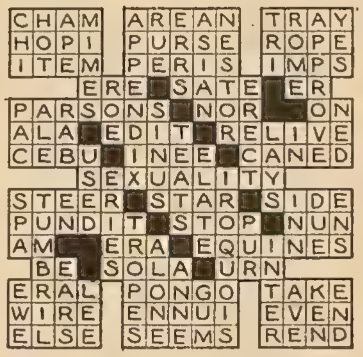
Cockeyed Cross Words

By Ted Shane



HORIZONTAL

1 These are pink after drinking; attached to their trunks and never seen without them
9 Knowing the fellow, we wonder if this isn't another rank lie of Munchausen's
14 He paid when Juliet
15 The timing on this is indefinite
16 A woman supporter men admire
17 The limited flyer gets along on this (abbr.)
18 Old-time oasis on the great American desert
21 He who hesitates says this
22 Onion Nibblers of the Congo (abbr.)
24 Sees a mouse (feminine)
25 A four-legged sleeper
26 These sound cheering
28 The only piggish things they don't make use of in the Chicago packing houses
29 Spanish tree whiskers
30 What gangsters do to please their bosses. (You've got to have a good one to be a big shot)
32 Scrambled compass points
33 The cry of the full man
34 The kind of machinery that keeps men on the go
37 A glassy-eyed fellow
41 A water mark
42 You drive to this green in Scotland and get hooked
43 Drove like a woman
45 A puzzling act
46 Expression of surprise
47 Rumbleseat Sufferers' League (abbr.)
49 May in France
50 Cat
52 Old-time Greek lady kibitzers
54 Bar men (abbr.)



Answer to last week's puzzle

57 Empty Noodle Exercisers (abbr.)
58 To trek
60 The dope in the family tree
61 A note from Bing Crosby
62 The after effects of too many setting-up exercises
64 A headache pa is troubled with
65 This'll bring tears to your eyes
67 Feminine name for a rib
68 The best city in Ohio to go to retire
70 Where coo-coo birds dwell
71 You've got to give a hoot to express this (plural)

VERTICAL

1 A flaw on the diamond
2 This gal was never Doone wrong
3 Keep this up and you'll get emaciated
4 A step in Cæsar's time
5 Frogs' legs are full of these
6 Approaching
7 Souvenirs
8 Pussyfooted
9 This got on the line and never got off
10 The number of marriages a Hollywood star usually has
11 Royal Knuts (abbr.)
12 Oily beginnings of things
13 This is a horrid word
19 Educated Crosseyed Olive-eaters (abbr.)
20 Henglish hactors
23 Sparkling giggle water
25 Interior decorators
27 Old-time gas buggy
29 The kind of water you draw with a pick and shovel
31 A thousand for the French
33 The man with the hoe
34 Short hours
35 Union of Idle Tattooers (abbr.)
36 How a Frenchwoman gets her start in life
38 Royal Gumchewing Horsemen (abbr.)
39 The tail-wagging department is situated on a dog's this
40 This girl sounds bright
44 Pulled along
45 An instrument played by butchers in Cleaverland, so Gracie Allen says
48 Tried very hard yesterday
50 You'll usually find a pickaninny up to his ears in this
51 Built like Gracie Allen
52 Fish motor
53 Society of Tired Eelcatchers (abbr.)
55 Pythias's b. f.
56 Bridges over
58 Whose legs help support a man support a woman?
59 There are times and times: these are some of them
62 What steam-lined radiators are
63 Greta Garbo shoe tree
66 Lives and breathes
69 The end of faro (and the puzzle)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

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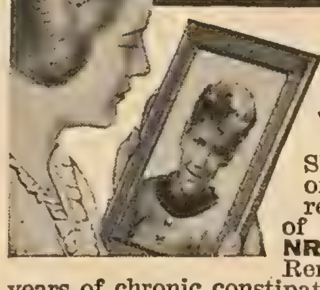
CONSTIPATED
After Her
First Baby



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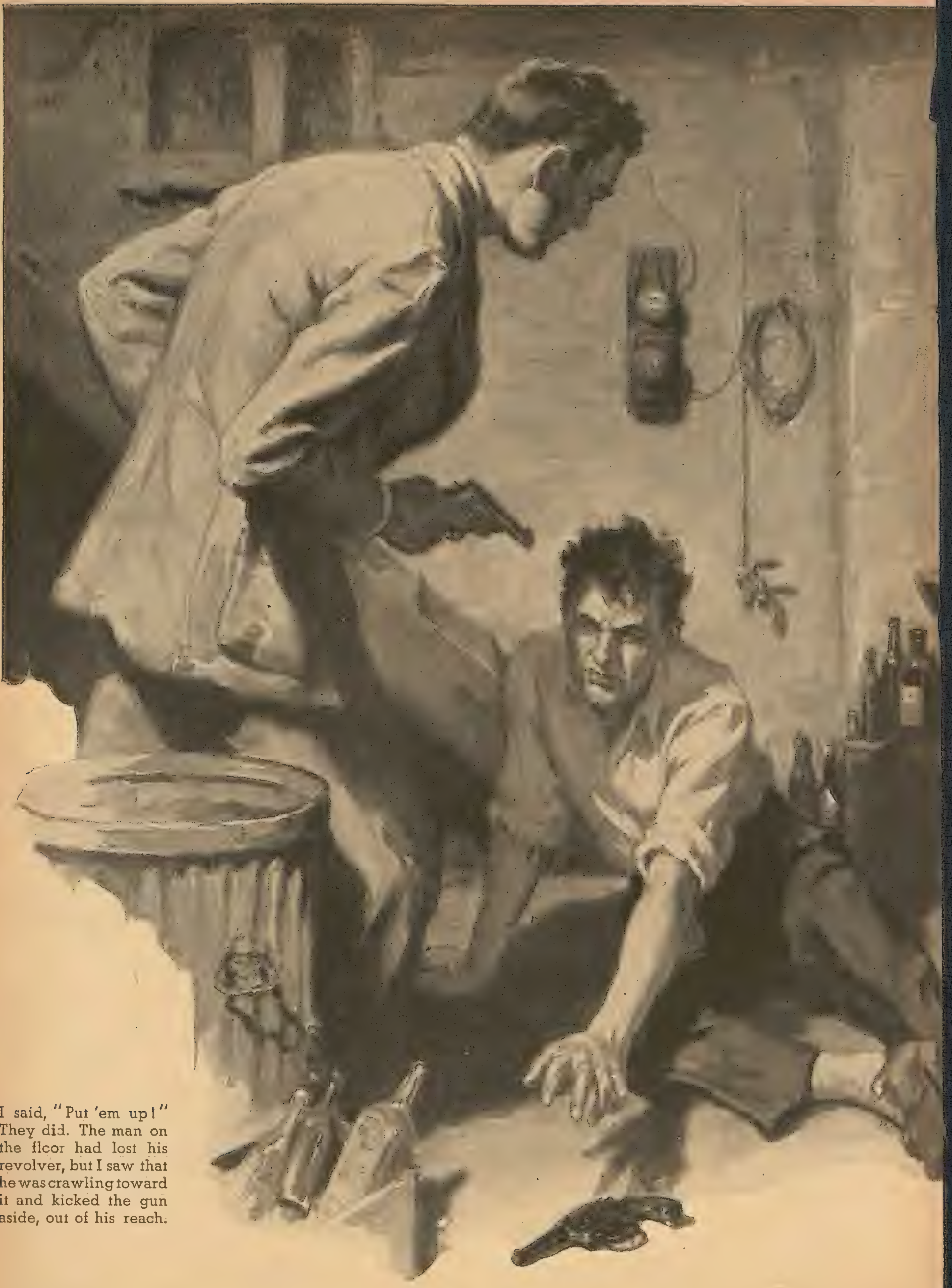
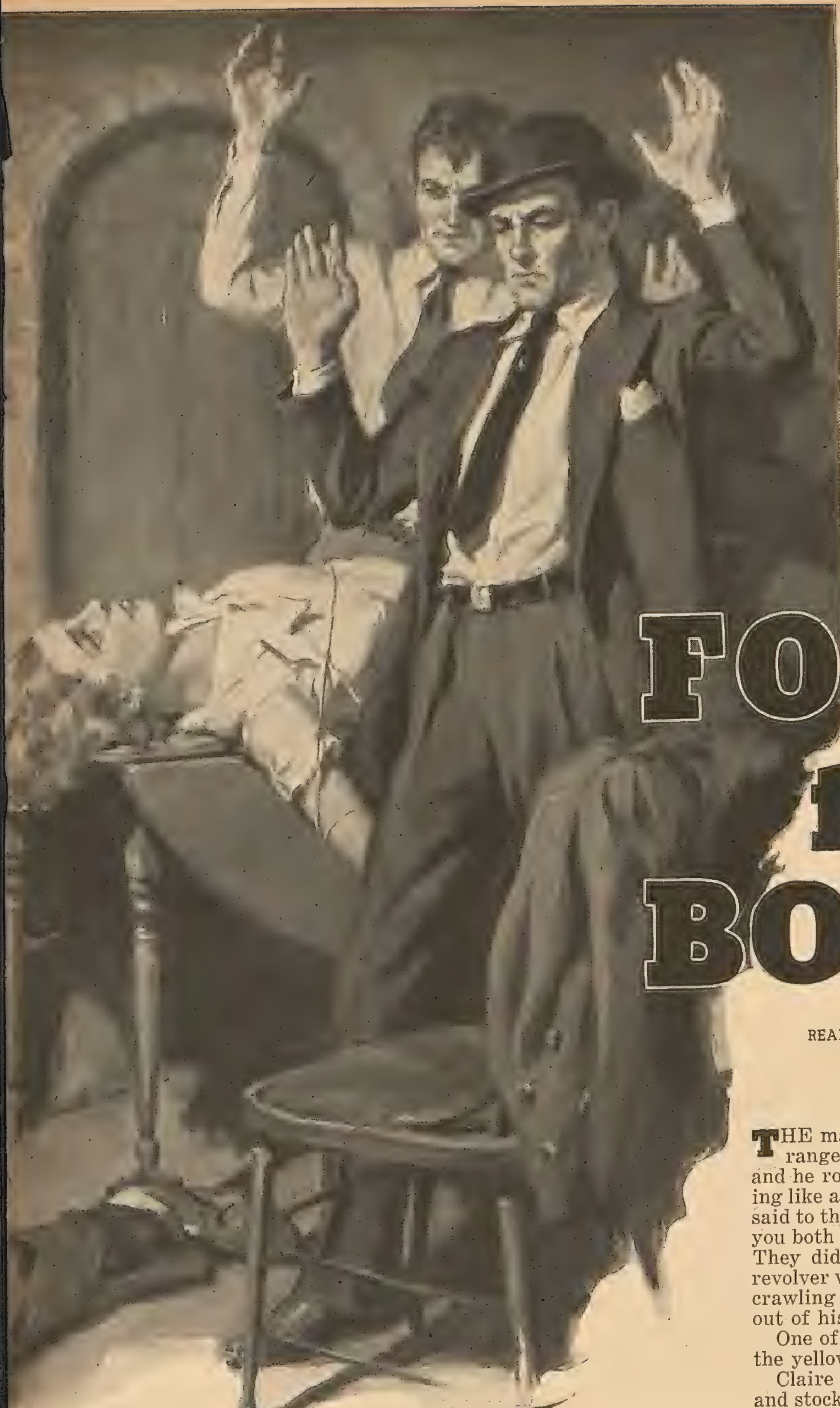


I said, "Put 'em up!" They did. The man on the floor had lost his revolver, but I saw that he was crawling toward it and kicked the gun aside, out of his reach.



Who Killed Brierly? And Why? Was Mary Boley Also Murdered? Your Last Chance to Solve These Mysteries Yourself

I FOUND the BODIES

READING TIME ● 16 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

PART FOUR — CONCLUSION

THE man's aim was bad. Even at such short range, his bullet missed me. I shot back, and he rocked to the floor and lay there quivering like a gaffed fish. His leg began to bleed. I said to the other two, " Put 'em up! I can wing you both before either of you can reach a gun." They did. The man on the floor had lost his revolver when he dropped, but I saw that he was crawling toward it and I kicked the gun aside, out of his reach.

One of the men there was the small egg with the yellow face and the big ears.

Claire was tied to a table. She had one shoe and stocking off and a cigar was smoldering beside her foot. I untied her, and as I worked I told the three guys that I hoped they'd move, because I wanted to kill them. I meant it. I think they knew it.

The small egg began to talk as I started to untie Claire. " You'll regret this," he said. " I'm a detective. An officer of the law."

" Yeah. I know how you stand with the Commissioner."

His tone changed. " Look here, guy. We weren't going to burn her. Just scare her."

by PHILIP WYLIE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. D. STEVENS

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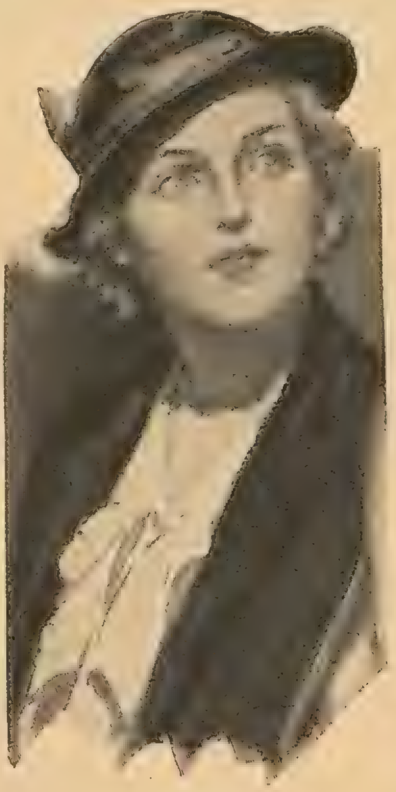
"Dandy!" I had Claire pretty much untied. She sat up.

"This girl was in my employ. She had facts she wouldn't state to me. I—"

"I see what you did," I said. "Come on, Claire, let's get going."



Claire had nerve. She looked at them and at me. "They thought I knew something about Hungerford they could use for blackmail," she said. "Shall I go upstairs and call the police?"

"That's a damn' lie!" the little bird yelled. "We're not blackmailers—" He raised his voice and kept raising it. "We hired this girl to do some investigation of Hungerford. She has behaved in a stupid way—"

"Stop yelling," I said. "If you're thinking of attracting the attention of your boy friend upstairs, don't waste your breath. He's cold."

I began backing out. Claire came with me, carrying her shoe and stocking. We locked the men into the room and ran out of the house.

Three blocks away I found a cab. We started back to New York through the Holland Tunnel.

"The last time I was out of work," Claire said, "I got wind of a job in a detective agency. I thought it would be fun."

"Picked the wrong agency," I answered. "No kind of work for a swell girl, anyway."

"That was Powers himself in the cellar. All he is is a blackmailer."

"Lots of them are."

"When he hired me, he made me try to get into Hungerford, Watkins, Brierly and Bents as reception clerk. I did. He was working for a man in Kansas City who thought Hungerford had swindled him."

"I know all about that."

She looked at me in surprise. "Well—I couldn't find out anything. I listened on all the phone calls I could. I did learn that you were going to be arrested. Remember?"

"Vividly."

"Yesterday Powers said there would be a 'conference' in Jersey. I was supposed to go to it this afternoon, and I did. They've been questioning me ever since. It was awful!"

"WHY did they question you, exactly?"

"Because they thought I knew more than I would tell them. They had decided that the Kansas City client was going to drop them. He wouldn't tell them in detail what it was all about. They thought if they could find out precisely what Hungerford's swindle was, they could blackmail him. They blackmail lots of people. And they were sure I knew something. I guess that the way I acted after Mr. Brierly's murder made them suspicious of me. I was a bum detective. But if I acted badly, it was only because I was frightened to death all the time. You don't think I know things, do you?"

"I do not. What a guy! Powers thought that a case of his was going to fall apart without giving him the grounds for a little hush-money collecting. So he put the lug on you on the chance you'd come through with something. Damn it, Claire, you should have told me you were a lady dick."

SHE hugged my arm. "Haven't I been wishing it all day!"

"We'll go up to my place," I said.

Powers's dirty little tricks made me boil. I called him names until she stopped me. I swore that in the morning we'd give the Police Commissioner enough information to put Powers out of business.

Claire said she was hungry.

I kissed her a couple of times. "We'll eat at my place," I said. Then I remembered that she probably did not know about Hungerford's death. Mr. Powers had spent the afternoon trying to weasel a little dirt from her. I told her.

She cried.

I maundered, the way you do. I said we'd come out all right, and that if the company went to pieces we could get other jobs. I said that I'd saved enough money for both of us for a long time.

I agreed with her that Hungerford had been a nice guy.

Then, under a street lamp, I saw my name in the headlines of a lot of papers tacked up on a news stand.

BROWN SOUGHT IN BRIERLY MURDER

Warrant for Arrest of Hungerford Employee—Will Be Questioned on Other Deaths—First-Degree Murder Charge

I bought a paper.

Claire and I read as much as we could while we waited for a traffic light on Fifth Avenue.

The old Zanesville story was now public property. I guessed that Hungerford's suicide had caused the administration to howl at the D. A. and the police, and that they were indicting the one person in sight—me. Only—the newspaper said I was missing. I was supposed to be in flight, a fugitive from justice.

The railroads were being watched and so on. I was being charged with first-degree murder, and the idea was that I had killed Brierly because he had killed my father long ago in

France. Of course that couldn't be proved and was only "alleged." But the police had a goat, and the goat was missing. It was a good story.

"I don't think we will go to my apartment," I said.

Claire shook her head. "No."

She'd cried when I told her about Hungerford—more because she had felt badly than because she was scared. Now she was terrified, and she wasn't crying. I was alarmed myself. More than alarmed.

"Just drive around Central Park," I said to the cabman.

Claire took my arm again. "Oh, honey," she said, "you've got to think fast!"

"I'm trying."

"We can't drive around all night. And if you show up anywhere, they'll arrest you." She kissed me.

"Did Powers know anything—about the firm, the murders, or anything else at all?" I asked.

"He just knew what the Kansas City man told him—that Hungerford might be swindling him out of an investment."

"No good. Burden was a cagy guy. Well—"

"They couldn't possibly convict you on that story," Claire said.

"No."

Neither of us was too positive.

"Can't we get away—"

I shook my head. "That's the wrong dope. We've got to give them a better suspect—or I've got to turn myself in and take my chances with the law."

"Oh—Bob!"

She was holding me. I'd doubled up my fists and was banging my knee. My head burned with the idea that somewhere in the background were hints that could be used to clear me of suspicion. Trifles, perhaps. Hints in the behavior of the people. In what they had said.

"I couldn't bear to have you in jail!"

"I couldn't bear to be there, darling. Damn it all—"

Then I got my second idea of the past many months. It hit me like a brick. I thought it over and said to the driver, "Take me to a drug store where there's a phone."

I wasn't sure.

"What are you going to do?" Claire asked.

"Nothing, maybe."

I hopped out of the cab and trotted into a phone booth. I felt as if the whole police department were breathing hotly on my shoulder blades. I called Captain Watkins's apartment. He answered the telephone.

"Look," I said. "This is Bob Brown. I suppose you've seen that there's a warrant out for my arrest."

"Yes, I have, Bob."

"Well, captain, I'm going to give myself up. But before I do there are two or three things I'd like to tell you. I wondered if I could come up?"

HE thought that over. "All right."

"And—would you get Bents there too?"

"Bents has been at police headquarters—and may still be there. If he isn't, I'll have him."

"Thanks. And Westlock?"

He became impatient. "Westlock lives in the suburbs."

"Never mind—get him. I won't be around for an hour and a half."

"Well—"

"It's important. Think of the charge against me!"

"All right."

I scuttled back into the cab. We continued our ride around the park. An hour and a half of it. I wouldn't let Claire talk about the murder and the events related to the other deaths. Instead we talked about where we would live when all this was ended and about when we'd get married and what Claire would wear at the wedding. We had a grand time, all things considered.

When I was good and ready I gave the address of Watkins's apartment.

Claire and I went up in an elevator together. It was the kind of an apartment you would expect a retired shipmaster to have—neat, compact, shiny. Lots of brass ornaments, clocks that struck the bells, and so on. Captain Watkins opened the door, and frowned when he saw Claire. Bents was sitting in an easy-chair. He said that he was sorry I was in trouble and that the charges were, of course, nonsense. Westlock was also there. He looked at me as if I were a felon and you could see him shake.

I sat down, with Claire in a chair at my side. I set my derby, bump up, in my lap. I looked at every one until Watkins said, "Well, Brown, what did you want to tell us? I've brought every one you asked for."

"I'm going to give myself up," I began, staring at the ceiling. "I'm not guilty. But I've known I was suspected for a long time—so I've kept my eyes open. I've learned some things you gentlemen should know, I think."

"Such as what?" Bents asked.

"For one thing, I learned that about a year ago Hungerford got pressed for money—and pulled a con game. A big one."

"The hell he did!" Bents exclaimed.

I GLANCED idly at Watkins and nodded. I told them the details. When I had finished Bents whistled. "Are you positive of all that?"

I next looked at Claire. "Miss Winton," I said, "is in the employment of a detective agency. She was hired to watch Hungerford. Today she was given a third degree by the agency that hired her, in the hope that she could tell something about the swindle which the agency could use to blackmail Hungerford."

Westlock looked goggle-eyed at Claire. "A detective!" he whispered nervously.

Captain Watkins shook his head slowly.

"That's neither here nor there," I continued. "Miss Winton wasn't able to supply the heel that employed her with anything he could use against Hungerford."

Bents said, "Do you think, then, that some one Hungerford had stuck possibly pushed him out of his window today?"

"Who? No one was in his office. I think Hungerford was ashamed of himself and sick of being lambasted by his wife. I think he jumped."

The captain nodded. "So do I, under the circumstances. I'm glad you came and told us this, Brown."

Bents said, "Me too. You may be sure that Captain

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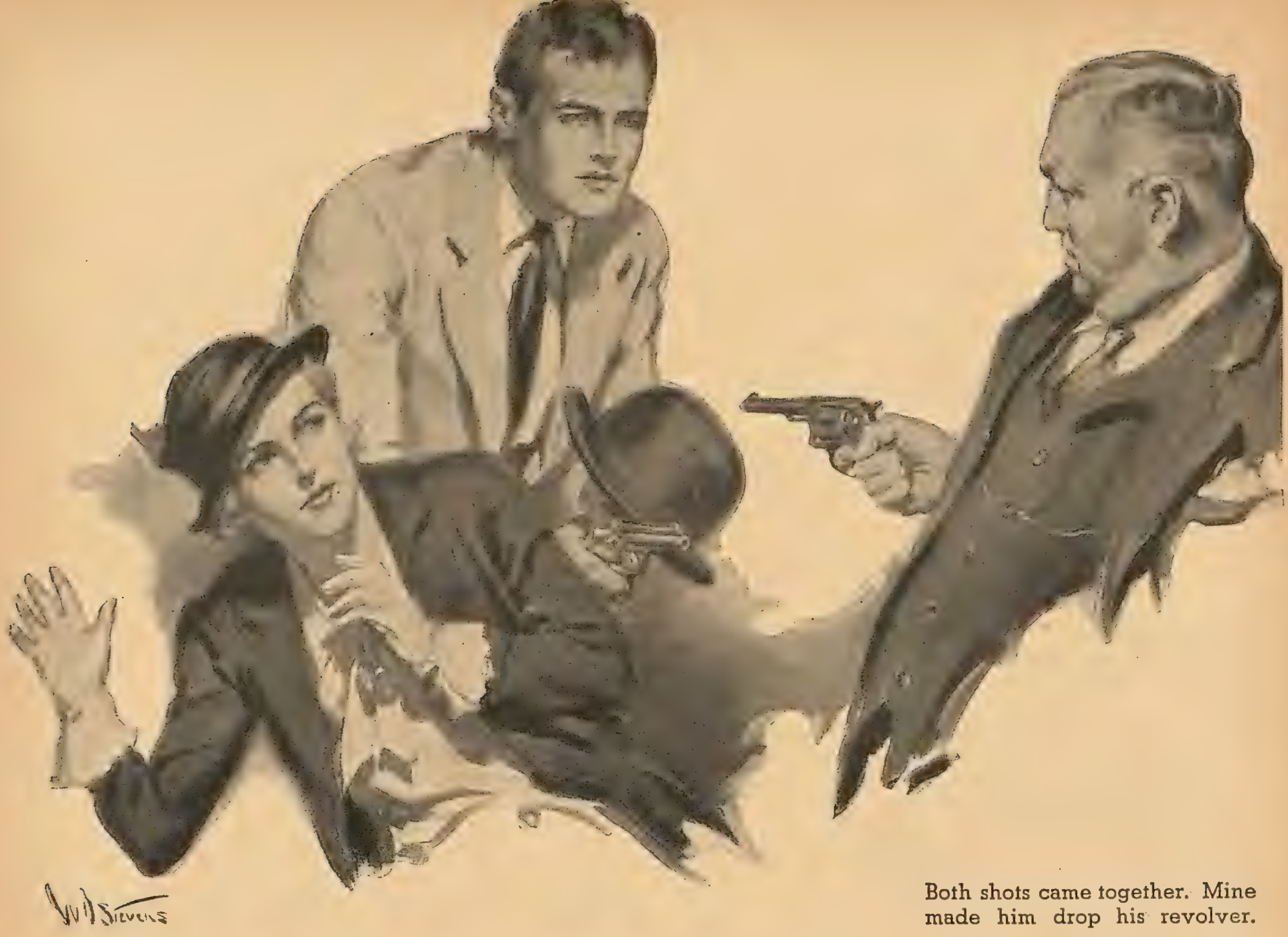


Both shots came together. Mine made him drop his revolver.

Watkins and I will get you freed from the charges against you. We'll go down to headquarters with you now, if you like. I'll hire the best lawyer—"

I shook my head. "I don't think the charges will be brought."

Watkins stopped in the act of reaching for a cigarette. "Why not?"

My heart was pounding and I was not sure of what moves to make. Out of the corner of my eye I could see Claire leaning forward. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly, but she was making no sound. I didn't answer directly.

I said, "Captain Watkins, do you keep a record of your winnings and losings at the race tracks?"

MORE time passed. He pursed his lips. He smiled a little. Bents was staring at him. "Mr. Brown," he finally said, "I have never told my business associates of my interest in racing. But—since you have brought it up—I do follow the horses and I do occasionally take a flyer on them. I have felt that this was my own affair. I never kept accurate track of my wagers—and I'm a little embarrassed at your mention of the subject."

"Isn't it unusual for a regular racing fan not to keep records of his bets?"

"Possibly," he replied.

I let that drop. I looked at Westlock. "You know," I said, speaking casually and as if to every one, "that the company's books weren't right a while ago."

"What do you mean?" Watkins was now glaring at me.

"Brierly embezzled twenty thousand dollars just before he was murdered," I said.

Bents murmured, "Good God!"

Perspiration came out on Westlock's brow.

"All you partners," I went on, "have been used to more money than you've been making in the last couple of years. You've probably felt the pinch. Hungerford mentioned it once. Of course, when I say that Brierly stole twenty thousand dollars, I merely mean that the records point to him as the thief. He's dead and can't speak for himself."

Watkins was panting softly. He said, "Go on, go on!"

"If"—I emphasized and repeated that word—"if some one who needed money had embezzled it and was getting worried about being caught, it would have been easy to make the books look as if Brierly had done the stealing. Then that person could have killed Brierly. He was a set-up for a victim. Elderly, sick, living alone, no servants. A crime like that would be pretty cold-blooded." I paused, but nobody said a word. They all looked at me. "So cold-blooded, in fact, that whoever did it would want to make it look otherwise."

I fished a cigarette out of my pocket. When I held the match it quivered so that I covered it up. "You can understand the psychology. You steal. You point the theft at another man. You get frightened and kill him. Then you try to make it look like a fight. Logical—isn't it?"

Bents sneered, "Have you any more ideas like that?"

"Sure. After you've done that you find out that some one—a girl, a secretary—knows about it, or guesses, or is getting wise. Maybe she tells you her suspicions, thinking another person is the murderer. Maybe she tries to use it to cadge a little side money. Anyway—she knows. You strangle her with a handkerchief or something, hang her with a lamp cord on the chandelier, knock over a chair —and leave what looks like a suicide."

Bents's breath was coming asthmatically and his fat sides went in and out. Westlock cleared his throat and shook. Captain Watkins leaned forward in his chair. He was deadly calm. "Well?"

I looked him in the eye. "You didn't by any chance lose twenty thousand on bets—twenty thousand dollars you didn't have, did you, captain?"

He jumped up like a spring released. "No! Now—you—"

I didn't move. I couldn't have moved if I'd wanted to. But I still had control of my voice. He towered over me, face jerking, fists doubled.

"NO," I said, "you didn't. I believe you. Sit down. What I came to say was something else. I believe Mary Boley was killed because she knew who murdered Brierly—or was on the trail of that person. Nobody came up in the elevators. Somebody might have hung around in the building all day—but in that case they'd have had to get wise to Mary Boley almost before I found Brierly. There was one other way of getting to that girl"—I looked off into space again—"one other way to reach her while she was working alone there. The staircase. Nobody uses that. And it was sixty-seven flights." I turned. "It would make anybody stiff in the legs to climb that far, Bents. Especially a fat man. And I recall that you were very stiff the next morning. Lumbago—you said."

That's as far as I got. He was on his feet. He started toward the door, his eyes on all of us, his face gray.

"Bents!" Watkins whispered.

I did the hat trick. But Bents had a gun too. Both shots came together. Mine made him drop his revolver. This postponed my wedding to Claire for three weeks.

After the shooting was ended, after Bents had been convicted, and when I was a husband employed in the salvage business by Captain Watkins after the happy ending of it all, I found that I'd been only slightly mistaken. Brierly had given himself an "advance" of two thousand dollars from the firm's bank account to buy some fancy stamps. Bents had found out about it. He had needed money desperately. He had taken eighteen thousand and chalked it up to Brierly.

That's about all. Yesterday a large packing case came for me. It contained Hungerford's treasure chest. There was a note from him with it. It said in part:

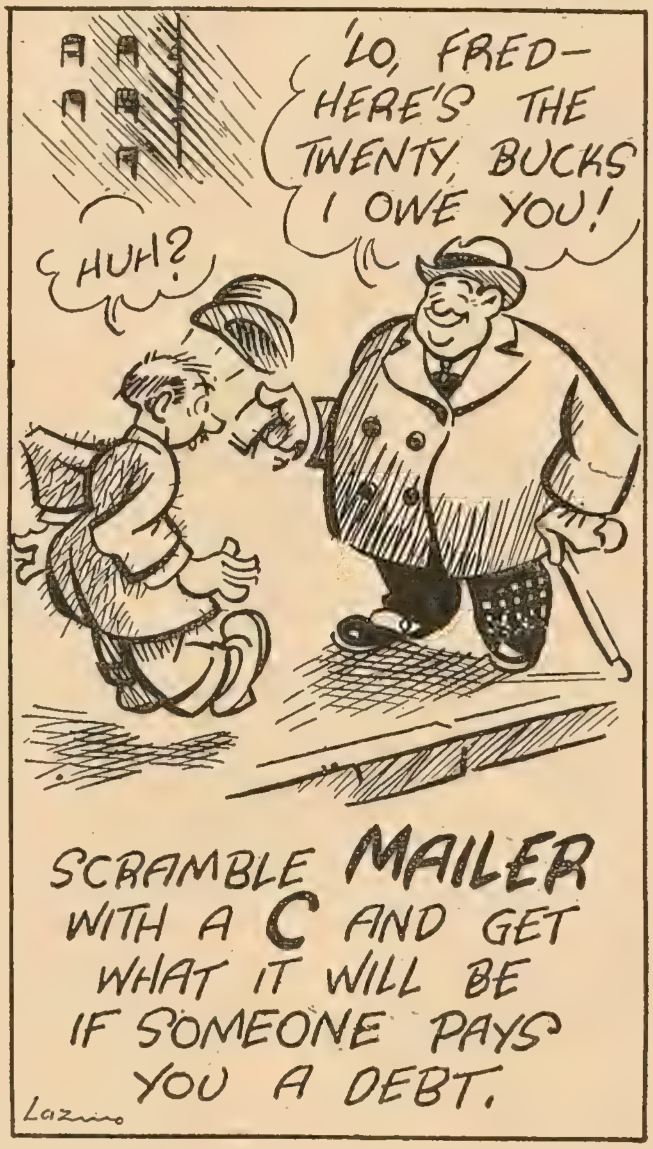
"I'm going to kill myself today, Bob. I've only done one crooked thing—and one's enough. . . . I like honest people and I'm no longer honest myself. . . . Even poor old Brierly was not quite straight. He took twenty thousand from company funds before he died—and I put it back. . . . The mess is too much for me. A month after I jump, you'll get the 'treasure' with this note. The story of the fast one I pulled may have come out by then. Do what you want with this souvenir."

I INTEND to turn it over to Burden. So far, Burden hasn't sued Hungerford's estate. I'd like to see Mrs. Hungerford stripped of her husband's blood money—but I guess Burden wouldn't want the world to know he had been a sucker.

Even so, it's better to be a sucker than a thief. Powers is in the clink for a year. Claire and I helped put him there. She thinks I'd make as good a detective as she was bad. But she has lots of illusions about me—and I'd sure hate to go through anything like that again.

THE END

SCRAMBLED WORDS


'LO, FRED—HERE'S THE TWENTY BUCKS I OWE YOU!
HUH?
SCRAMBLE MAILER WITH A C AND GET WHAT IT WILL BE IF SOMEONE PAYS YOU A DEBT.
Lazo

The given word plus the given letter, when rearranged properly, will form a new word suggested by the cartoon.

THE ANSWER WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 65

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ **MEDICINE MAN IN CHINA** by A. Gervais. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

Sounds, smells, colors, characters, and life incidents in China, written by a French doctor with perception and humor. Whether you like the Orient or not, this book is worth reading.

★ ★ ★ **THING OF SORROW** by Elder Olson. The Macmillan Company.

The first songs of a new and strong voice in the current American glee club.

★ ★ ★ **BLACK GOD** by D. Manners-Sutton. Longmans, Green & Co.

Awaiting his hour of revenge, the mutilated Zulu, M'Kato, sits by the little river in Belgian Congo while the settlement of Chembi, with missions, hospitals, hotels, a ferry, and a courtesan, comes into being. Superstition, magic, witchcraft prevail in this interesting Odyssey of revenge.

★ ★ ★ **FIRST AID TO THE AILING HOUSE** by Roger B. Whitman. Whittlesey House. McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Just when Washington decides that house repairing will end the depression, here comes a book that knows all and tells all about the right way to repair a house.

★ ★ ★ **MAIDEN VOYAGE** by Kathleen Norris. Doubleday, Doran & Co.

Frustrated love of a girl reporter and the husband of her best friend, who find happiness in others.

★ ★ ½ **YOUR MEALS AND YOUR MONEY** by Gove Hambidge. Whittlesey House. McGraw-Hill Book Company.

Why should a hog be more carefully fed than a human being? And if you are told to drink so much milk and eat so many oranges, but you can't afford that much milk or any oranges, what then? Result: this book!

★ ★ **CHEAPJACK** by Philip Allingham. The Frederick A. Stokes Company.

The picaresque life story of an aristocrat who became a swindler and tells all.

★ ★ **A THESAURUS OF SLANG.** Compiled and arranged by Howard N. Rose. The Macmillan Company.

A good reference book on the patois of various fields from aviation to war.

★ ★ **IMPERSONATION OF A LADY** by Maude Parker. Houghton Mifflin Company.

An amusing tale of the battle for social prominence in a small town, between a beautiful actress who married one of the town's most popular scions, and a pompous, tyrannical social leader of long standing.

★ ★ **THE YOUNG MAN'S GIRL** by Robert W. Chambers. D. Appleton-Century Company.

A typical love story of a sculptor and his model. Not outstanding.

Vox

OBLIVION

WILLITS, CALIF.—Should our crops fail altogether for a single year we would face starvation and the whole world would be thrown into economic confusion.

The fact that we have escaped total crop failures in the past is no assurance that such a catastrophe might not happen!

I say, therefore—why isn't something being done about it?

Rather than destroy or curtail surpluses at great cost, as now seems the vogue, why not have the government buy up these yearly excesses, or at least a portion of them?

They could be stored in strategically located warehouses, kept there for all emergencies of magnitude, and replenished from time to time as age makes them unfit for consumption.

This plan would entail large expenditures. But one complete crop failure would cost billions and result in utter misery and perchance oblivion for us as a nation.—*Howard J. Wood.*

MR. VIERECK'S EPITAPH

SANDY COVE, N. S.—

He yearned for love and found lubricity;
He courted fame and won publicity.
He had two countries, home in none—
He wandered between moon and sun.
Forever with himself at strife,
He wooed a god and wed a wife.
Forgot by all, he died A. D.
(The date is not yet known to me).
Drowned in the Bay of Fundy,
Sic transit gloria mundi!

—*Viereckiana.*

A PERSONAL REQUEST AND—

ROCKPORT, MO.—Please do not send me another copy of your magazine which you call Liberty. It is the worst I have ever read. I assure you I shall not do you any harm; this is merely a personal request.—*H. H. Snider.*

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Being numbered as one of your more broad-minded readers, I wish to congratulate Liberty upon its wonderful judgment in the selection of materials that find such a varied clientele.

Personally, I think Liberty ranks favorably, if not superbly, to any magazine on the press.

And I say, let those who must throw stones do so. I'll string along with you.—*James E. Dixon, Director of Athletics, Evangelical Federation.*

SHE WHO GETS SPANKED

CHICAGO, ILL.—Is there an age when a girl is too old to be spanked? Is there anything a girl can do to make her ma quit spanking her? Ma says it is the duty of all parents to punish their children whenever necessary, and she believes the most effective method is spanking. Despite my seventeen years, I am not too old for it, and she says I will never be too old for it whenever she thinks I need it.

Just this afternoon I got fifty spanks for being out late last night. Does any one else ever have such things happen? What does a girl do?—*Edna.*

YEA VERILY, HOW LONG?

TALLADEGA, ALA.—I was surprised at the narrow-mindedness of Vox Poppers in August 25 Liberty. A Canadian criticized all Americans because some of the latter do absurd things. The grammar, integrity, and chivalry of the South were attacked because there have been times when these traits were conspicuous by their absence.

Boston culture was criticized because of a dumb remark about Whistler's painting of his mother, overheard in a Boston art gallery.

How long will it take people to learn that character, culture, and honesty are not regulated by geography?—*Kate Warren Hayden.*

A GOOD OLD LOVE STORY MAKES ONE FEEL YOUNG AGAIN

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—M. S. in September 1 Vox Pop wants cowboys and Western stories, and I agree. They are interesting to the young. But I think for all ages there is nothing more interesting than a good old love story. It freshens the memories and makes one feel young again.

Vox Pop sure is amusing. I enjoy reading it so much, it's the first thing I look for when our copy of Liberty arrives.—*Anna Keel Wetterholt.*

LEGION DESERTER

WINNIPEG, MAN.—I was immensely interested in Hell Hounds, and then its sequel, Hell Hounds at Bay Again (beginning in August 25 Liberty) for the reason that I served in the French Foreign Legion, 1920-21, when only sixteen years of age. My number was 12,576. My father reclaimed me after ten months, but in 1926 I joined up again and, after being all over Algeria and in Morocco (Riff), I deserted through Spanish Morocco, Spain, Gibraltar, and back to England.

France has a wonderful system of espionage, most of the agents being officers who have spent many years in training themselves to pose and live exactly as the Arabs, which is very difficult to do.—*Jean M. L.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—The reason for this effort is to let you know how much I like Liberty and also how much I like and enjoy Hell Hounds at Bay Again. Lots of luck in the future!—*Vic.*

ONE EYE BABY EASY TO FOLLOW

GREENSBORO, N. C.—I was greatly impressed by The Heel of One Eye Baby, by Baynard H. Kendrick, in September 1 Liberty.

Kendrick's style is very smooth and easy to follow. Unlike so many stories, this one does not ramble and lose connections.—*Walter W. Turrentine.*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The Heel of One Eye Baby is one of the best stories Liberty has had in many months.—*George L. Porr.*

SECRET OF THE DOBERMANN

CALGARY, ALTA.—I wish to correct certain erroneous impressions concerning the Dobermann Pinscher. In Twenty Questions and Answers of August 11 Liberty it was stated this dog was a cross between a German shepherd and a fox terrier. Then, in September 15 Vox Pop, E. H. Blackwell wrote that while the American Kennel Club would say the Dobermann is a pure-bred dog, he was made to order by German breeders prior to 1890 by crossing the Manchester terrier and rottweiler, and other breeds.

The fact is that Mr. Dobermann died and took with him to the grave the secret of the Dobermann Pinscher's breed. However, its base was between an English bull terrier and a German smooth-haired black-and-tan pinscher. There is a little of the shepherd dog and a little of the great Dane in this breed, but certainly there is no cross with the fox terrier.—*Miss M. E. Fox.*

MEN WITH COMMON SENSE

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Brutal, murderous strikes—who is to blame? I believe the answer is contained in Bernarr Macfadden's excellent editorial in September 1 Liberty when he mentioned "the utterances of some governmental officials especially favoring labor against capital."

The waning "brain trust" type of politician who has been cajoled into politics seems to be gradually finding lucrative jobs through political affiliations and returning to "private life." Let us hope that more will do so and make room for men with common sense.

What labor needs is work. What capital needs is a fair return for the money invested to build up enterprises which will create the jobs for labor. The utterances of some politicians who are unduly bigoted against capital or labor are, in my opinion, to blame for brutal, murderous strikes.—*W. M. C.*

FROM ADAM TO WICKETS

UPPER DARBY, PA.—I enjoyed Sixty Centuries from Adam, by Donald F. Wickets, in August 11 Liberty.—*Burton Crocker.*

CLOSE "EXAGGERATION" OR—

HONOLULU, HAWAII—Under the heading Another Writer Garbles Facts, The Advertiser, published in Honolulu, hurled a severe editorial criticism at Upton Close's article Why Roosevelt Goes to Hawaii, in August 4 Liberty. The Advertiser charged that the article was "exaggerated, sensational, full of half truths and downright misstatements" and was "written to order."

I wrote a reply which The Advertiser also published, and from which I quote in part as follows: "Mr. Close visited this island and got an exceptionally true idea of existing conditions, which he por-

Pop

trayed very clearly in his excellent article in Liberty. What he said was unusually fair, impartial, and free from exaggeration. It showed intelligent forethought, and those who know anything about Mr. Close know that the last crime he would be capable of would be to write 'to order.'

"The outstanding fact thrust upon my consciousness during the two years I have spent here is that under the slightest criticism, however true and apparent, *you can't take it!*"—*Lina Parry.*

DEBUNK THE PATRIOTIC CRY

MOOSE JAW, SASK.—Senator Arthur H. Vandenberg's article How We Can Bankrupt the God of War, in September 1 Liberty, was immensely interesting as it involves, as he says, "the lives of every man, woman, and child—and every babe as yet unborn." More power to any movement to curb the "merchants of death"!

However, it is national policies that lead to war or peace. And it is well said that world peace depends on the United States and the British Empire. Why can't we have coöperation between these two greatest powers toward that end?—*H. C. Hodges.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Senator Vandenberg's article on war profits came at the right time and hit the nail on the head. If only the people would realize the hand behind war propaganda and debunk the patriotic cry for war sacrifice, peace would be around the corner.—*Mrs. C. W. R.*

AFTER FIFTY, WHAT?

ATLANTA, GA.—I wrote the Secretary of Labor at Washington asking what was to become of the man beyond the fifty-year age limit who is being discriminated against in the matter of employment. I pass on an excerpt from the reply of Mary La Dame, associate director of the Labor Department's employment service, in the belief it may encourage some of your readers:

"It is hoped," Miss La Dame wrote, "that the federal government's action in making selections of workers for federal projects on a basis of actual qualifications, without regard to age, will encourage the adoption of a similar attitude by private employers. The Secretary of Labor is interesting several cabinet members in this problem, in the hope some method may be devised for rendering real assistance to unemployed but able people."—*C. Hines.*

MORE GENIUSES—ALSO MORE MORONS?

WELLESLEY, MASS.—Albert Edward Wiggam in his article Women Geniuses? (September 1 Liberty) estimated that there have been 4,800 men eminent in accomplishment within the past 6,000 years, as compared to only 200 women. However, he did not tell us how many of the 4,800 men had brilliant mothers and wives. I venture to say that to have done so would have added about 10,000 women to the list and not very many fathers of those brilliant men.—*Harold S. Howard.*

ST. PAUL, MINN.—I cannot agree with Albert Edward Wiggam's article Women Geniuses? He named fifteen women, adding: "I believe we are justified in considering them—aside from women now living—as the greatest women who have ever lived." Reading the names, I should say that St. Joan of Arc would have felt ashamed at having been included with Cleopatra; while Eve, mother of mankind, and Mary, mother of Jesus Christ, would have been happy at having been omitted.—*Herman J. Doepner.*

WOODHAVEN, N. Y.—My hat is off to Albert Edward Wiggam for his excellent article, Women Geniuses? Particularly do I commend his impartiality.

But while the stronger sex produces more geniuses, it also produces more morons.—*Lillian Ward.*

IF GERMANY HAD WON—

BELLEVILLE, ONT.—During the last war Germany came within an ace of winning. Had that eventuality taken place, would she have tried to bend the world to her will, or would she have taken a milder viewpoint?

The first course would undoubtedly have ended in chaos. But had she taken the alternative we might still be individual nations, stripped of the burdens of our armies, navies, and tariff barriers.

And the war debts would be Germany's worry, not ours.—*B. P. M.*

MORE OR LESS BEVERLY

GOULD, ARK.—The unfair, backbiting, crude, and prejudiced criticism of Zasu Pitts by Beverly Hills in September 1 Liberty is one of the most narrow-minded movie reviews that I have ever read. She even used the Vital Statistics space to air her opinion of Miss Pitts's defects!

I was getting the best of the bargain when I exchanged my nickel for a Liberty, but if you allow your writers to air their petty prejudices I will put my weekly nickel in a vending machine.—*Powell O. Morgan.*

CRAVES A KUMQUAT

TAMPA, FLA.—Princess Kropotkin in September 1 Liberty stated that Charles Ruggles, the movie comic, craves a kumquat tree, and because he can't find one in California he has sent to China for one. I'll furnish him with 100,000 kumquat trees now growing in Florida, if he wants them.

There is nothing tastier than Florida's preserved kumquats. Try them.—*Samuel Borchardt.*

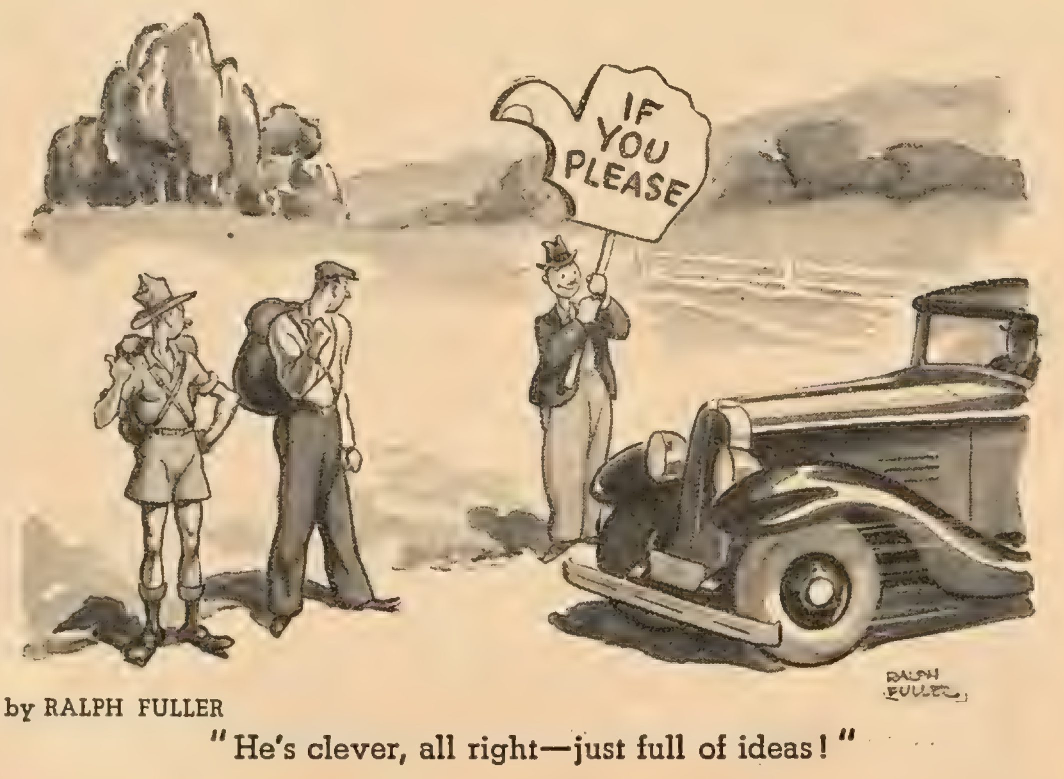
NOT HIS BABY

OMAHA, NEB.—Eric Adams of Toronto, Ontario, expresses great concern in August 25 Vox Pop over what American people may name their babies. But if some one wants to name his baby V-8, what business is that of Eric's? And if some one wants to drive a car in reverse across the States, why again should Eric complain? It's neither his baby nor his car.—*J. W. M.*

THE RICE CROP HAS NOT FAILED

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Watch Japan! say I. This may be the time selected by the Japanese General Staff to pick a quarrel over the Chinese Eastern Railway and strike swiftly against Russia. Our fleet is in the Atlantic and the world-wide failure of the wheat crop cripples the white race for military operations. The rice crop has not failed.

If French and British hostility to Hitler has driven Germany to seek understanding with Japan, as it has already done successfully with Poland (the Poles, I happen to know, are very close diplomatically to Japan, on account of Russia), you may see quick action out of an apparently non-menacing sky. The choice rests entirely with the Japanese General Staff and they know their job pretty damned well.—*J. C.*



by RALPH FULLER

"He's clever, all right—just full of ideas!"

TO THE LADIES!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

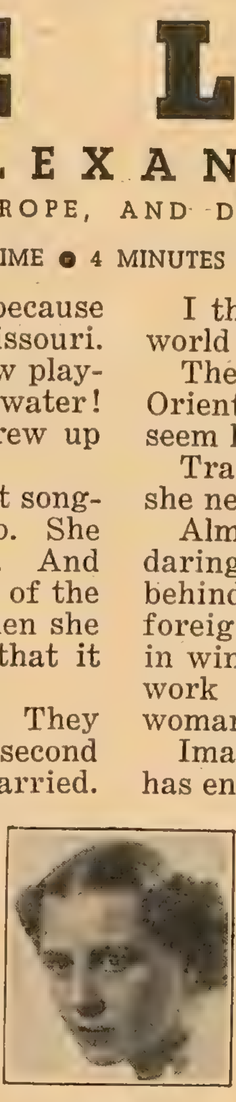
READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

GLADYS SWARTHOUT can't swim. That's because she was born in a town called Deepwater, Missouri. Her folks moved away, and when she told her new playmates where she came from, they said, "Deepwater! O-oh, didn't you get drownded?" So Gladys grew up afraid of deep water.

As you probably know, she is one of our very best songstresses—a prima donna of the opera and the radio. She is also a famous beauty and a gorgeous dresser. And has the finest pair of legs to be seen on the stage of the Metropolitan. Unlike many other opera stars, when she sings boy parts her appearance in tights is all that it should be.

Her husband is Frank Chapman, the barytone. They met first at his opera début in Italy, met for the second time at her début in New York—then they got married. She differs from most prima donnas in temperament as well as in legs. Says she has *no* temperament, and doesn't want any. No tantrums, no hair-pulling, no gales of artistic frenzy. Just a regular trouper.

Small, slim, brunette, Gladys Swarthout is of Dutch descent—her grandparents came over from Holland—and *Swor-toot* is the right way to pronounce her name.



GLADYS SWARTHOUT

THREE young wives, in a confessional mood, were telling one another how they had led their respective husbands to the point of proposing marriage. Two of the girls offered rather commonplace accounts, but the third sprang a surprise.

"One night," she said, "I left off my lipstick. That was the night I *got* him."

She went on to say that it wasn't a trick on her part; it was an accident. By habit she always had used vivid and generous make-up. Her young man never had seen her otherwise. But that night she forgot to put on her lipstick—and to him she suddenly became a brand-new girl. He was no puritan, no denouncer of lips synthetically rubicund—he was just an average male with the well known masculine weakness for variety.

"I looked different," she laughed, "so he decided that he had to have me."

Now she makes up as vividly as ever before. But I'll bet she leaves off her lipstick once in a while—by accident, to be sure!

BEGUM is the title bestowed, in India, upon native ladies of aristocratic birth. In our language, therefore, the *Begum Sultana* is Lady Sultana. But she is much more than that as a personality.

I think she is one of the bravest women alive in the world today!

The hardships of her fight for sex equality in the Orient make our own feminine struggle here in the West seem like the easiest of kindergarten games.

Tradition obliged her, as a girl, to marry a man whom she never had seen.

Almost from infancy she wore the veil of *purdah*, not daring to show her face in public. Yet she has managed, behind the barriers of Eastern superstition, to learn two foreign languages (English and French), has succeeded in winning a university degree at law, has contrived to work intensively for the liberation of her country's womankind.

Imagine the labor and the sacrifice that her effort has entailed!

There are women active in the Orient today whose courage should give them place beside Jeanne d'Arc, Boadicea, or any of our classic Western heroines.

A MAN who lives in Texas wants to know why women are so unappreciative when men get up and give them their seats in trolley cars. He is a Southern gentleman, he says, unable to sit while a woman stands. But when he surrenders his place to a woman all he gets from her, as a rule, is a frosty glare implying that he should have got up quicker than he did. "If women deserve our seats because they are women," he asks, "why don't they thank us in a pleasant womanly way?"

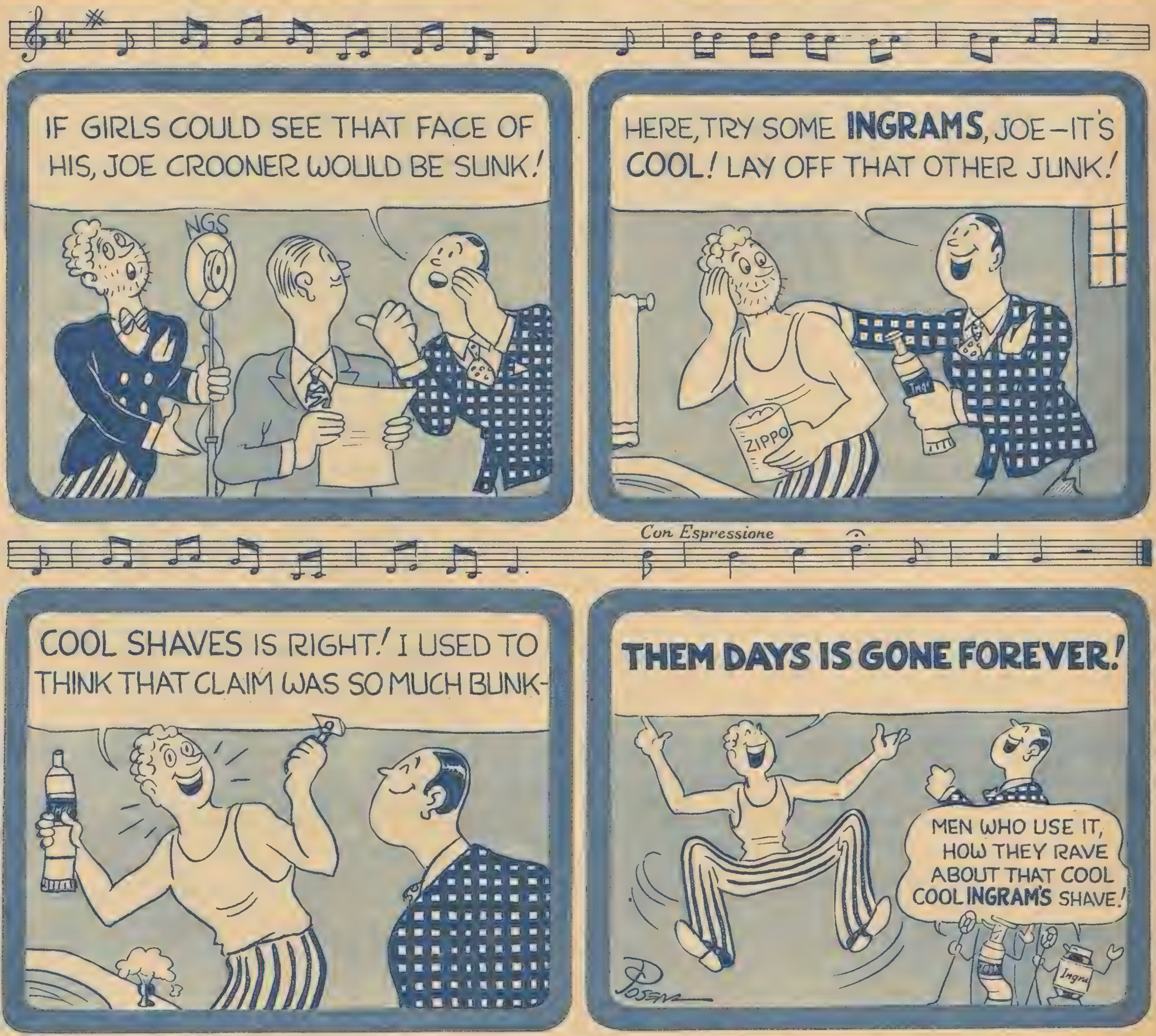
Unfortunately, there is only one explanation. I am ashamed to admit that many women who demand good manners from men give very bad manners in return. Courtesy amounts to nothing if it is not reciprocal.

A READER has asked me for some *economy* dishes. Here is one from the land of Mahatma Gandhi. I understand that the Mahatma keeps *himself* alive on goat-milk curds and whey. But I think this curry, made with left-over lamb, will be more to your taste.

Fry 2 sliced onions and 2 chopped green peppers together in a little olive oil. When the onions get light brown add 2 level tablespoons flour, 1 tablespoon curry powder, and ½ teaspoon each of salt, powdered marjoram, and thyme. Cook 4 or 5 minutes, stirring well. Then put in 1½ cups canned consommé and 1 tablespoon tomato juice. Simmer about 5 minutes. Now put in your lamb, cut in small pieces. Let heat for 10 minutes, and if you have a spoonful of sour cream handy, stir it in. Serve piping hot with plain boiled rice.

THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER

BY POSEN


IF GIRLS COULD SEE THAT FACE OF HIS, JOE CROONER WOULD BE SUNK!
NGS
HERE, TRY SOME INGRAMS, JOE—IT'S COOL! LAY OFF THAT OTHER JUNK!
ZIPPO
Ingr
Con Espressione
COOL SHAVES IS RIGHT! I USED TO THINK THAT CLAIM WAS SO MUCH BUNK—
THEM DAYS IS GONE FOREVER!
MEN WHO USE IT, HOW THEY RAVE ABOUT THAT COOL COOL INGRAM'S SHAVE!
Ingra
Posen

INGRAM'S
SHAVING CREAM

ABOUT YOUR FACE
Ingram's
SHAVING
CREAM
INGRAM'S
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SHAVING CREAM

SHRIEKS AND HOWLS WERE NEVER MEANT TO GO WITH SHAVING. SO TURN THE CAP OF A TUBE OR JAR OF **INGRAM'S**, LATHER-UP, AND ENJOY A SHAVING PROGRAM WITHOUT STATIC! HERE'S A **COOL** SHAVING CREAM, CONTAINING THREE SPECIAL INGREDIENTS THAT SOOTHE THE SKIN, TONE IT, SHIELD IT AGAINST RAZOR-RAWNESS. ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR **INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM** TODAY!

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. A-9
110 Washington St., New York, N. Y.
Please send me a free ten-shave tube of Ingram's.

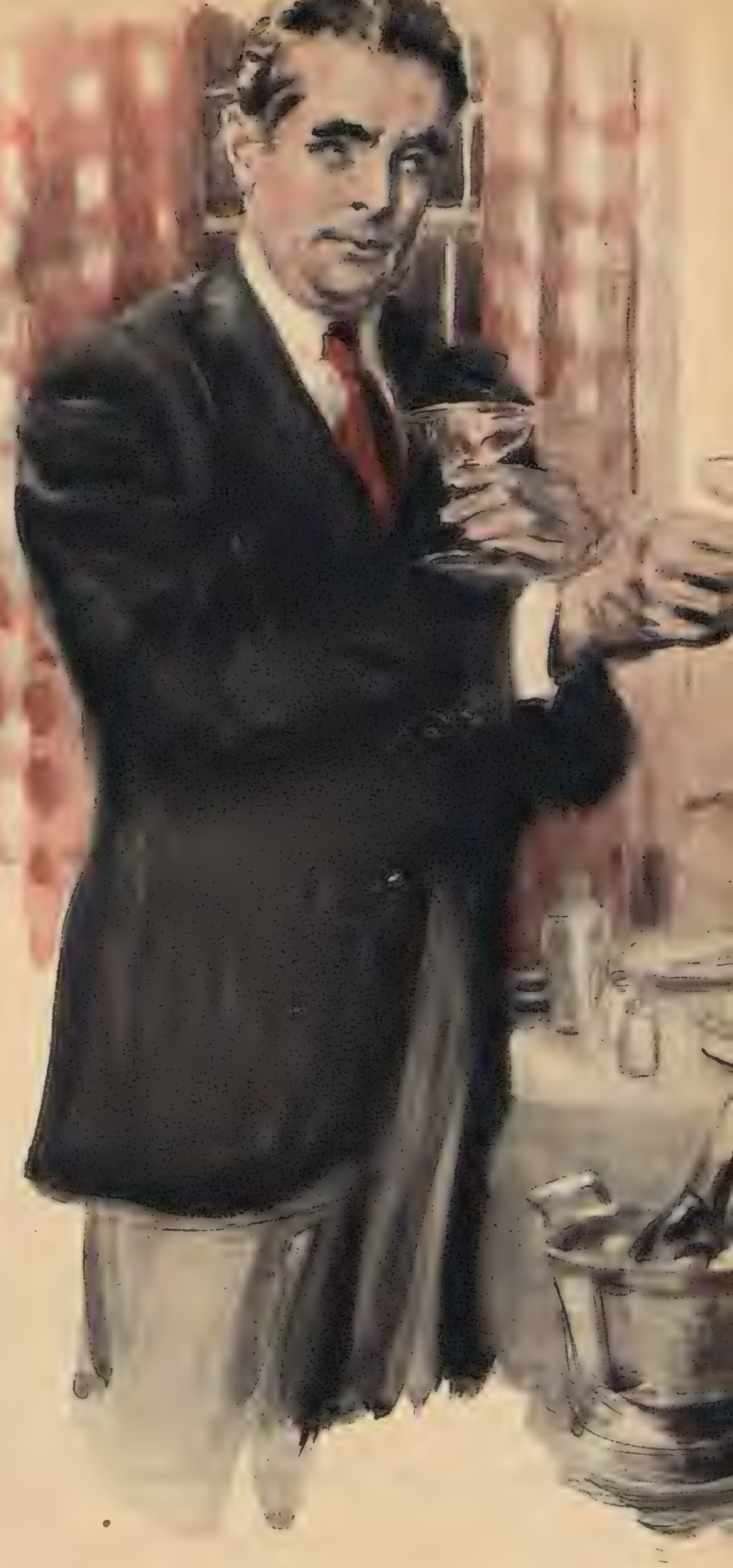
NAME ____________________

STREET ____________________

CITY ____________ STATE ______

NRA

Modern Lady



"You are a rather sublime fool, Jane."
He turned, holding out her glass to her.

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 39 SECONDS

THREE men have helped Jane McAm in her life battle. And that battle has been such as few girls of her age could survive. It involved primarily the disgrace of her father, Teddy, having killed a man in a card game and been sent to prison for life. Then, left penniless, Jane had faced the great ordeal of making a home for her crippled mother Nell, her younger sister Marion, and her kid brothers Dick and Toby.

The first man was Edgar Holloway. Though a broken-down real estate dealer in New Rochelle, he helps Jane to a chance of selling a tract of sand owned by Tom Leeds, wealthy young clubman; and Rudy West, her childhood sweetheart, now a budding young engineer, helps her make the coveted sale. Thus Jane, a thin, pale, red-headed girl of seventeen, embarks on a real estate career in Holloway's office.

She still loves Rudy, but he is engaged to Nina Norris. Tom Leeds protests an affection for her, then switches to the more glamorous Marion. Rudy becomes jealous of Resolute Perry when the latter gets jobs on the stage for Nina and Marion, and goes abroad, leaving Jane with only an old jade ring to remember him by. Then, through Marion's mysterious illness, Jane meets the third man, Dr. Hamilton Sheppard.

Meantime Jane prospers in business. She establishes her family in a little home, with Cosima, faithful maid, and launches steps to secure her father's release from prison. Holloway's wife Stella, becomes jealous, and Jane opens her own office, with Trudy Link as her chief aide and Seth Percy occupying desk space. Dick goes to Yale and Toby aspires to become a composer. Follows the World War, with Tom Leeds killed in action, Rudy ill in a French hospital, and Dr. Sheppard, already married, begging Jane for a farewell night alone together before he, too, sails for France. We find these two now driving off to keep this final rendezvous.

PART SIX—THE GREAT I McAM

THEY drove swiftly and silently through the rain, the wind-shield wipers swishing out a litany in time to her thoughts. Why was she doing this? Why were they driving to a hotel in Long Island? To be together at last—to give in to their need of each other at last, because death hovered near. . . . Why am I going with him? Because he's been one grand friend, one grand companion all these years. I may not love as I once loved Rudy. As I'd probably love Rudy right this minute if I could see him. But what good would it do to love Rudy? To go on loving him all my life? He's no more now than a character I've read about. He doesn't exist for me. Ham does. For nearly four years now we've seen each other regularly. He knows more about me than any member of my family does. If he were free he'd ask me to marry him. And I'd probably marry him. Of course I'd marry him.

The Long Island hotel was like a club. It had a remote, hidden, expensive air. They had dinner alone upstairs in a rather gracious little set of rooms with a balcony overlooking a golf course. They had cocktails on the balcony, watching the moon go down, and Jane wanted terribly to ask what name he had signed on the register, and couldn't bring herself to voice the question. Their supper was absurd. As if Ham had reverted to childhood and ordered everything that sounded good to him. Lobster Newburg. Caviar. A collection of cheeses. Champagne.

She wished he hadn't ordered champagne. It was poison to her, but she was grateful for it and drank far too much. His handsome face became a bit blurred and his laughter delightful.

They sat on the divan together, her head against his shoulder. He said:

"I have often dreamed of our being together like this. Spending our evenings together. Sitting and talking and not being in crowds. Let us talk a long while. And when you are tired, you will tell me to lock the doors and put out the lights."

He said, "I wish, Jane, that we could be married. I would be such a good husband to you. I even wish I could see you married before I go. Safely settled."

Jane Wanted Life—and Found It. She Has Achieved Success. But, as to Every Business Woman, Now Come the Demands of Love. The Most Fascinating Chapter So Far in This Revealing Novel of Romance and Business

by GRACE PERKINS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"I think I have all the makings for an old maid, Ham."

"You ought to be careful. You use up all your youth in business. What is youth for, Jane?"

"What did you do with yours but work?"

"Ah, no. I fell in love and married and knew romance. As few men do. The trouble is you fell in love with a good-for-nothing young chip who didn't know enough to appreciate you."

"Please, Ham."

HE bent and kissed her. "He could never love you as I do, Jane. May I lock the door and put out the lights?"

She got up swiftly and crossed to the window. When he came and put his arm about her shoulder he found her trembling.

"Jane dear . . ."

His hand dropped heavily away, and she could almost feel him stiffen as he stood behind her. In a moment he caught her arm and turned her about so that she faced him. She was ashamed—angry at her tears.

"It—it's the champagne, Ham." She began to laugh a little wildly. "I should never take it. You see? I'm not a champagne woman."

"It's not the champagne," he said. "It's Rudy!"

"Ham, don't be angry!" She caught hold of his lapels. "I do love you, Ham. I do, truly!"

His great hands gently loosened her hold.

Her head was up almost defiantly but her eyes were humble.

"I THINK I would rather die than hurt you so, Ham," she said. "I—I wanted to make you happy. Believe that. I am too clumsy a fool. An utter fool."

He went over to the service table and lifted the wine bottle.

His back to her, he spoke, as he poured their glasses full.

"You are right, Jane, in everything you say. It is perhaps your greatest fault—being right. You do love me—I realize that. You took a peculiar way to make me happy. . . . But you wouldn't understand that. And you were right in calling yourself a fool. You are a rather sublime fool, Jane. Anybody is a fool to love as you love that boy."

He turned, holding out her glass to her.

"Fool or not, it is sublime," he smiled. "I've read about such love. I've dreamed of it. I didn't really believe it existed."

With a slight toasting wave, he drank, and she watched him over the rim of her own glass.

"Ah! It's flat!" He put the glass down and shrugged. "It's a long drive to town, Jane. Shall we get started?"

She saw him again. Life is full of such anticlimaxes; life is not a good stage manager. He wrote a month later from Yaphank. He had never gone overseas, and was quite grumpy about it. In the very formation marching in the dark on shipboard, he and a number of others had been called out of line. Nobody quite knew why. Long later he heard rumors that a cousin of his mother had married a German who had recently been arrested on spy charges. Dr. Hamilton Sheppard had never even met this cousin-in-law. Yet he was kept in routine medical duty in Camp Upton with a faithful aide to watch and report his every move and utterance.

With polite sympathy Jane answered his letter. When duly discouraged, Dr. Sheppard quit coming and phoning, and he even knew better than to write.

But long after the war was over, long after she had moved business, home, office, and family to New York, he walked casually into her office. Late one afternoon. And without protest or explanation they dined together. He asked her for his Masonic apron, and she promised to get it from her safe and send it to him by messenger.

"I've lost," he said dully, "the most beautiful friendship a man ever knew."

"Ham, I don't see why you ever wanted to see me again."

"Meaning you didn't want to see me again? I don't blame you. I even agree with you. I came against my will. I just couldn't get you out of my mind. I miss our old times."

"Ham, please. Don't let's discuss—anything. When something is dead, the only thing to do is bury it."

"Doesn't friendship mean anything to you? Jane, be fair. You never had a better friend than me."

She shook her head.

"Women have no friends!" she said. "They jump from sheer loneliness from one friend to another, glad when one lasts a little while."

When he took her home he held her hand tightly as they drove in the grinding silence of a bad taxi. In the small green-and-gray private foyer of her top-floor apartment, he leaned over and kissed her.

Her eyes sought his, troubled.

"You're very beautiful, Jane. I never thought of you as beautiful, somehow. You're right too. We couldn't be friends. I'd want more than that."

NEARLY two years later he sent her a ring set with a pearl. With the ring was a very strange letter that made her wonder and worry for him.

. . . You know I'm not a man to notice jewels, or for that matter luxuries of any kind. In all the time we knew each other I doubt if I ever thought of flowers. Not even flowers. I wonder if I ever gave you anything, Jane. I'd prefer you wouldn't tell me, though. But one afternoon during the war I went into this jeweler's with a friend who was to pick out an engagement ring. I saw this pearl. I priced it, and laughed. But I couldn't get it out of my mind. Once, a year ago, I stopped in to see it, and I can't describe the relief I felt that it hadn't been sold. This week I went down and bought it. For three days I've had it. I was quite satisfied until I realized it ought to have a purpose. Of course it's yours. You belong together. Please wear it for me occasionally. If you won't—or can't bring yourself to, give it away. Don't send it back to me. When an oyster is hurt or sick it works to heal itself, and in its healing a pearl is formed. HAM.

The pearl was exquisite; its delicate opalescent pink was soothing. Was gently benign. It was her first piece of jewelry aside from her utilitarian watch. She came to love it and its soft radiance. She wrote him:

There is a witchcraft about jewels, Cosima says. It is not only for ostentation and superiority that women crave them; the most moronic love them best, not knowing why. This is the only one that has ever reached me. It has again healed a wound. JANE.

Gradually Ham settled down to being the ever dependable "extra man" that the family could call upon to fill up a dinner table.

Business was skyrocketing. A day for real estate, Roman holiday for interior decorators; a merry-go-round of money, plenty, spending, investing.

All right, all right, if the boys don't want to go back to college, what about it? . . . Oh, all right, Dick, take the money I'd pay for the rest of college and see what you can do—haunting the brokerage offices, playing the market; recognized trader. Gambler. Damned handsome and attractive, though. Runner-up champion amateur golfer. Silly life. Easy money. Invest in all-night diner with somebody to run it for him. Invest in a miniature golf course. Invest in anything that doesn't need work and means quick returns.

Toby. War knocked him completely. Gassed. Morose. Drinking coffee and writing on a board in his lap. Reading in bed half the night. A little book of his poems

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IME GET ETHYL

published. Slim and purple. We shall give him a dinner, of course. Wonderful. No money, though, but Toby doesn't care. He's writing a life of somebody—a biography. The awful friends that hang around. The grafters. Uncombed, unrested, undernourished, mostly unbuttoned. . . . These are artists. You don't understand them. Toby's friends. They all look down on you. They sneer. They make remarks about the great career woman. About capitalists. Yah! Yah! Capitalists like Toby's red-headed soulless sister.

The women are worse. Toby's women who really live. Who taste life. Dresses as tight as bandages. Yellow powder. Blue eye shadow. Red, red lips. Sweat smelling through powder and perfume. Sad superior eyes. Freedom's all that counts. Art is wrong, business is wrong, money is wrong, France is wrong, England is wrong, Germany's wrong, Russia is so wrong it's nearer the truth; society's wrong, history's wrong, education's wrong, religion's wrongest of all. Give us another drink. . . . So's your old man. . . . Who the hell cares?

Dick's girls are nicer. Dick has class. Knows the right people. Dick's girls have money and family and background. His girls talk long and sweetly and earnestly about being free before they go off for a week-end with him. All the same cause, entirely different effect. His girls are bathed, and wear a small fortune on their backs that show every tender bulge and crease and point of their fragrant polished bodies. They did not sneer at Jane. "I think she's just about the smartest thing on earth, don't you, Ellen? Ellen and I always say we think she's about the smartest thing on earth. I always wished I'd gone into business. . . ."

NELL McAM was impressed by them all. Nell, who could get along with anybody, with her brittle prettiness, her defiant youth superimposed on added years.

Marion, who was so unhappy with Clarence. Resentful somehow to see him come home; cheated that he returned from war the same private that he went, healthier than ever. But Clarence had been unimaginative enough to be a naughty boy in uniform. Armed with very definite proof, Nell and Marion went to Reno, where Marion cried on the stand and came away with valuable papers that would make Clarence pay her a monthly check, turn over the house to her, and retain sizable insurance in her name.

When Jane closed up her office in New Rochelle to cast her wits with a big New York firm, it was fun for Nell and Marion to live in New York.

Jane, gathering momentum on the steep grade of good times, was rising to the high tide of her career. Again she was going to open her own office. They told her she was a fool, and that success had gone to her head like any temperamental prima donna. But Jane would not listen. Her blood flowed with a gambler's love of adventure; she had to urge herself on with greater sense of danger and then prop herself up with the false front that buffaloed the world.

So in 1921 she completed the plans that made them call her in her own circles the Great I McAm. And Jane laughed with excitement. One entire floor in the big Eisler Building, a floor supreme with casement windows high above the city streets, battleship flooring, reflector lights, a ticker tape in the inner office. Jane McAm, Incorporated. A five-figure yearly rental. Publicity. A private reception the day before opening for all her old friends and pals and rivals and enemies to come and drink champagne punch and exclaim or titter or admire, envy or disapprove the strange black-gray-and-red modernistic furnishings. Yes, modernistic, thanks to Marion's husband. Marion's ex-husband. She must remember to say that. Poor Clarence!

For years she had watched Edgar Holloway from the distance of remembered quarrels. His son had died in the war. Stella was a gold-star mother. But Edgar was broken. And her heart aching for him, Jane had seen his business drift back to the dusty brink of failure where she had once found it, such lifetimes ago. And heard, with as much resentment as if he were her own blood, the whispered tales about his dazed drinking.

While Jane was preparing her prize Fifth Avenue out-

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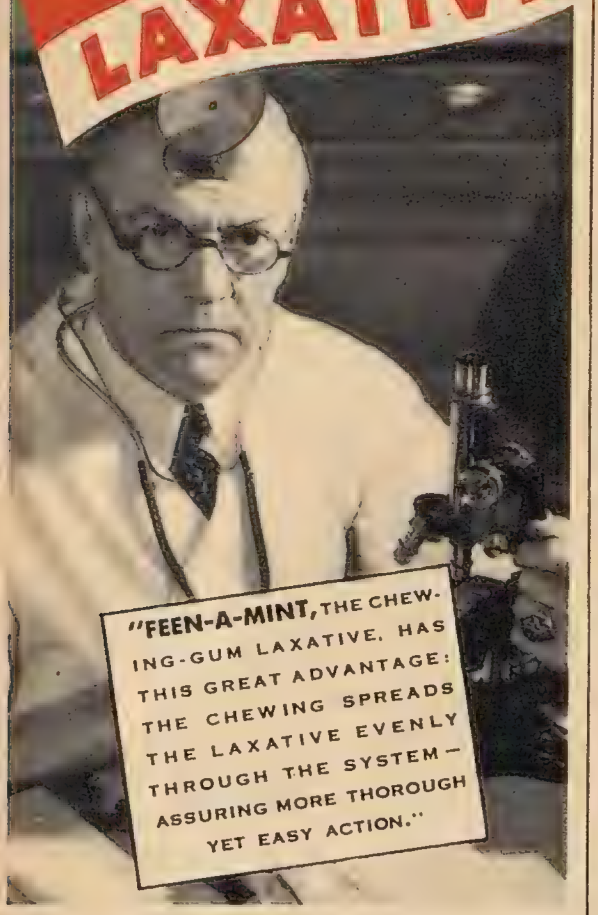

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fit, she sent for Edgar, half fearful that he would not come. He gazed heavily about the elegance of the modernistic offices. Then they reached the door that awaited him. EDGAR HOLLOWAY, General Manager, it said in gilt with black shadowings.

"Go on in, Edgar," she half wheedled. "Go on in and roll up your sleeves. There's a bottle of Johnnie Walker in your bottom right-hand drawer. But there's no drinking around here before six o'clock."

So at the "office warming" publicity spree, Edgar was beside her serving champagne punch to her friends and pals and rivals and enemies. Steamed, rub-downed, pink-and-white and bland, Edgar was beside her dressed in his elegant cutaway. Good old Edgar. Once when she was more starved than any city cat he had shared his sandwiches with her. She would put up with his heavy breath now, his slow movements, his pained searching eyes. She had her guns ranged to do his work for him, leaving him in nominal charge. She believed that all the man needed was a springboard. He would probably surprise everybody by being a damned good manager.

Beside her too was Trudy. Married and the mother of a two-year-old "vacation baby," though Jane didn't dream of such a thing. Trudy was filtering around the eighty-odd guests and picking up a whole netful of useful gossip as the champagne loosened tongues. Trudy Link was more sister to Jane than any flesh-and-blood.

Seth Percy, a black patch for life over one eye, was holding court of his own in the three-room alcove that was his quarters. Not the least sobered by the shocks of life, by dugouts or shrapnel, by hospitals and pain and suffering, Seth, hearty, loud, wisecracking, was in his element. Seth Percy half blinded and seeing her eye to eye.

THESE were more to her than her family, not one of which was by her side, not one of which knew her business from a letterhead. A legal department, engineering and industrial departments, all headed by experts in their fields, far more valuable in their way but not near as important as her original friends, Edgar, Trudy, Seth, and Clarence. Each in his or her own way knew and sympathized because Abby had written one of her rare letters recently, and in one paragraph had wondered if Jane would be interested to hear that Rudy was being married the next day to a little Southern girl bristling with family name but not, to judge by a snapshot, much on looks.

Long after the party was over, long after they all had gone, she went through the offices room by room, corner by corner, humming off-key to herself. She felt proud and happy—and scared. Exultingly, thrillingly scared. She'd never fail. Never, never, never fail. Not in this city that grew a half million a year, in this sardine town where every foot of property increased automatically in value two per cent a year. She'd never fail. . . .

"Jane dear, I want you to meet a very special friend of mine. Miss McAm, Mr. West."

"Well, bless my soul—Jane!"

She heard his voice as from years back. She heard him laugh, and something lifted from her tired mind, her tired eyes, her tired hands. The lights of the large pleasant drawing-room seemed warmer, the voices of the amiable groups about her more kind.

Her hand was in his. He was saying something but Adrienne Cord was cooing through his words:

"So you two know each other?"

"We used to play together as kids." His intimate grin made life seem a special party. "Didn't we, Jane? She was a very bratty kid. I don't know her as she is now. Jane, how did you manage to grow up to be so beautiful?"

"ISN'T he cute? I always say Rudy West is just too cute. I should have put you two together at table if I'd known. It's too late now. Sir Charles Hawley is coming tonight just because of your beautiful playmate, Rudy. You know Sir Charles, the British theatrical producer? Give Rudy a drink, Jane, and tell him how you grew up. The only beautiful woman I know in business. I mean that. Do excuse me. I'll be back."

And the ample diamond-weighted hostess stalked off to tell the delicious news that Rudy West and Jane McAm had once been playmates.

Rudy touched Jane's arm.

"You are simply gorgeous. I've often heard that ugly kids grew up to be beauties. And former versa. I believe it now. You're not really the kid I fed in the kitchen?"

"The very same." She flushed and nodded.

"Not possibly."

For a moment their eyes questioned and answered and requestioned each other, and the room melted to the huge kitchen with the rainy night outside.

"Yes," she said to break the enchantment. "The very same, Rudy. Let's drink to those kids."

"Could we have dinner tomorrow night? Of course we'll have dinner tomorrow night."

"I have an engagement."

"So have I, but I'll break it. You break yours too."

She smiled with rueful delight.

"I can't. If it weren't really important business, Rudy, I'd break it."

"Lunch, then? Well, dinner Friday."

"I thought—I thought you were married, Rudy."

"No. Would it make a difference?"

She wanted to tell him what a difference it had made in her thought, in her life, since the day two years before when Abby had written her of Rudy's marriage.

"Somewhat," she smiled.

"Nobody would have me. I was almost married once, a couple of years ago. Her parents stopped it. I'm terribly grateful to them. It seems she had a baby shortly after. Funny, huh? I've never had much luck with women. And how about you, Redhead?"

She laughed at the old nickname.

"No, I'm not married. Nobody would have me either."

"Probably you wouldn't have anybody. You look terribly choosy, Jane. What is this creature coming here to meet you for?"

"Business."

"Ummmm. That's an easy answer to everything, isn't it? Is Sir Charles settling in dear old New Rochelle?"

"Rudy, really. I'm a New York realtor."

"Live in town? Oh, that's nice. Big competition though. Abby wrote me once during the war that you were a pretty big frog in your own little puddle. I was amused when she said you had sold our house for us."

"Yes, I sold your house for you."

"What made you tackle New York? Isn't that a tough game for a little girl like you?"

Mrs. Cord, her black velvet breathing a fragrance wherever she moved, chested into their corner, Sir Charles Hawley in hand. And swallowing her laughter, Jane turned to Sir Charles with his Britannic gleam, his salted accent, his boiled and laundered manners. Sir Charles to whom she was to sell a theater. A theater two hundred yards from Broadway over which would flicker the name of his beloved: The Nina Norris Theater, a monument halfway between England and Hollywood for one of the whispered romances of the age.

At the dinner table she glanced down at Rudy, and tried to keep her mind on Sir Charles instead. Yet it seemed as if Rudy might disappear any moment. As if he might be the mere materialization of years of concentrated dreaming, that might vanish if she forgot. Except for the grave error about his being married, she knew practically everything about his life in the fourteen years since they had seen each other. Knew that there was a bullet wound in his right shoulder, and some unfortunate condition in one lung. She knew that his firm had kept him in the New York office ever since the war; knew approximately his handsome earnings at Moffin's, which was now Moffin and Richmond, and knew that her own earnings topped his many times over. She knew his title of vice president of his company. Knew everything but his home address, which she had not wanted to know.

And of her he knew nothing. Ah, when he found out! He would learn about the Great I McAm.

A sudden delicious thrill of self-consciousness ran through her. Eyes from the end of the table commanded her attention. She glanced down and Rudy winked. Quietly, with a secret message. He had called her beautiful. He had called her gorgeous. She was singingly glad.

Mrs. Cord's guests rose, and the ladies followed her to her upstairs sitting room. There, over coffee, Jane listened to the female gabble and forced herself to satisfy their curiosity about her childhood friendship with Rudy West.

"He was the kid next door," she said and smiled down further questions. She could tell they hated her for it. She could tell how eligible he was, and how annoyed at this unexpected competition by a woman who usually let men alone. She could tell by their sugared smiles and their powdered voices.

Downstairs one of the men was at the piano playing. He was in the middle of a prelude of César Cui, and Jane preened herself on recognizing it. Ah, yes, she had that to present to Rudy now. Years of application that left her able to recognize music, collect etchings, walk through the tangled paths of literary chatter with sure high-heeled words. She could thank Toby for goading her into building a rounded life, just as she could thank Marion's impatient criticism for the agony of learning a figure and its raiment. Yes, families are useful.

As she entered, Rudy edged to her side. As she glanced up at him, he gestured with a nod of his head.

She followed him out into the hallway.

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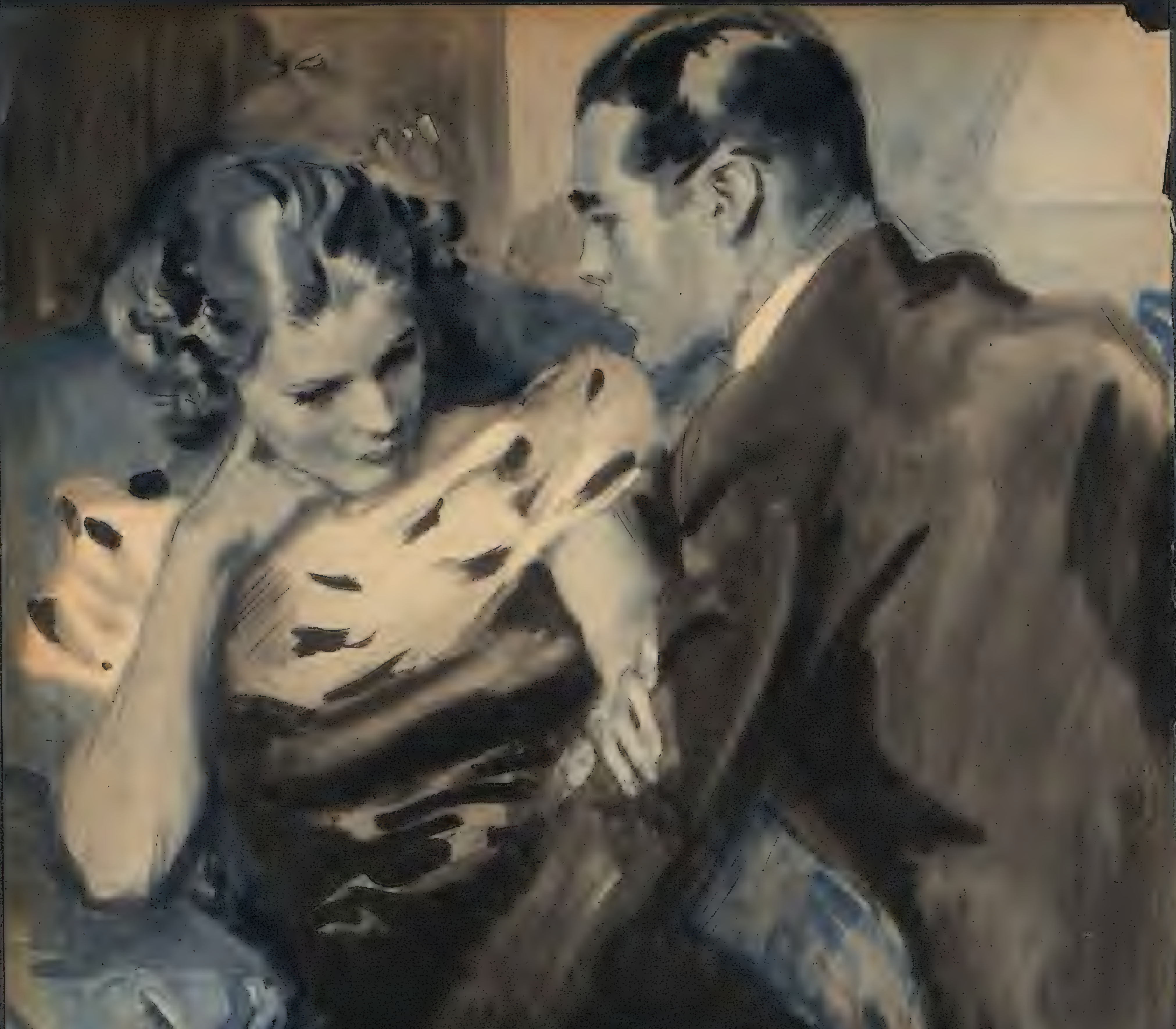
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Presently he said, "There's no way, I suppose, of getting married tonight?"

" This is a dreary gathering," he whispered with a grin. " We're going to duck it. I can't wait until Friday to talk with you."

" Rudy, I couldn't leave."

" Well, but I can. And I'll phone back and say it's the Mayor wants to talk to you. I hear you pal with the Mayor's pals these days. You dish up a heavy appointment when the phone call comes. And that watery-eyed evil-minded Britisher will take you wherever you have to go and say good night. Then you'll take a cab to your home and I'll be there waiting for you."

She was laughing. " I couldn't."

" Oh, but you must." He became suddenly serious and his eyes questioning. " What are all those people in there compared to an old friend like me? "

Her hand was on his arm before she realized her reaction. He laughed softly—triumphantly.

Back in the room, the music over, her heart was singing. He was devilish in his attraction, and she loved him more than she had ever dreamed of loving him.

It never occurred to her that his first demand interfered with the smooth handling of a large business deal. Only as the call came from " the Mayor " and Mrs. Cord's eyebrow lifted slightly, she felt reckless and daring. And as Sir Charles left the party to see her to the hotel where she was to meet " the Mayor," wondering quite properly why he should not at least be taken in and introduced, she felt thin misgivings which were easily talked down.

Rudy was standing in her hallway as her key opened the door of her apartment.

" Took you long enough," he protested. " Your family is out. Nice of them. Your mother's spending the night with Marion. I sent Cosima to bed."

" Rudy, you're a demon."

He took her ermine wrap, jerking his head toward it as he laid it on a chair.

" You live high! Ermine coats. Penthouse apartment. Two grand pianos. A garden on a roof."

" It's window dressing. In New York you put on the dog. It's a trick."

" But in reality you hate such luxuries? "

She grinned.

" I love them. I have come to expect them. And why not? I give ten per cent of what I earn to charity. I save ten per cent and invest twenty. The rest might as well be spent. It's part of the experience of life."

His face sobered. This new Jane all but bewildered him.

" You've got it all figured out, haven't you? I shouldn't have teased you. Only it's funny, Jane, to see the modern Cinderella—who didn't need a prince, who could roll her own. I'm quite staggered by it. Stand up, Jane. Stand up and let me look at you."

Meekly obedient, she stood, flushing deeply. Where was her tired poise now? Where was the woman who could face any situation with deft calm?

" I remember "—his voice was vibrant—" I remember telling you you weren't pretty. Jane, I think you are the most beautiful woman I've ever known."

Looking at him, her eyes filled with tears and she trembled with happiness. He took her arm in a tight grip.

" Shall I tell you something, Jane? I mean it's silly for you and me not to tell each other things."

She nodded.

" When Cosima saw me tonight she threw up her hands. ' Thank God he's come! ' she cried. ' The Lord is good to send you at last.' And all of a sudden, Jane—you know how quick I am—I understood. And I put my arm around her and told her, yes, I'd come home at last. She took me into your room and showed me my picture. Ah, don't mind."

At the sight of her flooded eyes, he leaned over and kissed the tears away.

" She told me more," he pressed her head close to his shoulder and talked through her hair. " She told me how many times she read your fortune and always foretold me—what was happening to me and that we'd meet again."

He laughed softly and released his hold.

" She told me of how you sold our house. Of how you bought it yourself."

" Ah, the sinner! She didn't! "

" And that after you'd bought it you wouldn't let any one live in it. And how you let that children's school have it the last few years, because a school was less personal."

" The place belonged to children, Rudy."

" You sweet. She told me more, Cosima did. She told me of the old jade ring. All these years. Jane, have you got it on now? "

She fumbled with the ermine collar of her gown, drawing it over and downward so that he could see the ring. On her finger the pale pink pearl gleamed beside the heavily carved man's-sized jade. His head bent forward and his lips were between her breasts where so long the jade had lain cold. His cheek against hers, he whispered:

" I asked Cosima if she thought you'd have me."

" Did you, Rudy? "

" Yes, and do you know what she said? "

" No; what, Rudy? "

" She said you'd die of joy. Jane—will you? "

She laughed hysterically and nodded, wildly glad when his kisses broke off her laughter.

Presently he said, " There's no way, I suppose, of getting married tonight? Of making this final right away? "

" I wish there were."

" Shameless hussy. Tomorrow, then? We'll devote the day to it."

" Oh — tomorrow! " She leaned back and closed her eyes, suddenly aware of the world they lived in.

At the peak of her business triumphs, with fame and fortune virtually at her feet, Jane feels the even greater joy of reunion with Rudy. But what is this seeming thought that suddenly makes her exclaim, " Oh, tomorrow? " Next week's installment brings further bitter frustration for Jane in her craving for the one love that ever truly found her heart.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 22

1—A gypsy.

2—Because on the title pages of the earliest books of maps was a picture of Atlas, the Titan, carrying the world on his shoulders.

3—Any type of flying machine modeled after the flapping or vibrating action of birds' or insects' wings.

4—A spasmodic, bilious headache; a sick headache.

5—An electrical device for increasing or diminishing an electric current by varying resistance.

6—Yes. An American-born woman who married an alien before September 22, 1922, automatically lost her United States citizenship and took her husband's nationality. If he became naturalized, she too would have to be naturalized to regain her American citizenship.

7—Xylography.

8—Quoddy Head, near Eastport, Maine.

9—Any substance used to destroy weeds.

10—Abner Doubleday of Cooperstown, New York.

11—Under the present republic France has no authoritative or universally applicable coat of arms.

12—On July 30, 1863, at Greenpoint, Michigan.

13—The Cincinnati Red Stockings, the first professional team in the country, played all through the season of 1869 and up to June, 1870, without losing a game.

14—From novaculite, found extensively in western Arkansas.

15—" Let the welfare of the people be the supreme law." It is the motto of the State of Missouri.

16—An extremely small person.

17—When he died, September 26, 1820, he was buried in Missouri, but in 1845 his remains and those of his wife were reinterred at Frankfort, Kentucky.

18—The language of the gypsies; said to contain about 5,000 words.

19—" The voice of the people, the voice of God." Used as a text for his sermon by the Archbishop of Canterbury when Edward III ascended the throne, February 1, 1327.

20—Nebuchadnezzar. See Daniel 4:33.

ANSWER TO SCRAMBLED WORD ON PAGE 53

MIRACLE

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WHAT I AM REALLY GOING TO DO

By

Upton Sinclair

A famous author-socialist, now the Democrats' standard bearer in California, explains his E-P-I-C plan to the nation

THE SVENGALIS OF FOOTBALL

By

Benny Friedman

It's the coaches' magic that counts today, says a veteran of the game—Players *don't* die for dear old Alma Mater!

Other stories and articles by Edison Marshall, Octavus Roy Cohen, Harlan Ware, Frazier Hunt, Thomas M. Johnson, and others

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